THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS IN THE CITY

LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

Author of The Polly Brewster Books

FIVE FUN-LOVING GIRLS DEMONSTRATE THAT EVEN IN A BIG CITY THERE ARE COUNTLESS OPPORTUNITIES TO PRACTICE WOODCRAFT

THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS IN THE CITY

BY LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

Author of
The Woodcraft Girls in Camp,
The Little Woodcrafter's Book, Etc.

The author has made this woodcraft field her own. Thoroughly familiar with the ideals and practice of the WOODCRAFT LEAGUE and in some sense a spokesman for its young folks, she has woven very delightful tales of fun, adventure, and outdoor prowess into these very popular stories.

The present story is a companion book to "Woodcraft Girls at Camp" and "Little Woodcrafter's Book." The characters completing the circle of big lodge boys and girls here for the first time are brought to know one another and their young reader friends.

For other books by Lillian Elizabeth Roy see list on the back of this wrapper.

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THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS
IN THE CITY
LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

DECORATIONS FOR THE COUNCIL.

The Woodcraft Girls in the City. *Frontispiece.*

The Woodcraft Girls in the City

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AUTHOR OF
THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS AT CAMP,
LITTLE WOODCRAFTER'S BOOK,
THE POLLY BREWSTER BOOKS, ETC.

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THE WOODCRAFT GIRLS IN THE CITY

CHAPTER ONE

CAMPING IN THE CITY

"GIRLS—guess what?" exclaimed Zan Baker, a few days after the return of the Woodcraft Band from their summer camp on Wickeecheokee Farm.

"Goodness only knows what you have to tell now!" laughed Jane Hubert, another of the five girls who founded Wako Tribe.

"Well, I got it direct, so the truth hasn't been turned or twisted by any one of you girls before it was passed along," retorted Zan, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Oh, is that so! Well let me tell you this much: if I had the rare imagination that you have, Zan, I'd compete with Jules Verne," replied Hilda Alvord, the matter-of-fact member of the Band.

"Judging from the talent Zan has in telling stories it won't surprise us very much to hear she is a popular

authoress," teased Nita Brampton, the social aspirant of the group.

"I'll illustrate Zan's books," quickly added Elena Marsh, the fifth member of the Woodcrafters.

"Sort of shine in my reflected glory, eh?" laughed Zan, good-naturedly, for all the girls enjoyed this form of badinage.

"Girls, girls! This isn't hearing the 'wextry' news Zan holds cornered! Give her a chance, won't you?" begged Nita.

"It's this: Miss Miller wants us to have tea with her, to discuss plans for our Winter Camp and to consider the advisability of admitting another Band so we can apply for a Charter of our Wako Tribe," announced Zan, with due satisfaction.

"When is the party?" eagerly questioned her hearers.

"Friday afternoon about four; and she also said that if we cared to invite some of the other girls who are crazy to join Woodcraft to meet us in the evening to hear our Summer Reports read, she thought it might give them a fine opportunity to really understand what Woodcraft did for us during the few months we spent in Camp," explained Zan.

"Miss Miller can count on me being there right on time!" declared Jane, with a determined bob of her head.

"Me too!" added Nita.

"It isn't likely Hilda and I are going to be absent," laughed Elena.

Thus it came about that promptly at four o'clock on Friday afternoon the five happy girls stood waiting at the door of the apartment occupied by their Woodcraft Guide. As Miss Miller's professional business in life was teaching physical culture to the High School girls at the gymnasium of Clinton High, the honourary office as Guide in Woodcraft was more like play to the efficient instructor.

Immediately after the bell rang to announce the visitors, the door was opened and a cheery voice called, "Come right in, girls."

"Dear me, Miss Miller, isn't it just too hot for anything? And after our lovely cool Bluff down at Wickeecheokee!" sighed Nita, as soon as they were seated in the front room.

"I will admit that city life certainly is an unpleasant change from camping in the woods," replied Miss Miller, taking the hats from her girls and handing them each a fan.

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night in our stuffy city rooms!" exclaimed Hilda who lived with her mother and younger brother in the ordinary regulation flat.

"I didn't either. I just gasped all night for some air," added Elena.

"Well what are we going to do? We can't move the Bluff to the City and we live in so-called modern homes where the only windows open front and back—all except Jane's and my house where there is an extra city lot on the side so we can have light from ad-

ditional windows on the sides," commented Zan, thoughtfully.

"It is odd that you girls should speak of this matter the very first thing, because it is one of the things I wanted to talk over with you before any new members join our Band. If you all approve of the plan I thought out it not only will give us air enough at night but will offer the new Woodcraft members an opportunity to win their *coups* for sleeping out-of-doors for the required number of nights," said the Guide.

"Oh do tell us what it is?" cried Zan.

"It must take its place in the order of business," rejoined Miss Miller; "now let us open Council in the regular way, girls."

"It won't seem much like a Council in the regular way without a fire and the preliminary lighting of it," complained Nita, who was the fault-finder of the Band but was fast out-growing such tendencies.

"Why I thought you girls all knew how to light the indoors Council Fire without the slightest danger of destroying anything about you!" commented Miss Miller, as she went to a small cabinet in the corner, where most of her Woodcraft material was kept.

Taking out a small shallow pan and an earthen bowl, the Guide displayed a squirrel's nest and some wild-wood material in the pan. "I brought this from the farm for just such an occasion," said she, smiling, as she placed the earthen bowl on a bread-board and

handed the pan to Hilda, thus silently authorising her to help make fire for that Council.

"Does the bread-board signify anything?" laughed Jane, the tease of the group.

"Not having the logs or imitation fire-place for the centre of the Council Ring, I thought the next best thing would be a square of wood upon which to stand the dish. Then too, the bread-board gave me a good idea which I will mention later," said the Guide.

While she explained, Miss Miller had gone to the cupboard for the rubbing sticks and the necessary block and fire-pan of wood. All being ready for the ceremony, Zan, who was Chief of the Band and Tribe, began.

The usual call to join in a Council was said and the girls sat down upon straw mats in a circle about the fire-board. Miss Miller proceeded to make fire with the rubbing sticks and as the faint spiral of smoke was seen to rise from the tiny heap of wood-powder, the Woodcrafters called "How!"

The smoke thickened and the pungent odour of balsam permeated the room. When the spark hidden under the black dust ignited the dry tinder held close to it and a tiny fork of flame shot up, the girls exclaimed, "How! How!" which is the Woodcraft sign of approval.

The fire was now placed in the earthen dish and as the wild-wood tinder, that was placed on top of the fire flared up, the dish was placed on the board.

"We will now sing the Omaha Tribal Prayer," continued the Chief, and the girls stood up to sing while the fire burned in the centre of their Council Ring.

Elena Marsh, the artistic member of the Band and the chosen Tally Keeper, now read the reports and mentioned a few items of interest that had occurred since leaving the Camp on the Bluff.

"Now we can hear the Guide's important plan," said Zan, who as Chief of the Tribe, was not compelled to ask permission to address the Council as all other members have to do.

"O Chief! Even as our Guide spoke of a plan, I had a wild idea flash through my mind and I wonder if it comes anywhere near to being Miss Miller's idea," said Jane.

"Share it with your brethren and if it isn't too wild to harness we may train it to do good service for us," said Zan.

"Well, you see, there's Nita and you and me—we all have goodly sized grass-places back of our houses. Why couldn't we raise some tents as long as the weather is good and camp out there at night?" said Jane exultantly, for she thought she had anticipated the Guide's plan.

"That's all right, Jane, but maybe Hilda and Elena and Miss Miller wouldn't care to trot from their homes every night to sleep in our back yards," replied Zan, ludicrously as usual.

The others laughed at the picture outlined by her

words, and Miss Miller added: "I think we have a more important problem than camps just now. Let us decide about the new Band first and discuss the out-door sleeping question afterward."

"I thought you wanted us to settle the matter before the new members join us to-night?" returned Nita.

"So I do, but let us first find out who the new members will be, and then we can better judge whether they will accept this camping-out-doors idea," answered the Guide.

"Frances and Anne Mason told me to be sure and vote them in at this meeting. They are just crazy to join," declared Jane Hubert.

"And Eleanor Wilbur wants to join us," said Nita.

"Mildred Howell told Fiji to tell me not to forget and propose her," ventured Zan.

"And I know that Ethel Clifford wants to belong to our first Band," added Elena.

"Well girls, you each have your new member to win a *coup,* but I haven't much time out of school to meet the girls, as there is so much work to do at home. Jack Hubert said this noon that May Randall was asking for me before I met him. If she will let me propose her I can keep up with you on this *coup,*" said Hilda, whose mother was a trained nurse, thus letting most of the care of the home fall upon Hilda's shoulders.

"She told me that that is why she wants to see you," said Jane.

"That is very considerate of May Randall," commended Miss Miller.

"Yes, and it recommends her for membership," added Zan.

The other girls agreed with this suggestion, and the Guide then said: "That will make eleven girls in all—counting you five. I think that ought to be enough to work with this Fall," and Miss Miller began to write down the names of the six members proposed.

"But there are loads of other girls who want to join us, Miss Miller," objected Zan.

"I suppose there are, but better not add too many new members at one time, Zan; it will tend to divert your attention from your own progress, and individual work is most important to you at this period in Woodcraft. Were you all experienced or old members of the organisation, I would approve of enlisting the full number of members required for a Tribe," explained the Guide.

"How long will we have to wait before we can be a Tribe?" asked Nita, petulantly.

"If this experiment with the new members turns out well by Christmas, I should think we might start the second Band," replied Miss Miller.

"Goodness, can't we start a Tribe before that?" cried Jane, impatiently.

"I thought the same as Jane—that we would be Wickeecheokee Band and the new members be Suwanee Band, and then the two Bands get the

charter for Wako Tribe," added Zan, in a disappointed tone.

"Some Woodcrafters have done that and found to their despair that the new Band knew nothing of the work or laws and were continually calling upon the first Band for help, but not being under the old Chief the first Band had nothing to say about disciplining or advising them. If the new members are subject to our Chief, they have to obey orders and can watch our methods of work for their guidance, and that will spare us many useless words and much valuable time."

"Well, as usual, Miss Miller wins the day! Her reasons are as sensible as helpful," commented Jane.

"Good-by Suwanee, I'll meet you next year!" sighed Zan, wafting a kiss with the tips of her fingers to an imaginary Band.

"Girls, wherever did you find that name? I hunted through an Indian Dictionary of names but couldn't find a thing like it," asked Miss Miller, laughingly.

"If a simple little symbolic name like that stumps you, Miss Miller, what will happen when you join the Blackfeet Tribe?" laughed Jane.

"Miss Miller, you know the usual formula given in charades—they begin thus: 'My first is part of a name, you see, my second is also a part, O gee!' and so on," explained Zan, while the other girls laughed.

The Guide puckered her brow for a few moments

and the visitors watched eagerly for her to catch Zan's meaning. Then she laughed, too.

"I see! Su—comes from Suzanne, the name of our Chief, but so seldom used that I forgot she ever had another handle to it than just 'Zan.' I must give up the rest of the charade, however."

"Maybe it is buried so deep that the uninitiated cannot dig it up, but we girls thought it quite simple: 'Su' for the Chief, as you said; 'Wa' for Wako Tribe—plain enough; and 'nee' for all the other members who are willing to change their names from white man's ways to the Indian's with its wealth of meaning and beauty."

As Zan explained, the Guide shook her head as if to admit that it certainly had been buried far beyond her power to dig.

"But it sounds pretty, girls," said she finally.

"Mayhap we will have an improvement on that name before the Band comes into existence, who knows!" sighed Jane.

"The sooner we start with the new members, then, the quicker we will know about the second Band," retorted Zan.

"Shall we vote now to invite the six girls mentioned?" asked Elena with Tally Book ready to inscribe the names.

The motion was made and seconded that the names of the six applicants be written on the roll and that evening they would be questioned and admitted if acceptable to the Chief and Guide.

"Now Miss Miller, if there is nothing else to consider let us hear about your idea for a camp in the city," said Zan.

"When I came into this apartment yesterday afternoon, its stuffiness struck me much the same as you girls said: 'Close and airless.' The windows were all open but that didn't seem to make any difference. While still gasping for the cool breezes of Wickeecheokee I went to my den in the back room and as I stood by the window that opens out on the roof of the extension downstairs, I made a discovery! Last night I slept as comfortably out-of-doors as if on the Bluff, and this morning the English sparrows woke me with their chattering under the eaves three stories above."

"Miss Miller! Do tell us what you did?" exclaimed the curious girls.

"Well, first I took a crex rug from the floor and laid it on the extension roof to protect the tin from the feet of a cot-bed. Then I carried out a four-fold screen and with the smaller three-fold screen from my den, I made suitable protection about the cot. The camp-cot that I keep in case of an unexpected guest remaining over-night was small and light, and provided me a good place to rest. The whole affair, screens, cot, and mat, took up but half of the small roof and early this morning I slipped back through the open window and dressed, having enjoyed a fine cooling breeze all night."

"Oh!" sounded the surprised five girls.

"You must have slept like a multi-millionaire on his sea-going yacht," laughed Zan.

"I did, and without fear of going to the bottom by a torpedo from a submarine," retorted Miss Miller.

"We have a wonderful roof on the back verandah —all decked and railed in," remarked Jane, mentally picturing a row of tents on that desirable camp-site.

"I could use the rear porch that opens from our dining-room windows," added Nita.

"We have a box-like porch on the second floor that has a back-stair going down from it. It is screened in and can be used for a sleeping-place, I s'pose," murmured Elena.

"Our flat-house was built soon after Noah landed so we have no sleeping-porch, but I might hang a cot from the fire-escape—until the police make me take it down," ventured Hilda, with a thoughtful manner.

The others shouted with merriment at the idea of big muscular Hilda swinging from a fire-escape over the street.

"I have my lodging all planned out," now said Zan. "I shall utilise that square of side-piazza roof over the entrance to Dad's office. It has a two-foot high coping about it and that makes it perfectly safe for me in the dark. I can use a screen, too, to hide the cot from the street."

"You girls have all caught my last-night's idea so suddenly that I haven't had an opportunity to continue explaining," interrupted Miss Miller.

"Proceed, fair lady, and we will hold our peace," said Jane, giggling.

"As I enjoyed the reviving night-breezes and thought of you poor girls tossing in warm rooms, I wondered how we might have an out-door place and still feel secluded from prying eyes. Then I remembered the small tents we left with Bill on the farm. Those of you who have roof-space can erect a tent just outside your bed-room window. The tent-opening can be directly opposite the window so that you can slip in and out without dread of being seen by the public. What do you think of it?"

"It's great!" exclaimed Zan, enthusiastically.

"Not for me," grumbled Hilda.

"Nor for me," added Nita, "'cause Mama won't think of letting me have anything so original as a camp-tent within a mile of our house—let alone on the front roof!"

"If I speak to your father, who is so delighted at the improvement in your health, he may induce her to look at the plan with different conclusions than these you fear," ventured the Guide.

"Maybe so; Papa said he would do anything on earth to have me keep up this Woodcraft stunt," admitted Nita.

"Zan, do you think your father will object if we send to Bill for those small tents?" now asked Miss Miller.

"Mercy no! Dad won't say a word if you pitch tents all along our entire roof and on the front piazza,

too, just so there's room between the canvas cots for his sick patients to find their way to his office-door."

"The public will think Dr. Baker has opened a Sanatorium," laughed Jane.

"Or a Fresh Air Clinic for Flat-Dwellers!" added Hilda.

The others laughed provokingly when they saw Zan flush for they all liked to tease her.

Miss Miller saw the sudden gleam of anger flash from Zan's eyes and quickly said: "Girls, I am now going to indite that letter to Bill Sherman for the tents—what shall I say and who wants one?"

"One for Nita, one for Elena, and one for me—and of course Zan wants one," said Jane.

"I can use the same one Fiji and Bob had at the beach this Summer," replied Zan, brightening again. "Jane, why don't you use Jack's, then the extras can go to Miss Miller and Hilda."

"But Zan, I haven't a place to camp," said Hilda, dolefully.

"Then I s'pose you'll have to borrow some of my roof," returned Zan, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Oh Zan, really! I won't mind walking back and forth every morning and night if you don't mind my using the roof!" sighed Hilda with relief so great that the others laughed.

The letter for Bill Sherman, the farmer at Wickee-cheokee, was given to Zan to mail if her father approved of the camp-plan, and then the Guide excused

herself and went out to see if the tea was ready to serve her guests.

That evening the six girls came in and Woodcraft reports were read; then they were invited to join the Band and the conditions of membership plainly outlined. Needless to add, that everyone agreed eagerly to abide by the rules and regulations read to them.

On the way home that evening, however, Eleanor Wilbur whispered to Frances and Anne Mason who were walking with her:

"Of course this Woodcraft fun will be fine when we haven't anything better to do, but you don't intend losing any other fun or meeting because of it, do you?"

"Why we are going to go to the regular Councils and meet with the other girls for work or play, whether it happens when we have invitations for other parties or fun, or not," declared Frances, the elder of the two sisters.

"Oh!" said Eleanor, a trifle disconcerted by the reply. Then after a few moments of silence she said confidentially: "Don't you think Zan Baker takes an awful lot for granted from us girls? Just see how she took the initiative in everything to-night."

"But Zan Baker is the Chief of the Band and has to take the lead in Tribal affairs," explained Anne.

"Oh yes, I know that, but you don't understand what I mean. I think she is too domineering in her office and Miss Miller certainly shows a great partiality for her. Of course everyone knows that Miss Miller

bows humbly at the Doctor's shrine just because he got her the position at High School Gym!" said Eleanor, significantly.

"Why Ella! It isn't true! I know for a fact that Dr. Baker merely suggested to the Board that Miss Miller had resigned from college where she had taught for years. Most of us knew what a treasure she is, and the Board were only too glad to have her consider our school, because the salary is half what she was accustomed to receive," defended Frances.

Eleanor kept silence, but Anne added: "And we girls feel sorry for Miss Miller because she gave up that college position when her mother was left alone and needed her at home!"

The afternoon following the meeting at Miss Miller's home, Hilda fairly bounced into the gymnasium where the Guide could generally be found for some time after school-hours.

"Oh, Miss Miller, I have the loveliest campground!"

"Better than the fire-escape?" laughed the Guide.

"Better than the roof of a porch! And the funny thing about it is that the janitor of our building came up himself and said: 'Miss Hilda, I feel sorry for you these hot nights, so you can sleep on the roof if you like!'

"Miss Miller, I never breathed a word to him about a tent, but he took me up and showed me where I could pitch a small tent between the great water-tank and the square box-like place where the roof-steps

come up. A stone parapet almost three feet high runs all around the roof, you know, so there isn't any danger of my falling off even if I walked in my sleep—which I never do."

"I think that is fine for you, Hilda," smiled Miss Miller, but she did not add that she had spoken secretly to the janitor that morning on her way to school.

"Mother has no objections to this if I will take Paul up with me. Paul thinks the plan a dandy one so he will be benefited too. I will place a screen about his cot or mine so that I will have privacy."

"Or you could hang a curtain from a ring at one side of the tent to one at the opposite side. Then Paul could pull or push the muslin to suit himself, and it would not be ruined by rain," suggested Miss Miller.

"I'm so glad that we live on the top floor of the house, 'cause it will be an easy matter to run up or down the short flight of stairs going to the roof. When I told mother about it she laughed and said: 'You always used to grumble about climbing the four flights from the street, but I know how much pleasanter it is to be on top instead of under a noisy family in a flat.'"

"Your mother is quite right, and then the air is always better the higher one goes, and the rents are lower—the last not a mean consideration, either," added the Guide.

Jane Hubert came in just then, and her smile signified good news. "Father never made the sligh

objection to the camp idea but he has a still better one for me. He says he will erect Jack's tent on the lawn under a group of birches that grow near the high brick wall at the back of our place."

Then Nita came in. "Miracles will never cease, Miss Miller. Not only is Mama quite reconciled to my camping on the first-story extension roof where there is a concrete flooring and a parapet to three sides, but she is taking an active part in rearranging my bed-room so that I can step in and out of the French windows without falling over cushioned window-seats and gim-cracks standing about."

"This is the best news yet, Nita! I felt sure the other girls would have no trouble gaining permission to camp out. Now we only have to hear from Elena, as Zan started in to arrange her tent this noon, I hear."

"Oh, Elena told me that she could have her tent on the roof of the side-verandah as planned instead of on the boxed-in porch at the back," hurriedly informed Jane.

"Thank goodness we will be able to enjoy the Spirit's blessing of sweet fresh air that is free for all mankind," said Miss Miller, earnestly.

"To say nothing of enjoying a continuation of Woodcraft out-of-doors right in a great city," added Jane.

CHAPTER TWO

THE NEW MEMBERS

MISS Miller had secured permission to use the gymnasium for the weekly Council Meetings of the Woodcrafters, so she was already there when the members of Wickeecheokee Band and the new members appeared to hold Council.

"Girls, I bought some straw mats at the ten-cent store that I thought we could use about the Council Fire," said the Guide, as the girls all congregated about her desk.

"What about those small logs of wood we worked at so hard to bark and smooth down?" asked Nita.

"I thought we might make them presentable and then cut and paint symbolic totems on them to make them look like genuine Indian seats," said Miss Miller.

"Aren't they quite good enough as they are?" said Eleanor Wilbur, pushing at one of the logs with a slender foot.

"I thought they were fine when we barked them but now that we are at home and a better idea has been given us I approve of following Miss Miller's suggestion," replied Jane.

"Dad brought home some more of those short fireplace logs when he came back from the farm yester-

day. He says we may want these thin logs for some other purpose; and besides, since enrolling our new members we haven't enough of these present logs for all to use. They ought to be uniform so *I* say we use the mats until we have the thick logs ready to present the Lodge," explained Zan.

"Girls—I have an idea!" cried Elena, the artistic.

"Hold fast to it or it'll get away from you," taunted Hilda, jokingly.

"S-sh!" said Zan. "Let her go, Lena."

"About those thin logs we have on hand: Let's build an imitation fire-place for our Council Ring to make it look as much as possible like one in a woodland camp!"

"Couldn't we place our dish of smoking tinder inside it and make the artifice still better?" asked Jane.

"Oh I say!" shouted Zan with such emphasis that everyone jumped, and the speaker laughed.

"Where's that red tissue paper we had for Decoration Day trimming of the school auditorium?" asked Zan.

"You'll find it in the property-room with the other stuff," replied Elena, who had charge of decorations at school.

"We'll line the inside of the logs and when the fire shines through, make it look like a big blaze, eh?" asked Jane.

"No such thing!" said Zan. "We'll get the janitor to change that electric bulb from the chandelier and

drop it, by wire, down to our fire. Then it will shine as long as we need it."

"I'll run and see if the janitor is around. Will he do it, do you think, Miss Miller?" came from Hilda.

"I think so, he is very obliging, you know," replied the Guide.

"And I'll get the paper," remarked Elena.

"You won't need to do that, Lena, because I have orange crêpe paper in the closet that I bought when I got the mats. I had much the same idea in mind for those logs," said Miss Miller, going to the closet while one of the girls ran for the janitor.

The care-taker of the building not only changed the bulb in a short time but assisted Miss Miller in rolling the logs from the closet to the place where the Council Ring could be arranged. The girls built up a square fire-place with a hollow opening in the middle where the electric bulb soon depended. The paper was fitted inside the square and when the electric current was turned on it looked like a glowing fire.

This done, four candles were placed at the fire—one at each corner of the square to denote the four corners of the earth.

"I purchased extra long candles so they would burn two hours, at least. Now that we have the electric bulb we need not waste the extra candles for fire-light but save them for some other occasion," remarked Miss Miller.

"Everything ready now for Council?" asked Zan, looking around at the members.

"Everything we can think of," responded Jane.

"Before we open the Council meeting in the usual manner I would like our Chief to read from the Woodcraft Manual for Girls on page 10, where it speaks of initiations and new members," requested Miss Miller, handing the book to Zan.

"'When brought into some new group such as the school or club, one is naturally anxious to begin by making a good impression on the others, by showing what one can do, proving what one is made of, and by making clear one's seriousness in asking to be enrolled. So also those who form the group: they wish to know whether the new-comer is made of good stuff, and is likely to be a valuable addition to their number. The result is what we call initiation trials, the testing of a new-comer.

"'The desire to initiate and be initiated is a very ancient deep-laid impulse. Handled judiciously and under the direction of a competent adult guide, it becomes a powerful force for character building, for inculcating self-control.

"'In Woodcraft we carefully select for these try-outs such tests as demonstrate the character and ability of the new-comer, and the initiation becomes a real proof of fortitude, so that the new girl is as keen to face the trial, as the Tribe she would enter is to give it.'"

Zan finished reading and looked up to ask: "Is that all you want me to read, Miss Miller?"

"Just a moment, Zan. I now wish to speak a word

to the new members about what is expected of them. We will leave the paragraph about the initiation trials for the last, then the girls will not forget what they are to do. Read now the paragraph that mentions the new work for members."

So Zan continued. "'After the new member has learned the Laws and taken the initiation tests, the first thing to claim her attention is that of qualifying for the rank of Pathfinder and later of Winyan, then the Achievements, each with its appropriate badge, which are described on page 327 of the Manual. In time she will have a Woodcraft suit, but this may come later.'"

"Now Zan," interrupted the Guide, "turn over to page 18 and read (the new members) what we expect a Wayseeker to do and be. A Wayseeker is the first order of a Big Lodge Girl's membership."

"'To qualify for a Big Lodge—that is, to enter as a Wayseeker—one must:

"'Be over twelve years of age.

"'Know the twelve Laws and state the advantages of them.

"'Take one of the initiations.

"'Be voted in unanimously by other members of the group.

"'Having passed this, the candidate becomes a Wayseeker and receives the Big Lodge Badge of the lowest rank, that is with two tassels on it.

"'The next higher rank is that of Pathfinder,'" read Zan.

"So you see, girls, you six will be Wayseekers if you pass the trials and fulfil the requirements just read to you," said the Guide. "Now Zan, will you please read from page 24—the meaning of a Council Ring? Better begin at the bottom of the page where I have marked the sentence for you."

Zan turned over the pages till she found the place indicated and read: "'Why do we sit in a circle around a fire? That is an old story and a new one.

"'Then, too, a circle is the best way of seating a group. Each has her place and is so seated as to see everything and be seen by everybody. As a result each feels a very real part in the proceedings as they could not feel if there were corners in which one could hide. The circle is dignified and it is democratic. It was with this idea that King Arthur abolished the old-fashioned long table with two levels, one above the salt for the noble folk and one below for the common herd, and founded the Round Table. At his table all who were worthy to come were on the same level, were brothers, equal in dignity and responsibility, and each in honour bound to do his share. The result was a kindlier spirit, a sense of mutual dependence.

"'These are the thoughts of our Council Ring. These are among the reasons why our Council is always in a circle and if possible around the fire. The memory of those long-gone days is brought back again with their simple reverent spirit, their sense of brother-

hood, when we sit as our people used to sit about the fire and smell the wood-smoke of Council.' "

As Zan concluded, the experienced Woodcrafters cried: "How! How!"

"I suppose the new members know why we called our Band Wickeecheokee Band of Wako Tribe of Woodcrafters?" asked Miss Miller, with a slight nod in the direction of the six girls.

The new members looked at each other for the answer and the Guide continued to explain:

"Wickeecheokee is an old Indian name discovered on the ancient records of the County Seat in New Jersey where the farm owned by Dr. Baker is located. The English interpretation of the name means, 'Crystal Waters.' Dr. Baker's farm where we camped last Summer has this lovely mountain stream falling down the steep side to the Bluff which is a rocky ledge overhanging a pool of about a hundred yards wide, thence it rushes on to the Big Bridge near the turnpike road. That is why the doctor named his farm after the stream—'Wickeecheokee.' "

"I wish to goodness we girls could have been there with you," sighed Anne Mason.

"'According to the Constitution of Woodcraft, our purpose is to learn the out-door life for its worth in the building up of our bodies and the helping and strengthening of our souls; that we may go forth with the seeing eye, and the "thinking hand" to learn the pleasant ways of the woods and of life, that we may be made in all wise masters of ourselves; facing life

without flinching, ready to take our part among our fellows in all the problems which arise, rejoicing when some trial comes, that the Great Spirit finds us the rulers of strong souls in their worthy tabernacles.'

"Each one of you girls is past twelve years of age, so that point is covered. Now we will ascertain who of the new members know the law, who are acceptable to this Band, and who can prove worthy according to the initiation tests. You will all begin at the lowest rank if accepted in the Band—that of Wayseeker. Now Zan, read aloud the initiation test from page 11 of our Manual."

The Chief turned back to the page mentioned and read: "'The trial should be approved by the Council and be given to the candidate when her name is proposed for membership—that is, posted on the Totem Pole where it remains for seven suns. In camp a shorter time may be allowed at the discretion of the leaders.

1. *Silence.* Keep absolute silence for six hours during the daytime in camp, while mixing freely with the life of the camp. In the city keep silence from after school till bedtime.

2. *Keep Good-natured.* Keep absolutely unruffled for one day of twelve hours, giving a smiling answer to all.

3. *Exact Obedience.* For one week give prompt, smiling obedience to parents, teachers, and those who have authority over you. This must be certified to by those in question.

4. *Make a Useful Woodcraft Article,* such as a basket, a bench, a bed, a bow, a set of fire-sticks, etc.

5. Sleep out, without a built roof overhead, for three nights consecutively, or ten, not consecutively.'

"Now that you have heard what the tests are how many of you believe you can qualify—answer by raising your right hand and by the word of Woodcraft approval?"

The six girls raised six hands and then looked at each other sheepishly because the word "How" seemed so meaningless to them.

"I forgot to explain that this word 'How' means 'yes' or 'thanks' or 'approval,'" hastily added the Guide.

Then all said "How!" and the other five girls felt that their new members were doing fine work.

"Why not teach them the Woodcraft Salute while we are at it?" asked Zan.

The Guide then demonstrated the sign and action, saying: "The hand sign of the girls is the 'Sun in the heart, rising to the Zenith'—given by the right hand being placed over the heart, the first finger and the thumb making a circle, then swinging the forearm so the hand is level with the forehead, thus—."

Then Miss Miller nodded to Zan to proceed with the meeting.

"In case any of you are not familiar with the Woodcraft Laws I will read them aloud to you. And Miss Miller, I would suggest right here, that the new members write to Headquarters at once and order a

Girl's Manual. They will need it daily, and I can't spare mine, you know. We really couldn't accomplish much without this printed Guide of rules and instruction and guides."

Zan then read aloud for the benefit of the new members:

"'1. *Be Brave.* Courage is the noblest of all gifts.

2. *Be Silent,* while your elders are speaking and otherwise show them deference.

3. *Obey.* Obedience is the first duty of the Woodcraft Girl.

4. *Be Clean.* Both yourself and the place you live in.

5. *Understand and respect your body.* It is the temple of the Spirit.

6. *Be a friend* of all harmless *wild life.* Conserve the woods and flowers, and especially be ready to fight wild-fire in forest or in town.

7. *Word of Honour is sacred.*

8. *Play Fair.* Foul play is treachery.

9. *Be Reverent.* Worship the Great Spirit and respect all worship of Him by others.

10. *Be Kind.* Do at least one act of unbargaining service every day.

11. *Be Helpful.* Do your share of the work.

12. *Be Joyful.* Seek the joy of being alive.'

These are the twelve laws that every good Woodcrafter tries to live up to. Now if the Fire Maker will make fire for our Council, I will explain the rays that shine from each of the four candles—one at each corner of the earth."

The Chief waited for Jane, who was Fire Maker for that meeting, to take the rubbing sticks and when she stood ready to begin the fire-making, Zan said:

"Yo-hay-y Yo-hay-y-y; Meetah Kola Nahoonpo Omnee-chee-yaynee-chopi."

The opening words of Council concluded by the Chief, Jane placed the fire sticks in their proper position and began to saw back and forth with the bow until a tiny spiral of smoke rose from the fire-block.

The Guide watching, said, "Now light we the Council Fire after the manner of the Red man, even also as the rubbing together of two trees in the storm-winds brings forth the fire from the forest wood."

Jane blew gently upon the small pyramid of black powder in the fire-pan until the smoke grew thicker. She then waved it slowly back and forth still blowing gently until a minute spark glowed under the black dust. At that the girls all cried:

"How! How!"

Then a handful of inflammable wild-wood material was touched to the spark and as the smoke curled upward filling the immediate vicinity with an aromatic pine odour, a tiny flame shot out.

"How! How!" again chorused the Woodcrafters, and the tinder now burning brightly, was placed in the earthen dish and the dish set in the enclosure made by the logs.

With the flame bursting forth, Miss Miller quoted: "Now know we that Wakonda the Great Spirit hath been pleased to smile upon His children, hath sent

down the sacred fire. By this we know He will be present at our Council, that His wisdom will be with us."

After this Zan read again from the Manual:

"'Four candles are there on the Shrine of this our symbol fire. And from them reach twelve rays—twelve golden strands of this the Law we hold.

From the Lamp of Fortitude are these:

Be Brave. For fear is the foundation of all ill; unflinchingness is strength.

Be Silent. It is harder to keep silence than to speak in hour of trial, but in the end it is stronger.

Obey. For Obedience means self-control, which is the sum of the law.

And these are the Rays from Beauty's Lamp:

Be Clean. For there is no perfect beauty without cleanliness of body, soul, and estate. The body is the sacred temple of the Spirit, therefore reverence your body. Cleanliness helps first yourself, then those around you, and those who keep this law are truly in their country's loving service.

Understand and Respect Your Body. It is the temple of the Spirit, for without health can neither strength nor beauty be.

Protect All Harmless Wild-life for the joy its beauty gives.

And these are the Rays from the Lamp of Truth:

Hold Your Word of Honour Sacred. This is the law of truth, and anyone not bound by this cannot be bound; and truth is wisdom.

Play Fair. For fair play is truth and foul play is treachery.

Reverence the Great Spirit, and all worship of Him, for none have all the truth, and all who reverently worship have claims on our respect.

And these are the Rays in the Blazing Lamp of Love:

Be Kind. Do at least one act of unbargaining service every day even as ye would enlarge the crevice whence a spring runs forth to make its blessings more.

Be Helpful. Do your share of the work for the glory that service brings, for the strength one gets in serving.

Be Joyful. Seek the joy of being alive—for every reasonable gladness you can get or give is treasure that can never be destroyed, and like the springtime gladness doubles, every time with others it is shared.' "

Zan concluded reading the interesting words of Woodcraft meaning and the girls murmured "How!"

"Now I will propose the name of each applicant in turn and the Band must second and approve her admission to this Tribe if that is their pleasure. As I call out the name will the girl please stand until the vote is taken?"

"Frances Mason is the first applicant," said Miss Miller.

Frances stood and paid earnest attention to the next rite but Eleanor Wilbur who sat directly back of Frances as she stood up, kicked at her ankles and giggled as if the whole procedure were a huge

joke. Although known to the others, the disrespect was overlooked at the time.

"Frances, is it your serious desire to become a member of this Woodcraft Band?" questioned the Chief.

"It is," replied Frances, trying hard to keep from crying out as Eleanor pinched her leg.

"Then learn the laws of the League as well as the laws of our Band. To memorise the meaning of the Four Lesser Lights that shine from the shrine of the Great Light, the Sacred Fire. By taking the initiation tests as read for your benefit and by being acceptable to every member of Wickeecheokee Band.

"Are there any present who wish to register a complaint why Frances should not be admitted to our Band or the League?" asked Zan, as she looked around the circle.

No one complained, but a stage whisper was heard from Eleanor saying: "Everyone's afraid to speak even if they do know something against Frances."

The whisper was disconcerting but Eleanor tittered as if she thought herself very witty, and as Frances took her seat beside the rude girl, expecting to give her a piece of her mind, the Guide stood up.

"O Chief! While you were addressing the new member, I glanced over the Manual to see if we had omitted any necessary reading, and I find we have all made a serious blunder. Whereas we have six applicants for membership in this Band, the Manual clearly states that no Band shall have more than ten mem-

bers. We will be compelled to drop one of the applicants."

This unexpected news acted like a bucket of cold water on the girls as no one wished to be dropped. After a serious debate, the Chief announced a possible solution.

"We will post the names of the six girls on the Totem Pole and at the expiration of the period set for testing, the one who falls short of the mark must resign or, at least, wait for the second Band which will form at Christmastime."

This plan met with approval and each new member then and there decided not to be the one left out when the enrollment came. So the six girls were admitted on probation.

"Now Chief, post the names on the Totem and we will stand it near the door where everyone coming in or going out can read who the applicants are," said the Guide.

"I s'pose you are doing that to advertise your club," remarked Eleanor, unpleasantly.

"Eleanor Wilbur! A Chump Mark against your credit, for you are on trial now and must not speak out of order in Council without giving the Chief the proper salute and respect," said Zan, sternly.

"Why how ridiculous of you to give yourself such airs, Zan Baker! Anyone would think this was business and not fun!" jeered Eleanor.

"It *is* business I'll have you understand, and if you wish to regard it as a butt for your insults or dis-

obedience you can resign this very minute!" declared Zan, her eyes snapping fire.

But Eleanor had no desire to resign from the only thing she knew of where sport for the Winter days could be had. So she shrugged her shoulders and sulked.

The other girls were duly advised and then the Chief ordered the Tally Keeper to enter the record in the book and to print the paper that was to be posted on the Totem in as artistic a manner as she could think of.

"Now before we adjourn, is there any request to be made in behalf of the Band?" asked the Guide.

"O Chief! I wish to ask a question," said Nita, standing.

"Speak, O Sister!" replied Zan.

"I talked of a plan while Elena and I were walking over here, and she thinks it is fine and dandy! It will help us to remember the woods and look forward to a camp next Summer."

"Not that we need an incentive for that!" laughed Zan.

"No, but in Winter we'll find it mighty funny to sit in this Gym and fancy we are Indians out in the forests. But follow Elena's instructions and you'll believe you're at Wickeecheokee all Winter," replied Nita, suggestively.

Nita sat down and Elena stood up. "O Chief! Nita and I wish to propose that we imitate the woods by scenery. We can buy some cheap cotton or canvas

stuff and paint trees and rocks and the stream like those at our Summer Camp. We can even go so far as to have birds singing on the boughs and flying in the blue sky."

Elena waited a moment to see the effect of her announcement and Zan said: "The blue sky seems to be the limit with your offer!"

The others grinned and Elena frowned momentarily. "Don't you think it a good plan?"

"Fine plan for a house-painter. But who under the sun is willing to stay home for weeks and paint miles of scenery?" retorted Zan.

"Why it won't be much trouble. Nita and I will offer to paint the scenes if you girls will make the uprights to fasten the stuff on when finished," said Elena, anxiously.

"Have you figured out how much this may cost us, Nita?" asked the Guide.

"No because I don't know how large we may need it. But any cheap cotton goods will do, you know."

"Miss Miller, we might find out about that," said Elena.

"The new members can begin first lessons in carpentry, too," added Jane.

After discussing the idea, and with Elena's added description of how beautiful it would look—to have Pine Nob showing against the sky in the distance, and Old Baldy back of Fiji's cave, the Woodcrafters unanimously declared that they must have that scenery

or lose all interest in the Winter Camp in the Gymnasium.

Miss Miller shook her head dubiously for she knew what a tremendous undertaking it would prove to be to paint nicely all the yards of material needed to enclose a Council Ring.

"Anyway it will do no harm to get prices on stuff and the necessary paint," said Zan, and it was so decided.

"Nita and I will attend to that part of it if you girls will get the cost of lumber, etc., for the uprights," added Elena.

"O Chief!" said Jane, thinking of a plan to save costs. "Why not use that side wall of the Gym and do away with that many uprights and stretchers?"

"O Chief! for that matter, why not use a corner of this hall and have two sides ready made and substantial, and use the uprights for the other two sides? With the scenery stretched on all four sides, who will ever know there is a solid wall of city plaster back of two sides?" suggested the Guide.

"But it will be a 'corner in wood,'" added Zan, facetiously.

"Wah! Wah!" instantly sounded from every old Woodcrafter present. The new members looked about for an explanation.

"'How' is the term for approval and 'Wah!' for disapproval, or no," explained the Guide, smiling at the reception given Zan's wit.

"Corner or not, that last suggestion is all right!" declared Hilda.

"And instead of tacking the scenery on top of the poles and having it sag between each upright, why not have a wire or rope stretched taut from one pole to the next, and so on, and hang the scenery by means of hooks?" continued the Guide.

"I suppose such common commodities as clothes-pins would be spurned by Indians," ventured Hilda.

"I should say 'double yes'!" retorted Zan, slangily.

"It is most apparent that Zan is associating with the 'causes' of her slang again. She said this Summer that the habit was the fault of hearing her brothers use it so freely," remarked Miss Miller.

"This time it was the fault of Hilda's clothes-pins," laughed Zan.

"Well anyway, clothes-pins are made of forest stuff and curtain pins are not!" defended Hilda.

"I will offer my services to the Band and inquire of an interior decorator I know, to see what would be the best hanger," said the Guide.

"All right, Miss Miller, you do that and we will attend to the rest," added Jane.

"I suppose two white-wash brushes ought to be better to paint with than camels-hair No. o," laughed Elena.

"Use whatever you like but for goodness' sake, girls, don't put your 'atmosphere' on too thick! It will take an age to dry out if you do," commented Zan.

Then the Council ended with the singing of the

Zuñi Sunset Song and the quenching of the Council Fire—in this case the electric current was switched off and the log fire-place taken back to the closet. When everything was in order, the girls left and went home, eagerly talking over the beautiful scenery-to-be.

CHAPTER THREE

HEARD IN THE "SCENIC FOREST"

AFTER leaving the other girls at the corner of Maple Avenue, May Randall and Eleanor Wilbur walked on alone. May was large for her age, but most enthusiastic over Woodcraft as she was a devotee of gymnastics and all out-door exercises.

"Isn't that Woodcraft foolishness a perfect scream?" said Eleanor, jeeringly.

May looked at her companion with surprise. "A scream! Why don't you think it is splendid?"

"Oh, it answers well enough when one has nothing else to do, but you won't catch me giving my time to making things or helping work just to boost a League that wants free advertising," retorted Eleanor.

"Why Eleanor Wilbur! You know that isn't true. Why would the Woodcraft League want advertising? They should worry whether we girls boost or not. The cost of keeping this thing going is far beyond what we pay in. That Manual alone is worth ten times the price we are charged for it. Then too, each Band has the free right to make its own individual laws and work or meet as it likes," defended May.

"I suppose you are so mesmerised by Zan and Miss Miller, who are crazy about the thing, that you can't

see how silly the ideas of Council, or singing, or obeying laws are! Of course the camping and fun are all right!"

"If that's the way you feel about it why not resign now before your name is posted on the Totem? You know there is one too many."

"Why should I resign when I want some fun this Winter? Resign yourself if there is one too many! If I had the money Jane Hubert or Zan Baker have for an allowance, you wouldn't catch me wasting time with your old Band. I'd go to a matinee every chance I'd get, and have other fun, too. But I never get enough spending-money to buy decent candy, let alone go to a good show!" complained Eleanor.

May made no reply but she looked at her companion, and Eleanor, glancing at her as she concluded, read May's thoughts.

"I suppose you are such a Pharisee that you couldn't think of anything so wicked as a theatre or a little supper-party," ventured Eleanor, with a mean sneer.

"I guess I'll turn down this street and walk home alone. I prefer it to any such company as you can offer me," retorted May. And that sentence caused all the after trouble.

"Old hypocrite!" muttered Eleanor to herself, as she went on alone. "She thinks by pandering to the first Woodcrafters she'll push herself in. But those five girls are too clannish to admit outsiders into their charmed circle, and that sweet pussy-footed Miller is worst of all!"

Hence Eleanor was not in the friendliest of moods when she met May at school the following morning. She pretended not to see her and only when May spoke directly to her, did she reply. May said nothing to the other girls about the conversation that took place between them on that walk home the day before, although Eleanor thought she had.

The names of the six members-to-be were posted on the Totem Pole which was placed at the entrance to the gymnasium where every scholar going in or coming out could read the notice.

At recess-time the Woodcrafters were the centre of attraction and many eager requests from other girls to be allowed to join the Tribe, was the result of the notice on the Totem Pole.

"Just can't do it, girls! We have one too many as it is. A Band is only allowed ten members and we have eleven proposed, so one has to be dropped," explained Zan.

"Which one?" asked Martha Wheaton, curiously.

"We won't know until the time for testing is up. The one that falls short will have to make a graceful exit, I s'pose," replied Jane.

"It ought to be Eleanor Wilbur, then. She's going around telling everybody what a farce the whole business is. She acts as if she had a bone to pick with you girls. Did anything happen at the Council to antagonise her?" said Martha.

"Why—no! I thought she was enjoying herself

immensely. I'll go and ask her if she intends to drop out," said Zan.

"But don't tell who told you! I don't want to get in bad with her—you know what a mean tongue she has!" hurriedly cried Martha, wishing she had kept quiet about the entire affair.

"Hey, there, Ella! Wait a minute—I want to see you!" called Zan, running after the girl who was making for the doorway.

"What do you want? I'm going in to study!" snapped Eleanor, fearing Zan meant to find fault with her about May Randall.

"I just heard something about your way of looking at our Woodcraft work, so you'd better make up your mind to-day whether you meant what you said or not. There're piles of other girls only waiting a chance to grab what you laugh at!" Zan spoke angrily as she stood at the foot of the door-steps looking up at Eleanor.

Eleanor half-turned at the entrance door and sneered: "I read part of that poky Manual last night, and I couldn't find a single thing there that would authorise a Chief to call down a member of the Tribe outside of Woodcraft meetings. I can do or say what I please without your over-bearing dominion of my rights!"

Zan felt like throwing her Latin book at Eleanor's head, but Jane ran up and whispered: "Forget it! Give her rope enough and she'll hang herself, all right!"

And as Zan turned away with Jane, Eleanor watched them and thought to herself: "I'd better not say anything that'll get to that Miller's ears, or she'll remove my name from the Totem without as much as saying 'By your leave!' But I'll have it out on that May Randall, all right, for tattling what she should have considered a confidential talk."

Down in her heart, Eleanor knew she wanted to be a member of Woodcraft, not for the fun alone, but because she saw what it had done for the five girls that Summer. She longed to be a different type of girl from what she generally was, but so all-powerful was her human will that it kept her from doing or saying what she really wished to; and so cowardly was the trait to make strangers believe her charmingly perfect, that she generally found herself in trouble about one friend or another. Even at home, she praised the maid to her face and then denounced her to her mother. Had she dared she might have carried out the same hypocrisy between her mother and father, but Mr. Wilbur was the one being for whom she had any fear or respect, so she never misrepresented things to him.

It was not the *real* Eleanor that scoffed at Woodcraft and gossiped injuriously about it, but the weak mortal self that was the wretched counterfeit of the real and true Eleanor. The girl had not yet discovered this duality in her nature, but she had felt a growing dissatisfaction with herself and her environment since entering High School, and this un-

happy state of mind aggravated her desire to belittle others or their efforts to climb to a higher plane of living.

Had Eleanor stopped to diagnose her feelings and actions she would have realised that the "misunderstandings" (as she termed the quarrels and trouble resulting from her poisoned darts of gossip) could be easily traced to the vindictive and malicious desires she entertained, while the sweet and pure and altogether attractive qualities that had been paramount in her early childhood years were becoming weaker and weaker through lack of expression. So at fourteen, at the character-forming time when a girl needs to be on guard that all undesirable tendencies are carefully eliminated to keep them from taking root for all future years, Eleanor, and those she associated with, were in a constant state of confusion and irritation created by her stubborn and selfish wilfulness.

During the week following the first Council meeting of the new members, the Band bought materials and began work on the forest scenery and wooden upright stands. Elena, Nita, and May Randall were given the roll of white duck to paint, while the other girls measured and sawed and hammered the 2 x 4 timbers to make the uprights necessary to hold the scenic walls of the woodland camp.

All that week Eleanor had been one of the first of the Woodcrafters to be on hand, but the moment the actual carpentry began, she would sigh, and scoff,

and belittle the efforts of the others, or wonder why anyone spent good time on such foolish ideas!

Miss Miller had heard rumours of Eleanor's gossip and she overheard several disturbing criticisms made during the work on the carpentry, but she said nothing at the time.

Of all the people who knew Eleanor well, Miss Miller was about the only one who studied the girl and understood the *chemicalisation,* so to speak, of the processes going on within the girl's consciousness. The evil desires were fermenting and souring her nature while the sweetness and purifying elements were gradually being spoiled so that presently, a Judas-natured individual would claim the victory over the true, and the battle would be lost for the side of the divine and eternal self.

It was with a thrill of gratitude then, that the Guide recalled her deep perplexities over the waywardness of Nita, that same Summer on the Farm. How she had studied every phase of the problem and finally won out to the ever-growing betterment of the girl.

"If I can only win the slightest hold on this girl's innate goodness and learn how to appeal to her higher self, I feel sure I can weed out the 'tares' even if it takes a long time. It is well worth the fight for the 'wheat' waiting to be garnered," murmured Miss Miller as she reached the Gymnasium door. Which goes to show what the Guide really thought of Woodcraft and the privileges given her whereby to improve

the morals and manners of the girls entrusted to her care.

"Everybody waiting for me to-day?" cheerily called the Guide as she hurried in where the girls were waiting to hold a Saturday afternoon Council.

"Yes, we're crazy to pass judgment on the scenery. Elena makes such a secret of it that not one of us has seen it since she had it sketched out with charcoal. It's back there in that huge roll. The boys brought it in the car a few minutes ago," explained Zan.

"And did you finish the uprights so we can hang the duck?" asked Miss Miller.

"Everything is back in the corner where we decided to have our forest," replied Jane.

"Then we can go right to work and place our trees and seats, and some of you can build the log fire-place in the centre for a Council," said the energetic Guide.

A hubbub of instructions and calls and running to and fro continued after this for some time. Miss Miller tried to superintend the raising of the "huge forest timbers."

"Say! Won't one of you girls with nothing to do help me hook up this side of the trees?" called Elena, anxiously, as she found the weight of the duck too heavy to manage alone.

"You've got the trees upside-down!" laughed Jane.

"No I haven't! That's the way Nita painted this piece," retorted Elena.

"Why it looks more like an early settler's log stock-

ade than the beautiful woodland hillside back of the Bluff," replied surprised Jane, eyeing the painting with her head on one side.

"S-sh! Nita'll hear you! She is so proud of it! She says it is a much better line of trees than *my* forest!" whispered Elena, proudly displaying her art work.

Zan came over to assist in hanging the duck and smiled behind the painting as she heard Elena explain the various "scenes" depicted on the great stretch of cotton.

"This is the flat rock where we sat telling bedtime stories; here is the swimming pool, and up there is Fiji's cave. I tried to get in Bill's cottage below the Bluff but my paint gave out," explained Elena, as the three girls lifted and stretched the canvas and hung the hooks over the taut wire.

"But the way you measured and cut the scenery, we'll have to unhook the cave and Bluff every time we need one side open. You made the other three sides all stockade, you see," commented Zan.

"That's so! I never thought of that. We will have to omit one whole side at times, won't we?" responded Elena.

"Still, I think it will be easier to fold down or hang up a Bluff than to hew through a great row of giant tree-trunks, Zan," laughed Jane.

Finding Elena too serious over her painting to laugh or enjoy a joke about it, the other two girls called that all was ready for the admiring audience.

As the group stood about the Council circle looking over the woodland scene, some smiled, some sniffed, and some looked delighted at the result. Miss Miller saw the disappointment on Nita's face and remarked: "We joyfully accept this attempt to paint the cherished mental picture of Wickeecheokee Camp —a scene that defies all words or arts to describe."

"But Miss Miller, you must admit that this scenery is misleading to new Woodcrafters. We have ranted of stars, and streams, and the breath of balsam pines; but where, oh where, is there any such 'atmosphere' to be found in this painting!" Zan cried dramatically, as she posed and threw out both arms towards the canvas.

"Atmosphere! Good gracious, Zan, can you ask for more!" laughed Jane, in response to Zan's call. "Did you ever smell such an odour of the turpentine that comes from pine?"

The girls all laughed but Nita complained pathetically:

"If you girls *knew* the job it was to smear all that paint on the old stuff, you wouldn't poke fun at the trees. Why, the duck soaked up my paint as fast as I put it on, so of course I had to use gallons of turp to make it spread at all. Even then, it dried before I could shade any bark on my trees."

"You all say I am too matter-of-fact a cook to be an artist, but I bet I could take a handful of the superfluous paint on those trees and knead it into

something resembling 'tall timbers'," now commented Hilda.

"No one could! Why we had to hang the duck along the wall of our attic and stand on an old library table while we painted the tops of the trees! Just try to make bark or leaves on a tree that has to be painted with a heavy kalsomine brush. Our arms got so lame before we painted an hour that we fairly cried with the ache in the bones," said Elena, defiantly.

"Yes, and Elena's attic is so bespattered with raw umber and ivory black that Mrs. Marsh says she will have to stain the entire floor now to make it look decent again," added Nita.

"Well girls, we are all genuine Woodcrafters, so we hail with thanksgiving this scenery that fills our lungs with the pungent odour of the forest. I, for one, will breathe deeply of this pine product!" laughed Miss Miller, turning the criticism to fun.

"Well, all I can say is that I feel grateful for these great stout logs that will protect us from Winter's icy winds and the hungry horde of howling wolves—the menace of pioneers in the forest!" added Zan.

"They're all right in Winter but how about the longed for shade in Summer when the fierce rays of the sun beat upon our unprotected heads? We have no branches overhead," remarked May, whimsically.

"Now you've all joshed Nita and me quite enough—let's proceed with the Council," said Elena, looking beseechingly toward Miss Miller.

So the meeting was opened and during the singing

of the Prayer of Invocation, the Guide focussed her camera and took a snap-shot of the girls standing in the "Scenic Woodland Council."

After the Tally of the last meeting had been read and other business disposed of, Miss Miller said:

"Is there any particular work you girls plan to do this coming week?"

"O Chief!" said Nita, jumping to salute Zan. "We really must plan some new dances for this Fall, especially if we are going to celebrate a big Hallow E'en Council and invite our friends."

"As this is the last week of September, we haven't any too much time, either," added Jane.

"Well, let's commission Nita to dig up some new and entertaining folk songs that can be acted out in a dance," suggested Zan, looking to the Guide for approval of the idea.

"Elena, make a note in your Tally that Nita will find us some new dancing songs before next Council," replied Miss Miller.

"O Chief!" now spake Hilda. "When we broke camp for the Summer we were all quite keen to win *coups* for needle-craft, carpentry, and other work. Besides, we want to secure degrees for some of the big stunts like Mrs. Remington's Tribe have won."

"Oh, that reminds me! Elizabeth Remington said she would gladly help us to learn how to start the pottery and carpentry work. Then too, she said her mother thought we ought to plan to have a Little Lodge

attached to our Tribe, as many Big Lodges have," cried Zan, eagerly.

"It is very good of Elizabeth to offer her time to help you girls; as for the Little Lodge, I would not think of it till your two Bands are filled and the Tribe is chartered and well under way," replied the Guide.

"O Chief! Can't we start the pottery work first 'cause Zan knows a lot about designing since she started that class-work in school," suggested Hilda.

"I was not aware that Zan had graduated from the School of Design so soon. Did you really finish in two lessons, Zan?" teased the Guide.

"Oh, you know what Hilda means—she thinks that now I can find out about real designing we all can profit by it," explained Zan.

"Instead of pottery which is a step beyond carpentry, I would suggest that the Band make some objects in wood according to the Manual rules for winning *coups*," advised Miss Miller.

"Why can't you old members wait a little while and give us new members time to win the flower, star, and tree *coups* such as you earned at Camp this Summer?" asked Frances Mason.

"We can all begin together on carpentry and at times when we are not together, or you new members are not in on some of the things we do, you can catch up on those easy winners," said Zan.

So the entry was made in the Tally Book directly after the note reading: "Nita will find new folk songs for a dance before next Council."

It read: "Begin some object in carpentry using own designs and material, suitable to claim a *coup* with all provisions met."

"Now that that is off our minds let's have Miss Miller tell us an Indian myth or story. We haven't heard one since that last week on the farm," petitioned Jane.

"And I happen to know that she received a package of books from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington," added Zan.

"How! How!" chorused the other girls, so the Guide felt called upon to contribute her share to the Council meeting.

"I really had planned something so different from this, that I must have a moment in which to think," murmured the Guide.

"Oh dear me! That's always the way with us! We are so impatient to make Miss Miller work for her honourable position, that we generally manage to 'cut off our noses to spite our faces,'" sighed Elena so plaintively that the others laughed.

"My original idea will not spoil by delay, so I will tell the story now which is really much easier than the work I planned," rejoined Miss Miller.

"Well, at least tell us what your plan was and let us judge of its merits," declared Zan, coaxingly.

"I never satisfy idle curiosity if I recognise it, but I will tell you a story of what happened to some Eskimo Indian children who indulged in this undesirable inclination to their undoing.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ESKIMO INDIAN LEGEND

"THIS myth is told by the Sea Lion-town People from Alaska and is called, 'A Tale of a Red Feather,'" began Miss Miller.

"A group of children were playing ball with a woody excrescence which they had found in the bole of a tree. It had been rubbed down and polished until it was smooth and shiny as could be.

"As they knocked the ball back and forth, shouting with glee if one of their band happened to miss it, a small red feather floated down from the clouds and blew gently to and fro just over their heads. As it was wafted about in the eddying breeze, it attracted the attention of the youngsters who watched it with eager curiosity.

"It never came nearer the earth than just above the heads of the children and as they speculated concerning it, one of the boys declared it must be a magic feather. Another said it might be a prince bewitched by an evil spell-binder, and still another said it was from a Red Eagle that soared from the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"The latter idea seemed to take hold of the children

and they cried 'We want it if it fell from the Happy Hunting Grounds.'

"So most of them jumped up trying to catch it as it floated over their heads. The tallest boy, making a high leap, seized it, but instead of bringing it down to the ground with him, his hand stuck fast as if by some unseen power. He struggled but could not release himself and gradually he was drawn up from the earth.

"He screamed, and his brother seeing the awful magic working, caught hold of his hand to stay him. But he, too, was stuck fast to his brother's hand and was lifted up against his will.

"Then another boy caught hold on to the second lad's feet and he, too, was drawn up unwillingly. Soon, all the children, then the parents who sought to save their little ones, next the townspeople, and lastly the dogs and cats and donkeys, and every living creature in the town—all but the niece of the Town Chief were drawn up.

"This girl remained sleeping upon a couch behind a screen and was quite unaware of what was happening to her kinsmen and townspeople and the creatures that had lived in the town.

"The victims of Red Feather were carried up, up, up, to a great cloud that hung waiting to receive them. There they were kept until the waters in the cloud washed them all to bones and then bleached the bones white. But that comes later.

"The niece, strangely enough, was awakened by the

great stillness. She listened and then sprang out of bed wondering what kept everyone so silent. No shouting of children, no braying of donkeys, no fighting of cats and dogs, no bargaining of townspeople!

"She peered from behind the screen and found no moving or living being, so she quickly dressed and ran out to call, but no answer came. She ran through the houses and found them vacant, and left as if they had been abandoned in a great hurry. The canoes were still tied to their posts or lying upon the beach, so it was quite evident that her people had not gone by the water-way. The great mountains back of the village offered no temptation to the villagers and the maiden knew they had not disappeared that way.

"She went home to think over this strange thing and as she thought, she feared some evil worker had succeeded in making magic against her people. Reaching this conclusion, the maiden ran out and stood near the spot where her cousins first saw the feather. She, too, saw a tiny red feather dance about her head but she was too troubled to account for her friends to give the temptation another thought.

"Having no curiosity or desire to possess the red feather gave her the power to see it as it was. As the feather still fluttered about, the girl was able to witness the whole sight of her people and every living creature of the village excepting herself, drawn up to the black cloud and left dangling there.

"Then she ran back to her tepee and wept. She wept gallons of salty tears before she became recon-

ciled to her fate. But the tears relieved her sorrow and she went forth to seek for a memento of her brothers and sister. Where the children had been playing ball she found a shaving her brother had whittled from the wood from which he was making a spear just before he was caught up. She next found a feather from the arrow her cousin had been making. Then she found a chip of red cedar bark her brother had held, and a wild crab-apple blossom her little sister had plucked. Lastly, the maiden saw the footprints in the mud, of another brother as he had stood catching at the heels of his cousin. All these relics she gathered up carefully and placed them in a blanket.

"The blanket was securely bound by the four corners and the gallons of salty tears poured over it. Then the girl blew her nose violently to call magic, and poured the remainder of her tears over the covering that held the treasures.

"This last rite performed, the maiden carried the blanket to her couch behind the screen and sat down to wait. After many days she opened the blanket again and there she found a babe. It had a small shaving stuck to its forehead. She took the babe out and tied the blanket corners together again. Then she mothered the babe till it grew strong and as fine as her brother had been before it.

"After a time, she opened the blanket again and lo! there she found another fine child, but a bit of cedar bark was stuck to its forehead. The boy was also mothered and grew to be a fine lad.

"The third time the girl opened the blanket she found a boy with a feather stuck to his forehead. The fourth child had a clod of mud on the sole of each foot, and so on, the children came until nine fine lads had been mothered and reared, and then came a little girl who carried a crab-apple blossom in her hand.

"The ten children were carefully reared and taught many wise things that all Indians should know. They had plenty of food and clothing as every house in the town was there to take from.

"One day, the eldest lad inquired: 'Mother, why lies yonder village so empty?'

"And she replied: 'My child, it is your uncle's town that lies empty because of idle curiosity. And this is what happened to everyone living in the village,'

"Then she told the children the story as I have told it to you, even the punishment that comes with curiosity and the payment demanded from any who deem *they* can do what others cannot.

"And the boy asked: 'Where is the ball, mother?'

"She replied sadly: 'Ah, my son, I may not show you the hidden place of that ball for it contains magic that brings evil to anyone touching it. Better leave *skîtq! a'-ig. ādAñ* in the tree where it grows.'

"But the boys were overcome with curiosity to see and try this magic they were warned against. So, secretly they found the right bole of the tree where an excrescence grew and it was cut out. They worked it smooth and round until it was polished enough to play ball with.

"The little sister had not been told of her brothers' mischief or she would have dissuaded them—or at least, she would have warned the mother that the boys had disobeyed her wishes.

"They tossed the ball gleefully back and forth and soon a tiny red feather floated over their heads but little sister warned them not to touch it as it was the same evil magic that had drawn all their kin away from earth.

"But the oldest lad scoffed at her fears and clutched at the feather. Instantly, he was turned to mucus, right before their eyes! And this mucus was waved violently back and forth till it was stretched out into a long thread. As it was pulled up to the black cloud overhead, one end of the mucus still stuck fast to the ground and the red feather tugged and tugged to tear it loose.

"The second brother caught hold of the mucus and was turned to a shaving. But this was whirled around and around until it spun dizzily and one end of the shaving reached the cloud but the other still whirled on the ground.

"The third boy ran up and caught hold of it and was instantly turned into a strip of cedar bark. After being rolled and pulled the bark began to stretch and finally one end was up in the clouds and the other still remained upon the earth.

"When the boy with the mud soles caught hold of the red cedar chip, he was turned to mud. As this was spun out, some of it was carried up to the cloud

while some of it still clung to the earth but a fine thread of mud stretched between the two mud-lumps.

"But the next boy caught the wild crab-apple blossom from his sister's hand and stamped upon the mud from his brother's sole that lay upon the ground. As he stamped he called to his sister: 'I am strong! Hurry—make medicine to save us.'

"And the sister cried: 'Be a man! Be strong and I will save you!'

"But he was turned to a crab-apple tree right before her eyes. He was being dragged up to the cloud but the red feather had great difficulty to tear it away from the earth, as the roots had quickly grown down into the ground. One strong root still held in the earth and red feather was tugging hard to loosen it from its hold when little sister ran up and jumped upon this root. She then climbed up the long-drawn-out crab-apple tree, all the while making strong medicine and slashing out with a long sharp sword.

"The red feather flew madly about and when, at a mighty slash of the sword, the evil magic fell to earth, its power was gone forever!

"Then immediately after it came the nine brothers who were not hurt for red feather had lost its magic to hurt any more.

"And on top of the children came down the whitened bones of the villagers, and last of all crashed down the remains of the dogs and cats and donkeys that had lived in the village in the long-ago.

"The wild crab-apple tree had not had its root

pulled from the ground before red feather was slashed down to earth, so little sister slid down that root and reached the place where all the brothers, and villagers, and creatures lay in a heap together.

"She spat medicine upon her brothers and they each took a natural form again, and were over-joyed at seeing themselves at home. Then she spat medicine upon the bones of her kins-people and they all returned to life. Next the villagers were brought back and then the dogs, because they are man's best friends; then the donkeys, for they help carry the burdens of man; and lastly the cats for they kill vermin but are in themselves no other good to man.

"So the people and every creature thanked little sister for the strong medicine she had made to bring them all safe back home. Then she told them that they need never have been dead or kept up in that cloud had they known themselves and their power over all evil magic.

"And from that day, the people taught their children first, above every other knowledge, 'Know Thyself,' then the next thing the children were taught was, 'Know that evil has no power or magic for one who Knows Himself!'"

As Miss Miller concluded the story the Woodcrafters cried "How! How!"

"What a strange story—it sounds almost like an allegory with a deep meaning," said Jane.

"It is, and has hidden in its fanciful pictures described, the story of the Adam creation, of the Fall

of Man, the New Birth of a Saviour, and the final resurrection from the dead when evil has been thrown to earth. At least, that is what I found in it as I studied its text and realised how much was buried in the words," replied Miss Miller.

"Miss Miller," came from Zan warningly, "remember—I too have that book from the Smithsonian!"

The Guide laughed. "Well, what if you have?"

"I fear you will be drawn up to the black cloud by black magic unless you hasten to make amends for your deception," threatened Zan.

"O Chief! I move that you tell us what evil deed the Guide has forced upon us!" cried Jane, watching the two eagerly.

"O Brothers—or in this case, I should say 'O sistern,' our hitherto revered Guide wove magic before your eyes as you did not know that her tale was but half the story in the book. Now I shall make strong medicine and you shall see the magic leave her in our power," spoke Zan, in a thundering tone, meantime, weaving a spell in the air with her hands and fingers, to the amusement of the girls.

Miss Miller, laughing, knew Zan would give her no peace until she had accomplished her purpose—in this particular case, the conclusion of the legend. So she stood up and saluted.

"Ha! the medicine worked quickly, sistern!" laughed Zan, seating herself.

"The second half of this tale may be applied by

each one here to some profit," remarked Miss Miller, as a prelude to her legend.

"The day following the one the people had been returned to their homes and living, the boys found the little red feather in the dust where it had fallen when slashed down from the cloud.

"In great anger and spite they began to tear it to bits and throw the down hither and thither. When they could find no further evidence that the evil magic had once been powerful, they suddenly found themselves in a snow-storm.

"It snowed and snowed until everything was covered. It piled up everywhere—on houses, stalls, town, and trees—all were snowed under and no day-light could peep in at the air-holes or doorways.

"Then little sister, who had been sleeping a long time, awoke and got up. She heard the cries of her people who wanted air and light, and she knew she must make medicine to help them overcome the evil they had brought upon themselves through spite and mistaken punishment.

"So she made strong medicine and gave it to her brothers to rub on the door-posts. They did and the snow melted instantly so that they could breathe and see, but the snow still lay piled up in the streets and over the other houses. And it also covered the smoke-hole of their house so that no fire could burn to prepare the food. Still the snow fell and fell until it seemed that the doorway would again be blocked up.

"Then little sister called upon her mother for help, and together they made medicine and then called upon the birds to help.

"A blue jay soon flew over the smoke-hole of the house and dropped a ripe elder-berry down through the opening. As the berry touched the snow, the ice and sleet melted and soon vanished so that the roof was clear.

"Now little sister took the berry and wherever it touched ice or sleet or snow, the frozen magic melted and left off being.

"The blue jay flew over the other houses and dropped a berry down each smoke-hole. In many homes the berry was used as advised and these families were soon out of the ice and cold. In other places the people were too busy shoveling snow to bother with the blue jay's berry and they remained frozen still. Some used the berry to melt a way out of the house and then wasted no more effort so the smoke-hole never worked right and nourishment was scarce.

"When the bird had dropped a berry down every smoke-hole it flew back to little sister's home and said: 'Now I must be on my way again. Who will come with me to visit heaven, where I go?'

"Most of the children were eager to go so they climbed upon the bird's back or clung to his wings and feet until he came to the clouds where heaven was hidden away from earth-dwellers' sight.

"Once in heaven, the blue jay flapped his wings and rolled the children off and told them he had to

leave them for a short time to report what he had done on the earth.

"Left alone, the children walked about enjoying the novel sights, until one of the boys saw a *djo'lgi* sniffing about. He threw a rock at the animal and stunned it, then he ran over and tore it to bits and scattered the fragments about, although the poor *djo'lgi* had not done anything to merit this cruelty.

"The children now felt hungry and said they would go and seek for something to eat, as the blue jay had failed to return to help them find bread.

"As they walked, they came to a house where a woman stood looking anxiously about as if in search for someone.

"The children drew near and she said: 'Have you seen my child playing about?'

"And they answered: 'We saw nothing but a *djo'lgi* and it we killed.'

"'Oh, oh! You bad children! You have killed my child!' cried the woman. Then she suddenly caught the children and pushed them in through the open door and when they were all in she turned and said, 'Door, bolt yourself.'

"Then the children trembled when they saw the door shut and bolt itself and they knew they were again in the power of black magic.

"But little sister had had nothing to do with the killing of the *djo'lgi* and she now whispered to the brother who had held a firm root in the earth when red feather tried to tear the crab-apple tree from the

ground: 'I will make medicine and smear some on you. That will turn you into a cinder so that you can fly up the smoke-hole and get out. Then find Blue Jay. With the medicine I smear on your head you can bring the *djo'lgi* back to life and let Blue Jay bring it home to the old woman. When she finds her child alive and happy she will let us all go.'

"The boy did as sister told him, and when he was outside the smoke-hole he flew about heaven until he found Blue Jay.

"So medicine was rubbed on the *djo'lgi* and he was brought back to life and carried home. There, a loud rap on the door made the old woman cry: 'Who's there?'

"And the *djo'lgi* answered: 'It is your *djo'lgi,* mother, let me come in.'

"She ran and unbolted the door and was so happy to have her child back in her arms that she forgot to bolt the door again. Then the Blue Jay led the children forth and they all went to the big house on the Cliff where Blue Jay's grandmother lived. Here a fine feast was spread for the visitors and after they had had all the juicy venison they could eat, Blue Jay said: 'Come now, let us go to heaven.'

"But the grandmother said: 'How can all these children crawl through safely when the clouds open and shut?'

"'I'll show them how and if they mind they will get in,' replied the Blue Jay.

"Then they said good-by to the grandmother and

followed after Blue Jay to the place where they had to creep in under the clouds if they wished to see the great Bill-of-Heaven who was known everywhere as the Power-of-the-shining-clouds.

"When they came to the edge of the blue sky where the clouds open and shut continually, Blue Jay dipped his feathers in the blue to make them brighter and meantime, some of the boys tried to run under the cloud and so get into heaven first. But the cloud came down and caught them, so they were turned into rain and poured down to help the earth blossom.

"Then some of the other children tried to rush through, and of these two were caught under the edge of the cloud and were turned to thunder, and the others who only got a glimpse of heaven were turned to lightning from the brightness of the glory they saw.

"Blue Jay came back after a time and was sorry to hear some of the children had not followed his advice but risked their happiness by being rude and disobedient. Then he turned to the remaining children and said: 'I will watch for the time when you must rush in. I will call "Fly!" then all must fly back and forth along the edge of the cloud till a little rift of blue where a cloud lifts is seen. Dart through that but never try it unless you see the rift of blue.'

"The little sister was told to follow with Blue Jay as he would see her through. Then cinder brother and a few of the others waited and watched, flying back and forth until they saw a rift break through a

thick cloud, and quickly they rushed through and found the glory of the sun and lived happy in heaven ever after."

"How! How" cried the girls, some clapping their hands.

Eleanor sat and looked scornfully at the girls applauding. Then she said, "If that isn't the silliest nonsense ever! Besides, *I* think it is positively sacrilegious to talk in that way about heaven!"

"Sacrilegious! Why should it be? It is the simple ancient beliefs of the Indians who had no Bible as we have, and handed down these legends from one generation to another to teach their children respect and obedience to the Great Spirit," replied Zan.

"You certainly can't say that calling the Power above by the name of 'Bill-of-Heaven' is respect! I almost shivered when I heard Miss Miller use such blasphemy!" retorted Eleanor.

"Why Eleanor, you are mistaken! The name is interpreted from the original language where the Indians never even heard the name of 'Bill,' so they could not use it in disrespect. In their tongue the term 'Bill' means an entirely different thing than in our English, so we must not condemn a thing because we are ignorant of its uses," said the Guide, calmly.

"Tell us the germ of truth you found in that allegory, Miss Miller," begged Jane.

"I told you before I began that you each must apply it for yourselves. I can sit down and find a suitable lesson in it for the short-comings of each one

present," laughed Miss Miller, rising to close the Council Meeting.

As the Woodcrafters left the building, Zan called after them: "Remember to bring a finished product of your carpentry for the next Council!"

CHAPTER FIVE

A PRIZE CHEST

THE following week, every member of Wickee-cheokee Band was busy after school, working hard on their carpentry. Some had decided to make wooden toys for the little ones, some preferred odd pieces of furniture, such as a foot-stool, a tabouret, a waste-paper-basket, etc. The older Woodcrafters were busy making more difficult things as they had had some practise in the handling of tools and wood. May Randall, not to be outdone by the older members, wanted to manufacture a Woodcraft Chest to hold the papers, beads, and other things she would collect in her Woodcraft work as time went on.

"I never dreamed this work could be so tedious," sighed Ethel Clifford, whittling away at a bit of wood that had to dove-tail into the other section. She was making a set of fire-boards.

"One never realises how long a time hand-made articles take. That is why they always cost more than machine made objects," added Anne Mason.

"I hope my tilting stools will look like the picture given in the Manual," now said Mildred Howell. "If they don't work I shall give up in despair."

"I think they look great, Mil. Maybe you'll get a *coup,*" remarked Zan, who looked up from the elaborate bead-loom she was decorating, having constructed the entire machine of wood.

"I just adore that bead-loom you made, Zan," now said May Randall, working industriously at the chest she was etching in pyrography.

"I'll tell you what, May! If the bead-loom you expect to make turns out half as fine as that chest, it will be better than mine," praised Zan. "I never saw a girl handle tools as naturally and deftly as you do—for a greenhorn, too!"

May laughed in a pleased tone for honest praise is sweet.

"What is Eleanor Wilbur making, girls?" asked Hilda.

"I don't know—she hasn't been with us yet, you know," replied Anne Mason, evasively.

"Is she doing anything else besides making trouble?" asked May Randall, in her blunt way.

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Miss May Randall," called a voice from the door.

The girls flushed guiltily as they looked up and found Eleanor herself trembling with anger. She had stopped at Zan's house to leave a borrowed book and the maid told her the girls were on the back-porch working. So she happened there unannounced.

"Well, are you, Eleanor?" persisted May, defiantly.

"I'll tell you what's troubling you, all right—you dog-in-the-manger, you! You're afraid I'll win out

ahead of you in the test for membership, so you go to work in an underhanded way to prejudice the others against me," declared Eleanor.

"Hardly, Miss Wilbur, for Zan just told us that Ethel handed her a letter to be read at the weekly Council. She is to go to California next month to be gone all Winter so she has withdrawn her application till Spring," snapped May, with satisfaction.

"Then there are only five after all," said Eleanor, a gleam of pleasure on her face.

"There may be only four—if one of the new members keeps on the undesirable pathway she has trodden since applying for membership!" taunted May, who had a sharp tongue at times.

"Pooh!" sounded from Eleanor and Jane banged her work down loudly upon the floor and said angrily:

"For pity's sake, forget it—you two! We never had a single scrap like this when we were at Camp!"

"I'm not scrapping a bit," defended Eleanor. "It is that hateful old thing over there. But as I am going now anyway, don't bother to shut her up. I'm on my way to visit Miss Miller, so I will just mention the fact that Miss Randall is running the Tribe now, and she as old Guide can resign gracefully or be ousted by the new Guide!" sneered Eleanor, slamming the door as she left the porch.

"Can't we put her out, girls! I am getting to hate her," cried May, spitefully.

"You're letting your anger get the best of you, May. It has already made you lose out in one test—

same as Eleanor has. Besides, Eleanor may need Woodcraft more than any of us, because the work isn't a matter of pastime as much as for improvement," said Zan, who had had a private talk with the Guide and to her questions about ousting Eleanor, had been told some truths that made her think of Nita and the impatience the girls felt at her in Camp that Summer.

"Girls, since Zan spoke of May's Woodcraft box I have been thinking—why can't we have contests in work and give a prize to the one having the best product to show with the others at the exhibit?" said Elena, trying to change their current of thought.

"Let's do it! The one to win this Saturday, to have a suitable prize awarded for the different points covered," said Zan.

"It will be for neatness, utility, beauty, and time taken in the making," suggested Jane.

"I wonder if Headquarters ever started contests with the Woodcrafters for certain requirements well-done?" wondered Nita.

"Let's have Miss Miller write to find out. Maybe we can give them a new idea," commented Hilda.

Silence followed for a few moments after that decision and Nita began humming a new Hawaiian air.

"That reminds me, Nita, did you find any new folk songs that we might adapt for dancing?" asked Jane.

"Oh, yes, I have a dandy! Want to see me do it

while you take a little rest from work?" cried eager Nita.

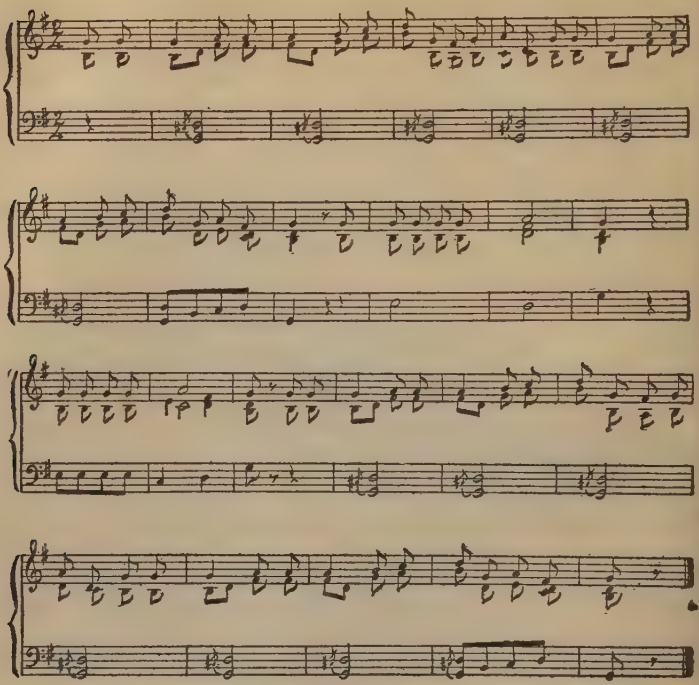
Nita never lost an opportunity to dance, and it was her greatest delight to show her friends any new steps or figures she had improvised for a Woodcraft Folk Song or Dance, which really is true dancing from over-flowing joy in the heart—but not the so-called wanton dances in vogue at the present time.

The girls always enjoyed watching the graceful form as it bent low or whirled around in the Indian Acting Songs, so to-day they approved the suggestion to rest and be entertained by Nita.

"I shall have to sing the words in French as Miss Miller and I haven't translated them yet. The air is familiar to most of you and you must hum it with me. Now I will sing and slowly step the bars while you try to study the action and practise it at home," announced Nita.

SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse en rond,
Les beaux messieurs font comm' ga,
Et puis encor comm' ga:
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse, danse
Sur le pont d'Avignon
Tout le mondey danse en rond.



Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse, danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse en rond.
Les belles dames font comm' ga,
Et puis encor comm' ga:
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse, danse
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse en rond.

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse, danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse en rond,
Et les capucins font comm' ga,
Et puis encor comm' ga,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse, danse
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le mondey danse en rond.

Thereupon Nita danced The Bridge song to the satisfaction of her audience. They applauded and encored until she laughingly consented to treat them to their favourite dances. Many of these were steps invented by Nita to improve upon the old folk dances. When the girl, breathless, finally sat down, the other girls complimented her to her heart's content.

"I wish we could learn that bridge song and dance it for Miss Miller as a surprise," suggested Zan.

"Let's do it!" abetted Elena.

"We ought to complete our carpentry work first," ventured May.

"We haven't any extra class studies at home this week so we might carpenter in the afternoons and dance at night," eagerly said Nita.

"Why not come over to my house at eight and I will have the rugs and furniture moved out of the living-room. Anne and I will be all alone this evening as the others are going out," added Frances Mason.

"That's fine! Who can meet at the Masons' at eight

to-night?" called Zan, looking about at the Woodcrafters.

"We surely will—every one of us," accepted Hilda.

"Well, don't waste our time making us wait for you. If someone can't come let her telephone before meeting-time," advised Anne Mason.

"Hoh! Anne doesn't know us yet! Catch a Woodcrafter being late when there's any fun going!" laughed Jane.

Every member was there before eight that night, Eleanor having been notified over the telephone. A merry evening was enjoyed with dancing and singing and most of the girls were sure the French Folk Song could be mastered for a private exhibition on Saturday if they had one more evening's practise.

"To-morrow is Thursday and some of us are booked to go to those Burton-Holmes Lectures, but we might all meet again on Friday night?" suggested Zan.

"Some of us could meet to-morrow and practise, and then all meet Friday," added Hilda.

"Where do you want to meet Friday—come to my house," invited Jane.

As the Huberts had a large house with a splendid living-room, it offered excellent facilities for dancing, so the girls gladly accepted the invitation.

Shortly after nine o'clock Friday night, while the Woodcrafters were cooling off and talking about their successful dancing lesson of the French song, Mrs. Hubert opened the door and peeped in.

"When you finish dancing maybe you'll come to

the kitchen and help me make some fudge?" hinted she.

"We're all through!" cried Zan, jumping up and running for the door.

"So we are when there's fudge on the programme," laughed Elena.

But fudge was not the only candy made that night. As Saturday morning was a "lazy day" for school-girls, they could sleep an hour later than usual. So there was no haste to get home and to bed that night.

"Mrs. Hubert, you always promised to give us the recipe for your fudge—it is so good!" exclaimed Elena.

"Why, I'll tell you right now, and you can watch me make it, too," replied Mrs. Hubert.

"Lena, write it down to enter in our Tally," said Zan.

As Mrs. Hubert itemised the ingredients for Elena to write down, she measured out the quantities for the candy.

"One cup of granulated sugar, one cup of powdered sugar, one and a half cakes of Baker's chocolate, a lump of butter about the size of a walnut, two-thirds of a cup of milk, and any flavour desired. I shall use vanilla to-night as most girls like that.

"Now I boil the milk and sugar, stirring all the time from when it is first placed over the fire. When it fairly hardens so as to form a ball when dropped in cold water, I remove it from the stove and add

the chocolate which must be shaved very fine, or even grated as it is to-night.

"Next I add the vanilla, and the butter last. Quickly then, I beat it until it thickens but it must not sugar. Pour it in buttered tins and when it is partly hardened we can cut it into squares.

"In case any of you do not have powdered sugar in the house you can use granulated but the powdered sugar makes it creamy and there is less danger of crystallising while beating."

The fudge was made and declared the finest ever tasted.

"Oh, but you girls say that every time I treat you," laughed Mrs. Hubert.

"It's true, and that shows how you improve in candy-making every time you cook it for us," retorted Zan, quickly.

"Which interpreted means: 'Be sure and give us fudge every time we visit you,'" laughed Mrs. Hubert.

"You'd hear no kick coming from the Woodcrafters," added Jane.

"Jane! There you go again with your slang! I thought Miss Miller was curing you girls of that pernicious habit," said Mrs. Hubert.

"We were cured, Mother, but you see our brothers were still ill with the despised complaint and we caught it again, didn't we Zan?" said Jane, appealing to her competitor in slang.

Zan's mouth was too full of fudge to reply but she

nodded her head vigorously to express her feelings about slang.

"Dear, dear, such girls!" sighed Mrs. Hubert, taking a recipe book from the shelf and turning to a page of candies.

"Girls, shall I show you how to make nougat?" asked she.

Naturally they cried "yes" and Elena prepared to make another entry in the Tally.

"Always blanch the almonds or other nuts to be used. I generally keep some on hand so we won't have to take time for that work to-night. Now some of you girls skin these nuts and some of you can chop them very fine.

"For the nougat, I melt some powdered sugar, using a dessert-spoonful of lemon juice to every pound of sugar. It takes double the weight of sugar in almonds. We have a pound of sugar, so I use two pounds of chopped nuts. They must be hot before dropping them into the sugar-syrup.

"We ought to have regular nougat moulds like confectioners use, but not having them, I have to take the flat tin we use for ginger-bread. That is why I had you chop the nuts very fine—so that the nougat when it is spread in the tin, can be cut with a knife.

"Into this buttered tin, I press the nougat with the lemon skin until it is all smoothed out flat. Then I quickly cut the bars so they can be broken apart when it is cold. If we had regular moulds we could use the nuts in much larger pieces."

"I always thought that nougat was a dreadfully hard candy to make, but it is as simple as rolling off a log," declared Hilda.

"I just love it, don't you?" said Elena, sniffing the odour that rose from the pan of candy.

"You love any kind of candy. Your mother says you have a 'sweet tooth,'" laughed Nita.

"I'll show you how to make one other kind of candy and then it will be time for you to go home. It is ten o'clock now," said Mrs. Hubert.

"Put a cupful of powdered sugar in a bowl and add about a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream, or at least enough to stir the spoon about in the mixture easily. Be careful not to use too much cream, though, as that will make it run and not cream itself. Now add a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla. We will use the latter for this cream. Next stir the mixture well until all lumps are worked smooth like a paste.

"Here, Jane, stone these dates but do not break them asunder.

"Now girls, as the dates are stoned, you take enough cream to fill the opening made by the stone. Then you stick the edges of the date together again and roll in powdered sugar. They are then placed on an oiled paper to keep from sticking while drying."

The creamed dates were soon made and tasted. Some of the Woodcrafters said they needed a much larger taste than a single date offered, and Mrs. Hubert laughed. While the girls were away from the kitchen to find their hats and coats, the hostess divided

the candy left and gave each amateur confectioner a package to take home with her.

Saturday with its weekly Council found each girl, except Eleanor, more than elated with the finished article of carpentry work to exhibit at the meeting. Of the entire collection the bead-loom, tabouret, and chest were considered the best.

"I declare, girls, it is marvelous how neatly you have fitted the corners and finished the edges of the work. May's chest is as pretty and well-made as any I have ever seen. The hinges and clasp are original and hand-made, too, I see. Did you originate the design alone, May?" said the Guide, after admiring the objects placed in a row on the table.

"Yes, and the copper hinges and clasp are cut and hammered out of an old sauce-pan mother threw away a long time ago," replied pleased May.

"And does the key turn easily?" inquired Miss Miller, lifting the lid of the chest and examining the key-hole carefully.

"I haven't found a key to fit yet!" laughed May.

Then the Guide's attention was given to an investigation of the elaborate bead-loom made and decorated by Zan as her contribution to the contest.

"Does it work, Zan?" queried Miss Miller.

"Not unless it is supplied with motive-power!"

"Then you must have tried it out with a bit of your tremendous energy," retorted the Guide, smiling at the girl's bright face.

"Not only tried it but finished a strip of bead band-

ing that takes the cake! I have decided to make enough trimming to decorate a new ceremonial costume that will turn every Woodcraft girl green with envy," bragged Zan.

"That is a boast indeed! Did you include the Tribes of other Woodcrafters in that challenge?"

"Yep, everybody but Elizabeth Remington. She certainly has the loveliest beading I ever saw, but then she has had two years' designing at the School of Art," replied Zan.

After many comparisons and due deliberation, it was decided to present May Randall with the prize for that contest. As May was a beginner and the chest was her first piece of work, it won a point above Zan's loom, which also was a fine piece of work. Both of these objects were excellent bits of cabinet-work and so neatly finished and beautifully decorated that it was a draw. May flushed with happiness when she heard that Zan awarded the prize to her.

"I think the plan of awarding prizes for best work is a good one but we should decide upon the prize before the contest is started each week. What have you for May to-day?" said Miss Miller.

"Well, this week we were going to present the winner a solid gold loving cup but our Wampum Keeper reported a state of bankruptcy so we had to sacrifice our wishes to conform with the exchequer," said Zan, solemnly, while the girls giggled.

"I suggested that we take a picture of May, so I brought my camera. It can be pasted in the Tally

Book and mentioned as the winner of the carpentry contest," said Elena.

"And I thought the film could be enlarged to a size that will correspond with our cash on hand, and present it to May," added Hilda.

"If we make a picture each week of the prize-winner and article made it will add greatly to the beauty and interest of the Tally," ventured the Guide.

"Come on, May, and pose over by the log scenery to have your picture taken," called Elena, starting for the Council Ring.

"Oh wait, Lena! Don't let's have an indoor picture. It will look so much better if posed out-doors," cried Nita.

"Let's go over to the fence-corner next to our back yard where the group of pines will make a pretty back-ground," suggested Frances Mason.

"That's fine! And we'll stand May on some of our logs and have her look happy while holding her chest!" exclaimed Anne.

"When folks see May holding her chest in the picture, they'll think she had a bad cold," came from Zan, quickly.

Everyone laughed but Anne added: "Oh, you old tease, you know what I meant."

"All right, come on and show us what you meant!"

"I wish to goodness we had a ceremonial costume here to dress May and do the picture up in a truly artistic manner," sighed Elena.

"Hilda and May are about the same size—why not run Hilda home to get hers?" suggested Jane.

"It won't take more'n ten minutes, Hilda, if you jump on a trolley!" added Nita, when Hilda frowned down the proposition.

A honking from an automobile horn was heard just then, and Zan jumped up to run to the door, saying: "Sounds like your machine, Jenny!"

"If it should be Jack, he could drive Hilda over for the dress," replied Jane.

Before Zan reached the door of the gymnasium, however, the tousled head of Fiji Baker appeared at the opening and he called out ingratiatingly: "Don't stop the show for *me;* 'let joy be unconfined' as I just dropped in for a second to see Miss Miller. Jack is out front tying the bouquets we wish to throw at the famous dancer!"

Nita laughed for she had confided in the boys and told them about the new dance scheduled for that Council Meeting.

"Oh, Fiji, you came in answer to our prayers, I'm sure. We need someone to hustle Hilda over home for a most important package she forgot, and now Jack can fly while you talk with Miss Miller," explained Zan, pushing Hilda towards the door as she spoke.

"You'll win a *coup* on this for 'first aid,'" said Jane to Fiji.

But Fiji paid no attention as he was deeply concerned over some secret he was whispering to the

Guide. Meantime Hilda was urged to order Jack to drive as fast as he dared so she could be back with the costume before the sun went down.

Before Fiji and Miss Miller had finished their engrossing conversation, Hilda returned and the girls adjourned to the scenic-screen-room to dress the prize-winner in a befitting costume.

May was posed first in one attitude, then in another, till everyone had satisfied her artistic sense of the picture to be, and perhaps they would all have had another trial had not May sighed, and cried:

"I'll be so glad when you really click that trigger! This box grows heavier and heavier every minute. I'm sure it weighs a ton by this time."

Several snap-shots were taken and May placed the "ton" prize-winner on the ground and stretched her arms. Then the Woodcrafters filed back to the gymnasium, where Miss Miller explained the reason of Fiji's visit.

"Doctor Baker invites the Band to join the boys in a week-end camp near-by the city. Fiji said he and the other boys have been scouting about for some days trying to find just the right kind of a site where girls would be comfortable." Miss Miller paused here to allow the announcement to sink in.

"Huh! I guess Dad wants our Band to act as sort of a brake on those boys' speed," commented Zan, nevertheless pleased at the invitation.

"Won't it be fun?" cried Jane.

"Where will it be, Miss Miller?" asked Nita.

"Why, Fiji says they have found a wonderful place on the sea-side of Staten Island. 'The woods almost meet the beach,' he said."

"Oh, can't we try that aqua-planing Elizabeth Remington told us of?" eagerly questioned Zan.

"We haven't any to try with," replied Jane.

"Fred Remington told Fiji the other day that it was the easiest thing to make. Just one, two, three! and it is done!" declared Zan, snapping her fingers with each count.

"I have it! Let's invite Elizabeth to join us in camp and then add, as an after-thought, how nice it would be if she brought her plane," exclaimed Nita, showing that there were still some undestroyed self-motives in her character.

"Even so, there wouldn't be any motive-power unless Zan supplied some of her boundless energy," laughed the Guide.

"It won't work in deep water, Miss Miller," retorted Zan.

"If Elizabeth is invited for the plane why not ask Fred and Billy for their launch?" now suggested Jane.

"Sure enough! You tell Jack to, will you?" chorused some of the girls.

After a lively Council Meeting, the Woodcrafters started eagerly homeward for they were anticipating the camp and wanted to hear what the boys had to say about the plane and launch.

But it happened that Fiji and Jack had already

thought of the launch and had invited Fred and his younger brother before the girls spoke of it. The plane was another matter and they agreed to see Elizabeth about joining them.

The campers intended starting for the trip immediately after school on Friday afternoon. Three automobiles—the Bakers', Huberts', and Remingtons'—would carry them and their luggage to the place selected. Fred, Billy, and Bob Baker would go in the launch, while Fiji and Jack planned to paddle their canoe around the Island to the beach where the camp was to be.

The canoe owned by the two boys was kept on the lake in Branch Brook Park when the boys were in the city, but during their vacations they usually took it with them. It now had to be transported across the city to the Passaic River. Here the boys arranged to meet the express-man and sail it from that point to Staten Island Sound, thence to the sea-beach-shore of the Island.

Fred Remington planned to sail the launch along the same route but he would start later in the day. The canoemen would start in the morning if clear. The girls in the cars would leave directly after school in the afternoon, and all expected to meet about the same time on the woodland site chosen by the boys.

The days preceding Friday afternoon were an anxious time for the Woodcrafters for they feared it might rain yet hoped that the weather would be glorious.

The camera picture of May and the chest was developed and printed and proved to be a great success. It was named "The Prize-winner," and the film was sent away to be enlarged. Meantime, the Woodcraft Chest had been left on Miss Miller's table in the gymnasium as she wished to show it to the scholars who were becoming interested in Woodcraft.

Tuesday afternoon, when she wished to lock the chest in her private closet, it was not to be found. She sought everywhere, asked the janitor, and telephoned the girls, but no one had seen or heard a thing about it.

Miss Miller worried herself ill over the loss, not so much because of the value of the chest but because it proved there was a dishonest scholar in that school! May was heart-broken too, as it was her first accomplishment in Woodcraft and she was so proud of it, that she had invited all her friends to be sure and call to see it as soon as it was home in her possession. And now it might never be heard from again!

CHAPTER SIX

THE LOST CAMPERS

IN spite of pessimistic prognostications about the weather, Friday came and it was a perfect Autumn day. Fiji Baker and Jack Hubert were up at day-break as their express-man carted the canoe from the Park that early so it would not interfere with his regular calls and cartage for the day.

Fred and his crew started at noon in their launch, and at three o'clock the merry Woodcrafters stood about the gymnasium door waiting for the three automobiles which would have the luggage and other equipment packed in them before stopping for the girls.

While waiting, Nita showed the girls a new Flower and Butterfly dance she had invented. It was most graceful and the girls applauded heartily. Miss Miller smiled as she said:

"Nita, there is no use in trying to train you for aught else than a dancing flower in a wandering breeze, or a charming little humming-bird that lightly caresses every blossom in passing."

"Miss Miller should have a *coup* for spontaneous poetry," laughed Nita, well-pleased at the Guide's sincere praise.

"Yes, the Tribe must hand it to its Guide for find-

ing something religious or poetical in any prosaic thing she finds. Not that Nita is prosaic by any means, but there have been times when Miss Miller's muse has been inspired with nothing more to base its flight upon than an ordinary dust-cloth or common potato!" laughed Zan.

The sound of approaching automobiles caused poesy and dancing to end and soon the girls were gayly seated in the cars. Such chattering and laughter as sounded from the passengers as the machines sped swiftly cross-town and reached the ferry where they had to take the boat to reach Staten Island!

"Miss Miller," asked Anne Mason, as they waited for a ferry-boat to dock, "can we new members start to collect flowers and do some tree lessons, or birds and star knowing, to catch up with your five founders of the Band?"

"Yes, you can, but why not leave those studies and do them at odd times when the older members have other things to do? We might all work together at this camp to find many interesting things to start new collections. For instance, the shells and other marine objects."

"I never thought of that," replied Anne.

"The new members are so anxious to have individual Tally Books, you see, Miss Miller," explained Zan, "and they haven't any pressed flowers or blue prints or other things to record as we have in ours."

"If only you would wait until we catch up with you," sighed May Randall.

"You can soon do that, girls, by using every spare moment when not otherwise engaged, to learn about the stars, find flowers and insects, and study trees and Nature in the Park. Then we can witness and sign your honour claims at a Council," added the Guide.

"You new girls haven't made your Tallies yet," said Hilda.

"That is one of the things we want you to tell us about," said Frances Mason.

"I think I have enough pieces of tanned leather to give each girl a cover," now offered Zan.

"And we have enough thong and beads to bind the books and tie the pages," added Elena.

"Then the girls ought to buy the page paper and make their Tallies at once, so everything can be entered in proper order," advised the Guide.

"Miss Miller, maybe we can try for the degree of canoeman while we camp near the water," ventured Jane.

Miss Miller said nothing to this but smiled and shook her head. She wondered if the girls understood the experience necessary before winning a degree of that kind.

Jim, the Bakers' chauffeur, and Alfred, the Remingtons' chauffeur, had each been given concise directions how to find the camp-site. Bob had drawn a road-map for Jim, and Fred had sketched a rough plan of where to turn. So Jim led the three cars as they left the ferry.

After travelling several miles, he consulted Bob's map.

"I don't seem to quite get this clear! Master Bob's got here 'Good woodland road,' but all I can find is this swamp and that wood-cutters' trail on the far side!" said Jim.

The other two cars came up, and Alfred said: "Can you make head or tail out of the map, Jim?"

"I was jus' sayin' that Master Bob must have been dreamin' about this 'good woodland road,'" returned Jim.

"Let's take this road—it looks fine—and see if we come to a woodland road further on," suggested Miss Miller.

So the opposite direction was taken, hoping they might find the good road mentioned on the map. After riding for twenty minutes more, the chauffeurs suddenly found the sign-post marked on both maps.

"Now ain't that funny! It's the post all right, but we never came by that woodland road!" declared Jim.

"Let's be thankful we found one land-mark they put down for us to follow!" grumbled Alfred, whereupon everyone laughed.

In vain did they seek for other land-marks or objects to correspond to those marked on the maps. They found good roads but nothing to lead them to believe they were following directions. Finally, as they all halted for another conference, Alfred stood up and

looked about. He scratched his head back of the ear as if in a quandary.

"Let's hear it, Alfred," laughed Elizabeth.

"Well, I was thinkin'! Your maw came this very road last Spring when she camped her Tribe on Decoration Day. Why not go this way and trust to luck to bring us to the boys' camp?"

"It would be all right for us but what about the boys?" asked Zan.

"They have to pass by your site on their way up the shore and you can hail them," suggested Jim.

"It's growing late, girls, and we have to pitch tents, get ready to cook supper, and lots of other work," warned the Guide.

"Then let's follow Alfred's advice and take a chance on finding the boys," agreed Elizabeth.

As they started again to cross the Island to find the camping place Mrs. Remington had used that Spring Elizabeth told them what a Paradise it was. Woods, beach, cliff for diving, spring of fine water, and everything a Woodcrafter could wish for.

Finally Alfred turned in on the hard sandy beach and in a short time stopped by a small promontory of sand that ran out like a finger into the sea. On top of this cliff and as far back as one could see, were the woods, with a clearing in the foreground that Alfred said had been used for the tents when Mrs. Remington camped there.

The Woodcrafters exclaimed in surprise at the place

that seemed made to order for them, and Zan added: "Fiji's discovery can't be better than this!"

The chauffeurs helped carry the outfits to the clearing on top of the cliff, and when all was done, Alfred said: "I ought to be goin', Miss 'Lizabeth, 'cause your father comes in on that six o'clock train, you know, and it takes a full hour to get there from here!"

"Oh, it can't be five o'clock yet, Alfred," cried Elizabeth, surprised.

"It is five of five," replied Miss Miller, consulting her watch.

"Good gracious! Where are those boys?" cried Zan.

"We surely must be at the wrong site, but we will remain where we are for to-night, anyway," added Jane.

"Jim, if Fiji 'phones home to ask where we are try and direct him how to find us, will you?" said Zan.

Shortly after the automobiles left, Elizabeth spied a fleck of white out on the water, and with her experienced eye saw it bob up and down.

"Zan, bring the glasses! I'm sure I see the white launch," cried she, keeping her eye on the distant spot.

"Where? I can't see a thing but some whitecaps," said Zan, handing the glasses to Elizabeth.

"That's because you never spent your Summers on an Island off the Maine coast like I have," laughed the girl, focussing the glasses.

"It's Fred and his crew, all right!" cried Elizabeth, passing the glasses to Zan.

"Oh yes, I can see them now, but aren't they going very slow for a motor launch?" called Zan.

"Maybe something broke down and they can't get in," said Eleanor Wilbur, who had been more than pleasant and obliging all that week.

"No, they are labouring against wind and tides, I guess," remarked Elizabeth, who was busy with a long strip of linen which happened to be packed with the stores when Mrs. Remington made up the hamper.

"What are you doing?" asked one of the girls.

"I'm using this linen Mother sent for bandages if we had to use them, for a signal flag. I'll stick it out on that dead pine tree on the cliff and Fred will surely see it."

"And we might build a smoke-fire," suggested Zan.

"Yes, do that. Then we can signal them that we are lost," chuckled Jane, running to gather red pine bark.

Finally, the steam whistle on the launch signalled that the boys had seen the smoke and flag, and later the launch beached where it made a good landing-place.

The girls helped the sailors transport their luggage from the launch to the clearing on the cliff, and Zan remarked: "I see you brought the aqua-plane."

"Bet your life! Betsy would have sent us back for it had we forgotten to bring it," laughed Fred, as he climbed the sandy side of the cliff.

Once on top where he found the Guide and other

girls making camp, he said: "Where are the other boys? Fishing?"

"No, we never met each other as planned. I think they are camping at some other spot," said Zan.

"They'll hunt us up quick enough when it's time for supper. You see we brought the hampers," laughed Jane.

Fred looked serious, however. "We had a dreadful time rounding the Island where the sea sweeps in through the Narrows. It was all we could do to stem the current. Even as it was, we had to go way out of our road to avoid the swift tide."

"You don't think anything could have happened to them, do you?" cried Zan, anxiously.

"I shouldn't wonder but what they have been overturned," now added Eleanor, with her pessimistic propensity.

"Not that at all, girls, only they may have been swept so far out of their course that paddles couldn't help them along very fast. Then they may have to camp wherever they are," said Fred.

"All the same, you know as well as I do, that lots of folks are drowned off this shore—'specially boys. You can read about a death that way every day!" persisted Eleanor.

"Then they didn't know how to swim like Fiji and Jack do. Why, they're regular water-rats!" replied Fred, optimistically.

"Swimming won't help much if they have cramps! That sinks you like lead!" countered Eleanor again.

Miss Miller heard the whole conversation and also saw Zan and Jane turn pale when they first thought of danger to their brothers. Until this time they thought it a great joke that they had found such a fine site and were camping with all the foodstuff.

At Eleanor's first exclamation the Guide had frowned, for her religion was one of practical common sense and cheerful optimism. She looked about for something to interest the girls and, at the same time, stop Eleanor from talking, so when she heard the last rejoinder to Fred's attempts at encouraging Zan and Jane, she called to Eleanor:

"Will you help me unpack these hampers, while the other girls gather fire-wood? Zan, suppose Jane and you keep the signal fires burning on that cliff's edge. The boys will see the smoke if they are near here."

Eleanor walked slowly over to Miss Miller, frowning as she went. But the Guide failed to notice it as she was busy with the camp dishes and pans.

"Will you put these bags of groceries over in the box that stands in my tent?" asked the Guide, holding up the paper bags.

"Why must I play kitchen-mechanic while all the other girls are having a good time in the woods?" complained Eleanor.

At the words and tone, the Guide looked up amazed.

"Good gracious, I thought you would prefer to do this to stooping and collecting old wood," said she, vexed at the girl.

"You take particular pains to make me do the un-

pleasant things, I notice. Now, when I was trying to prepare Zan and Jane for the worst, you called me to get me away from them. Don't I know?" sneered Eleanor, loftily.

"Woodcrafters never prepare for the worst! It is our rule to always wait for the best and let the worst take care of itself!" declared Miss Miller, wondering what under the sun she was to do with this undesirable character.

"Oh! you are so preachy! One never takes a turn but you have a lecture ready—generally on this Woodcraft!" cried Eleanor impatiently. "The other girls flatter you by calling it 'poesy' and artistic temperament, but I call 'a spade a spade'!"

"Do you?" queried Miss Miller, suddenly making up her mind what to do. "Then you won't object if I 'take the bull by the horns'—another old saying!"

"You may take anything by his horns if you choose, it won't concern me in the least!" said Eleanor, disdainfully, as well as significantly.

"Then sit down right where you are!" ordered Miss Miller with a determined manner that made Eleanor glance at her in wonderment.

"Sit down, I said!"

"Why should I obey you?" questioned Eleanor, stubbornly.

"Because I am in command of this camp and what I say goes without questioning. Either do as I bid you or take your bag and start for home at once!"

"Wh—h—y! You couldn't do that!" gasped Eleanor.

"We can oust you from camp and send you away but it is up to you whether you return home or hang about the woods."

Eleanor had never camped before and it was a new experience she had looked forward to because of the joys claimed by the other Woodcrafters. But to wander in the woods alone in the dark was quite a foreign plan to the one she had anticipated. She was hungry, too, and being sent away at once meant going without supper. She glanced from the corners of her eyes to see just how far Miss Miller might carry out her threat, but the Guide was watching her with a stern expression.

Eleanor, not knowing what to do at the moment, sat down to gain time. Miss Miller, who feared she might weaken in her sudden and unprecedented manner of severity, immediately spoke.

"I have watched you most carefully for the past two weeks and I have seen things you never dreamed of! Now, I am going to have it out with you!"

At this, Eleanor went white and trembled. She cowered as if she expected a blow, but she refused to look at the Guide.

"You will remember a threat you made to May Randall the day you stopped to see how the girls were progressing with their work?" asked Miss Miller, referring to the lack of interest the girl displayed in carpentry and the unkind words she used to May.

"Oh for goodness' sake don't say a word about that old chest! I wish to goodness I had never seen May Randall and her Woodcraft box!" cried Eleanor, as if driven to desperation.

Miss Miller was as surprised now as the girl had been a few moments before, but she rallied much quicker than the guilty one. The truth flashed over her quick mind and she changed her query accordingly.

"It is a pity that you ever gave in to temptation. You certainly can't blame your covert acts on May or any other being. The evil we do is absolutely our own fault, for every man is a free agent to choose what he will do. Sometimes it is fear or cowardice that drives one to do an evil deed but it is the downright criminal that obeys an evil idea or plan, knowing he is doing a thing that condemns him to the world and in his own estimation, too."

"Well, what do you want to do about it? Did you call me over here to tell me what you thought of me? Why didn't you do it before to-day, then I wouldn't have come?" cried Eleanor, still defiantly.

"I hadn't the least idea of speaking to you about May's chest until you brought it upon yourself. I was going to mention something entirely different until you compelled me to say what I did just now."

"And you kept this secret all to yourself this week?" cried Eleanor, looking at Miss Miller with a kindlier expression.

"Eleanor," said the Guide, catching at that tiny

hope of softening the stubborn girl, "I do not think another member in the Band dreams that you had anything to do with the missing chest, and I do not think anyone but you and I suspects the truth."

"And you let me come with the Tribe knowing this about me?" Eleanor's gaze dropped to the ground and she sat thinking.

According to Miss Miller's code, when one began to think earnestly over anything, or tried introspection of one's self, it was a symptom of recovery, even though there might be a long siege of diseased conditions before perfect health was attained. So she remained silent waiting for Eleanor to think some more.

"You're either mighty fair to me or you're keeping this thing quiet for fear others will hear of it and so belittle your influence with the girls," finally declared Eleanor.

"Don't you think you are judging unfairly, after you just said 'I was fair'? Why should I hesitate to make you resign from our Tribe for doing a dastardly trick with May's box? No one but you and I would ever know the truth about it, and I'm sure you wouldn't mention it to anyone, because you are heartily ashamed of the deed. If I was afraid of others' opinions about my Band of Girls, I would make you resign before any other tricks were perpetrated by you. But I *am* fair and I want to see you make good, now that you have this Woodcraft opportunity, hence I am talking to you instead of sending you away."

"Then, all I can say, is, that you're all right!" declared Eleanor. But in another second she felt suspicious again.

"I suppose, now that I've admitted the deed, you'll have me up for a public reprimand. It goes with a teacher's ideals of training!"

The Guide could not but admire the girl's quick mental powers and thought what a wonderful woman she would make if her character and mind were but trained properly instead of along the lines of this present example.

"I thought we might arrange it this way, if I had your word of honour that you would work hard to destroy the 'little foxes that destroy the vines'; you can replace the chest by leaving it at my home, or send it by messenger to the gymnasium Monday noon. I will put it in the closet and send a note to May saying that the box was found but the conditions for return were that no questions were to be asked. At the same time I expect you to volunteer the information, thus clearing the school children."

Eleanor sat glowering at the Guide for full three minutes as if to read her true reasons for this leniency, but Miss Miller understood enough of psychology to realise that this was the great crisis. In that interchange of heart-readings, Eleanor saw only truth and loving sympathy shine from the woman's eyes, and Miss Miller saw the adamant of wilfulness break ever so little.

The Guide knew that just so much love and for-

bearance as she really felt in her innermost heart for this misled girl, just so much could she influence and lift her at this crucial time. So she prayed, oh, so fervently, to the Great Spirit for help and light to do exactly the right thing. And that silent prayer must have been the glorified light that shone from her eyes for it led Eleanor to melt as she had never melted before. She leaned her head over on the grass and wept bitterly.

Miss Miller rose and left the repentant girl alone, while she noisily busied herself with the pots and pans. She knew that not words or pity but silent calling upon Omnipotence for strength and faith would be the balm that would help and heal this weak reed swayed by evil's suggestions.

As the Guide washed some potatoes she said to herself in a low murmur: "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil—for Thine is the Power!"

Then: "Miss Miller," sounded a weak little voice at her side, "shall I wipe the dishes with a clean towel?"

"Yes, dear, I wish you would."

And that was all.

"Guess what we found, Miss Miller?" called a chorus of voices, as the fire-gatherers returned with armfuls of dry wood.

"Mushrooms?"

"Wh—hy, who told you?" cried the girls, looking about for the messenger.

"That little bird just flew by and whispered it in my ear," laughed Miss Miller, pointing to a great sea-gull that hovered over their heads.

Everyone laughed and Jane added: "Yes, mushrooms but not enough for all. If we only had a steak they would make a fine sauce."

"Oh gee! That reminds me I forgot my donation to the party!" cried Bob Baker, springing up from the grass where he had thrown himself, and running down to the launch.

"Bob trawled all the way and caught some pretty good sized fish. I thought all decent sized fish were driven out of these waters by the traffic and pollution from sewers, but I was mistaken," explained Fred, watching Bob run back with his catch.

"Now we can use the mushrooms!" cried Zan.

"Fred, why don't you cook the fish the way father taught us on Sunset Island?" asked Elizabeth.

"Just as Miss Miller says," replied Fred, looking at the Guide.

"Miss Miller says cook the whole supper if you like, then we can take a swim. You boys have had your dip, you know," laughed she.

"Now, how did you know that? We boys said we wouldn't let you know it!" cried Bob.

"Really, you are uncanny, Miss Miller," added Fred.

"Anyone could tell Bob had been in, from his damp

curly pate, and Billy still has the brine sticking up about his scalp. If I should need any further evidence I might say that one of the younger boys put on Fred's socks by mistake, or else he made a blunder when he mentioned his size to the clerk who sold them," said the Guide, smiling.

Everyone glanced at Billy's feet, and lo! the socks were hanging loosely down over his shoes, several sizes too large for him, while Fred's turned-up white trousers showed socks so tight that they stopped the circulation at the top, but the tops only reached to the place where his shoes ended.

A peal of laughter rang out and echoed through the woods at the sight the three surprised boys made, and Zan said:

"Just for that, you have to cook supper while we take a dip!"

"We're game. Not because we took a swim before we got here, but because you've got such an all-round fine clairvoyant!" laughed Fred, looking at Miss Miller with admiration.

"Shall we wait supper for Fiji and Jack?" asked Bob.

"They'll be given something should they come straggling in late, but I firmly believe they went to their own camp-site and are now pitying us for not having found them," said Miss Miller.

"And you can leave it to Jack to have something to eat! He never takes a chance on going without a square meal!" added Jane.

"We'll keep the signal-fire going all night and when it is dark they can see it and get their bearings for us in the morning," suggested Fred.

So the girls ran to their tents to hurry into bathing suits and take a swim before the call came for supper.

CHAPTER SEVEN

CAMPING SPORTS OF A WEEK-END

"COME ahead, boys, clean the fish and get them ready for me to cook," called Fred, starting to dig a hole in the ground about twice the size of the fish. This he thickly lined with large sized shore pebbles which had been well washed. On top of these stones he built a good fire until it thoroughly heated the stones to a white heat.

Meantime Bob and Billy cleaned and washed the fish, then placed a thick strip of bacon inside each one. They salted, peppered, and floured the fish ready to cook.

When the fire-pit was ready, Fred raked out the cinders and put a layer of clean grass on top of the red-hot stones. He laid out the fish on this and covered them with a layer of the grass, and on top of this he spread a thin layer of sand. Then he piled in the glowing cinders and kept the fire burning fiercely on top of Nature's sauce-pan.

The Guide returned from her bath while the fish were cooking and expressed deep interest in the new method of cooking she saw demonstrated before her. Fred explained how he built the oven and a note was made to enter the splendid idea in the Tribe's Tally.

"Are the fish most done?" asked Elizabeth, sniffing for an odour of the cooking.

"Be ready about the same time the rest of the supper is," replied Fred.

"That's a new kind of a pot-hanger, Miss Miller," said Zan, pointing to the sapling Fred had rigged up.

"I'll tell you girls just how I made this fire-place," offered he. "Large stones are so plentiful about here, so I took some flat ones and built the fire inside the narrow aperture made by laying the stones in two rows parallel to each other. The sauce-pans stand close over the fire and are quite firm on these flat stones, and the building does not take as long to complete as a log fire-place.

"These two green logs were found by Billy, and you can see for yourselves that the angle they make as placed, provides a resting place for various sized pots—small to large—the large ones setting on the widest opening of the angle. The fire built between the logs is easily kept clean by raking out the dead ash from the widest opening.

"Now this is a good form of pot-hanger where you want a kettle to hang directly over a fire. I found a good sapling that had a well-defined notch made by two branches. These I cut down to about three inches in length. The bottom of the sapling I trimmed to a point to drive into the ground the right distance I wanted.

"Then I trimmed another forked sapling similar to the first but much longer. This I fitted into the

crotch of the upright stick, with the forked end directly over the fire, and the opposite end held firmly to the ground by means of a stump or flat stone. You see, this forked device of the end over the fire keeps the handle of the pot from slipping off, and the long end held to the ground by a weight gives the kettle enough swing to resist any extra contents.

"While you're all here seeing me do it, let me tell you a fine stunt if the weather is bad and tents are damp, or cots cold and uncomfortable," added Fred, as he concluded his talk on pot-hangers. "When you are through cooking dinner, you can take these red-hot fire-stones by means of a stout stick and a dishpan, and carry them to the tent. In a short time, the heat rising from the stones will dry the atmosphere. If the cots are damp and cold, place the pan of hot stones under the bed and they will soon dry and be warm as toast all night. If you want the temperature of the tent to keep warm all night, place a layer of moss or grass over the stones. The rock will retain its heat for hours after removing it from the fire."

"Well! If Fred Remington doesn't know everything!" sighed Elena, admiringly.

"I wish you were a member of our Tribe," added Zan.

"Who wouldn't be an expert Woodcrafter with such a mother! Why, she was an enthusiastic worker in the plan long before a regular League started. Besides, we spend our Summers on the Island in Maine, and what we don't know from camping at home we

ferret out from the farmers and fishermen on the Coast. My uncles own the neighbouring islands to ours and they enjoy out-door life, too. So we all have a good time experimenting with new ideas and remembering the good ones for future use," explained Fred, eagerly.

"Fred knows so much about camping and cooking because he won a degree for Camp Cook. Besides, he and his Tribe go hiking and camping every Saturday and Fred has charge of the party. I am working for the degree this year, and I'm sure I shall win it," said Elizabeth, who was cooking a concoction she wished to try out.

"It behooves Wako Tribe to keep on friendly terms with you, Elizabeth," remarked the Guide, smiling at Zan.

"Oh, we found that out long ago, Miss Miller," retorted the Chief.

"What is that stuff you are fixing, Betsy? It smells awful good," asked Hilda, sniffing at the steam that rose from the pot Elizabeth was using for her brew.

"I call it 'hastychowder' and it is made this way, in case you girls want to try it sometime: To one can of corn, take four cups of potatoes cut into small dice, two ounces of salt pork, also cut fine, a small onion, and about four ounces of crackers. Fry the pork and onions brown and then add the corn and potatoes. Cover this with water and cook until the vegetables are soft. Then add the milk and some salt,

and lastly the crackers. If the crackers are soaked in milk for a time before using, I think it makes the chowder better."

"Well, whatever you call it or cook it, it smells mighty good to me," said Jane.

"Girls, I wanted to have plain cooked rice with the fish, but how can I cook it when every pot and place is in use?" asked the Guide, looking at the array of pans and pots all holding food.

"Ha! You'd make a poor tenderfoot if you were lost on the mountains with no outfit!" laughed Fred.

"What would you do in that case?" asked the Guide.

"Watch me! May I have a bit of this birch bark the girls brought back with them from the woods?" asked Fred.

"Help yourself," replied Zan.

Fred quickly selected a strip of bark about ten inches wide. This he folded end to end to form a round tube. The edges were stitched with wire-grass. Then he sewed a bottom on one end and it represented a bark pail. Next he plastered clay on the outside seams, and rubbed some gum from a wild cherry tree on the seams of the inside, saying: "If we had time to let the clay dry I wouldn't use the gum on the inside, but now I need to make it water-proof."

Then he filled this vessel with water and selected two red-hot stones of a smaller size than the others, and dropped them in the water. Instantly, the water began boiling and the rice, which Miss Miller had

washed, was poured into the vessel and a cover placed over the top.

"When our dinner is ready, the rice will be steamed, too," said Fred, placing the bark vessel on a flat stone near the fire-place.

"Well I never!" ejaculated some of the girls, while Elena hastily sketched the birch-bark holder and wrote down the rules for manufacturing it.

"Now girls, lay the cloth and have the dishes ready for the chowder," called Elizabeth, tasting the liquid from the tip of a spoon.

"I wish those two boys were here to enjoy this scrumptious meal," said Jane, sighing as she thought of their loss.

The chowder was dished up and eaten with sounds of many smacks and "Ahs!" Then the fish were removed from the oven and as the aroma of the flaky and sweet meat reached the nostrils of the Woodcrafters, a chorus of "Um's!" echoed about the camp-circle.

Every morsel of that supper vanished like ice in the July sunshine and was declared the best ever tasted by the campers. The gray of evening crept over sky and sea and earth as the Woodcrafters sat about the dying embers of the camp-fire hoping for a call or signal from the two boys, which would warn them of their approach. But in spite of the torch Fred kept burning on the Cliff, nothing was heard or seen from the wanderers.

Eleanor had been very quiet and meek since her

confession to the Guide, but old ingrained habits are not thrown off in one moment of repentance. When Fred returned from the Cliff with the report that he saw no sign of a fire or signal, she remarked:

"Well, you said the current was dreadfully strong just around the end of the Island. Maybe they couldn't make it and are being carried out to sea in the canoe."

"Oh no, they're all right," assured Fred, glancing at Zan and Jane.

"But they may have lost the paddles, or a dozen of any many things may have happened. Boys are always careless with an open boat," persisted Eleanor.

"Miss Miller, we'll put an end to this dread by going to the nearest telephone station. If the boys think we're lost they will 'phone home sometime before morning, and then they can tell them where we are. If they have already 'phoned we will find out and rest easier for the news," said Fred, pulling Bob up from his lounge by the fire.

"It's too dark to see where we're going," grumbled Bob, who had enjoyed the chowder and fish overmuch.

"Not when my lanterns are ready. Watch me," said Fred, picking up the two empty tins left from the corn, and slitting a hole in the side of each. The lid-ends were bent back and a candle fitted in the openings, then the jagged ends were pressed back into the tallow. The one end of the can was cut out entirely and the opposite end which had been cut open to remove the corn was bent back on the small piece

of tin uncut and used as a handle for the impromptu lanterns.

Enough light reflected from the shiny tin of the inside cans to show the boys where to walk, and they started off on the hazard of finding a house or village where they could use a telephone.

"Let's study the stars while they are gone. Who can tell us a new story or find the old planets?" suggested Zan.

So the time passed quickly until the campers heard a whoop from the woods and saw the flickering of the two lights as the boys approached the fire.

"What did you find out?" cried Jane and Zan, as they jumped up from the grass to run and meet the messengers.

"Good joke on Jack and Fiji! They just telephoned a few minutes before we did. They were wondering what had happened to you girls. They said that Bob knew well enough where to go as he saw the tree blazed as a sign for you," said Fred.

"So I did, but the day we came over to hunt up a site, we were in the auto and to-day I came by boat, so it looked very different. Besides, both places look alike as far as woods and beach and sandy cliff go," responded Bob.

"Did they say they would look us up to-night?" asked Zan.

"They haven't the slightest idea where to find us in the dark, so they will remain at the camp where

they are and pick us up in the morning," explained Fred.

"Well, thank goodness, we know they are safe and sound, although I felt sure they were, right along," sighed Jane.

"Yes, indeed, two athletic boys like Fiji and Jack would be all right," added Eleanor, really believing her own words—such is the changeableness of a dual nature.

The tired Woodcrafters then retired and sighed as they stretched out weary bones on the cots or under the stars on soft pine beds.

"Gee! This is the life!" chuckled Bob, as he bounced up and down on the springy spruce-tip bed.

"Guess the midgets haven't reached you yet!" grumbled Billy, as he slapped viciously at an unseen plague.

Then Fred began slapping and whipping the air, and finally Bob felt the mosquitoes and midgets bite, until all three boys jumped up again and began building a smudge fire.

"Oh boys! If you would only come over to our camp and help us build a smoke like yours! We can't sleep a wink!" cried Zan.

Fred and his helpers soon had a number of small smudge fires burning about the tents and the girls thanked them sincerely as they felt relief from the pesky insects that make camping a trial.

The gay carolling of a few late birds woke the

campers, and Miss Miller was soon out ready to start breakfast. The others all declared for a morning dip, and were soon splashing and playing in the surf. The boys preferred to go in later, however, and take the morning hour before breakfast to catch some fish.

"Maybe we'll get enough for breakfast and dinner, too!" said Bob.

By the time the girls were dressed, the boys returned to land with three goodly sized fish and the news that they had spied a smoke rising from a campfire some two miles down the shore.

"It's Fiji and Jack—I wish we could surprise them at breakfast," laughed Zan.

"I have an idea!" ventured Bob. "Right after breakfast, let's take as many as can get in the launch and start down the coast; the others can hike through the woods and meet us there. On the way back we will make the others ride home and the first batch walk."

"I'll ride the aqua-plane," offered Elizabeth.

"Why don't you let some of the other girls do that?" asked Fred.

"They don't know how."

"But it isn't hard to learn. I can show them how to balance in a few trials. Do you want to try after breakfast, Zan?" returned Fred.

"Oh, I'd love it!" cried Zan.

So breakfast was quickly disposed of because the girls anticipated great sport with the plane. Billy was

detailed to steer the launch while Fred showed the girls how to balance and guide the ropes to make the aqua-plane skim lightly over the waves.

After many upsets and great shouting and excitement, the girls could manage the plane quite well. Then as the young engineer increased the speed of the launch and the plane fairly flew over the water, the riders felt as if they were aviators, the sense of the rest for their feet disappearing in the dizzy pace with which they sped over the surf.

"I thought you folks wanted to hunt up the lost boys?" called Miss Miller, when she thought the girls had had enough of the drenching sport for that morning.

"So we will, now that we can take turns on the plane as we go alongshore," called back Zan.

"We'll have to draw lots for the pleasure—there are too many here to ride on the way down," said Fred.

The lot was chosen by having each girl draw a blade of grass from the Guide's hand. The shortest piece would win. It fell to Elizabeth, and the other girls all said it was a reward for her sacrifice of enjoying the fun while the others were practising.

The girls who were to hike were just ready to start out when a canoe shot around the point of the promontory and a voice bawled out:

"Well, I must say! A lot of fine friends Jack and I have!"

"I must say! You're a nice host to lead a lot of

innocent children a wild-goose chase on this barren island!" taunted Zan, so relieved to find her brother again that she expressed her joy in the usual sisterly fashion.

"Say, this camp-site is all right! How did you stumble over it?" asked Jack, looking about at the white beach, the woods, and Nature's provision of a spring, stones, and grass.

"Mrs. Remington camped here with her Tribe and Alfred remembered it. Goodness only knows what we should have done if we hadn't found this," explained Jane.

"Humph! wonder you wouldn't start out when you landed and let a feller know where you were," grumbled Fiji.

"We expected you every minute until night. Then we kept a signal torch burning all night and yelled and made fires until the Mosquito Fleet swooped down on us! Then we smothered the fire and let it smudge to mislead the leaders of the Mosquito Army," laughed Zan.

"Well, now we're here we may as well stay, eh Jack?" remarked Fiji, knowing well that the present site was far superior to the one he had chosen for the camp.

"Naturally! We brought everything we have so we won't have to return," said Jack.

"Say, Fiji, don't come that injured air act over us!" jeered Bob. "We hiked down to the nearest village and 'phoned home right after you did. Dad

said he told you where we were and how we found this place."

Finding they could not hope for sympathy from the party, Jack and Fiji decided to change the subject and manifest an interest in the aqua-plane.

Another hour of fun was passed in skimming the sea on the plane and then Miss Miller called them to attend to camp work.

"Oh gee! We forgot to tell the girls about the message Dad sent last night!" cried Bob, looking at Fred with concern.

"What was it?" demanded Zan.

"They are coming over to visit you this afternoon and take a dip in the briny," said Fiji, to whom the same message had been given.

"Gracious! suppose they take it into their heads to stay to supper!" exclaimed Jane.

"We'd better ask Miss Miller about the state of the larder before we invite them," laughed Hilda.

When asked the important question, Miss Miller replied: "If the boys will catch more fish, and you girls go into the woods to dig up some food, we will do nicely."

"That reminds me! Jack and I brought along some big whoppers we caught this morning. I'll run and get them," said Fiji, starting for his canoe.

"And we can dig clams along the beach—instead of in the woods," said Zan.

"Dig them! Why, do clams grow under the ground?" cried Eleanor, sceptically.

"Don't tell me you never knew that! Why, everyone knows that a clam swims in with the tide and burrows down in the wet sand to sleep. If you walk over its little mound it spurts water up like a geyser," returned Zan.

"Come on, girls, let's make 'em spurt!" urged Billy, who was very fond of all sports, fishing included.

The launch and aqua-plane were drawn up on the beach and soon sixteen busy clam-diggers were bending over, laughing, and calling to each other, at every clam discovered. It was great fun.

After half an hour of this pastime, the Guide asked Zan and Hilda to go with her and build a fire and prepare the kettle for the chowder. But they had scarcely completed the laying of the fire-wood when Eleanor joined them.

"Oh, my back aches so! I think clamming is dreadfully hard work. How you folks can find sport in everything you do is beyond me. Now I would much rather help fix the fire and let one of you two girls take my place clamming," remarked Eleanor.

"The fire's all ready, and Miss Miller is going to start the chowder. But you can help collect more wood from that grove so we will have a pile on hand," said Zan, with a frown.

Eleanor ran away and Zan looked at the Guide, but her face expressed nothing that would encourage the girl to criticise the indolent member of the Band.

Eleanor was gone a long time without having

A DIP IN THE "BRINY DEEP."

The Woodcraft Girls in the City. Page [illegible]

brought in any wood when Hilda was asked to go in search of her.

"Good gracious me! Not only does Eleanor make a burden of herself for the Band but now she needs a nurse to watch and keep her from mischief!" declared Hilda, impatiently.

Hilda ran off and Zan stood watching her out of sight. Then she turned to the Guide: "Now what next?"

"I have just been thinking that we might have potatoes with fish for lunch and save that chowder for supper when the visitors are here."

"Um—it's very filling, I have heard," commented Zan.

Miss Miller laughed. "Yes, and it needs a long time for cooking well. Besides, we won't need to waste any good time over an elaborate meal with that chowder to found on."

"Will there be fish enough to go round?" asked Zan.

"Yes, Jack brought up several fine fish that Fiji and he caught at dawn this morning, so we ought to fare very well."

Hilda now came back with Eleanor strolling after her—Hilda carrying the heavy load of wood, and Eleanor whipping the heads from some late goldenrod with a switch.

"I found her stretched out on some moss blinking up at the blue sky!" reported Hilda, disdainfully.

"Why shouldn't I rest after working so hard? Look at the wood I found," retorted Eleanor.

"Why didn't you lug it into camp? There's no credit due you for finding a few sticks if you don't carry out the task to fulfilment," scorned Zan.

"Miss Miller, I'm sick of this business! I never was so hard worked in my life, and to think how everyone finds fault with me for not doing more," said Eleanor, testily.

"I wonder if any of you girls stopped to think that you could start a list for your fish *coups* by knowing and studying the fish caught here. Suppose you all begin with these three kinds," suggested Miss Miller, wisely.

"That's so, we never thought of it," cried Hilda.

"Dear me, why didn't we try to place those fish this morning? Did you know them, Miss Miller?" asked Zan.

Eleanor was interested in the fish, too, and so another fatality for the new member was averted.

"I knew the white fish we had this morning, and I see here is another. That other fish I believe to be a sea-trout but we will have to verify that by asking the boys. They will know."

"And that smaller one—if the boys know we will have three on the list already, won't we?" said Zan, eagerly.

"Of course the boys know—they seem to imbibe knowledge of this sort by instinct. Why, a boy never has to *learn* to swim, he just flops in the water and

sails along like a frog, while we timid females try and try again before we can get the stroke," declared Hilda.

The clam-diggers came up with a large reward for their aching backs and sun-burn, and the plan of starting a list of fish was proposed by the Chief. Thereafter, more interest was shown in the three kinds of fish on exhibit than any of the girls could ever remember before.

While the Woodcrafters sat eating luncheon, a peculiar whistle sounded from the woods back of them.

"Sounds like a tramp signalling a pal to come and enjoy this lunch," teased Bob.

"You seem to forget that we girls won a *coup* for knowing our native birds this Summer. I know what kind of a bird that is, too. Anyone else here recognise it?" said Zan.

"Don't tell! Don't—please. Let us new members try to place the sound and sight and begin on our bird *coups,*" interrupted Anne Mason.

"Come on, hurry up! We can wash dishes later," added Frances.

"You girls go, and I will remain here with the boys to clear away the dishes and follow after you later," offered the Guide.

So the Band ran away and shortly after Miss Miller and her helpers finished the chores and went into the woods also. About an hour was spent in interesting study and pursuit of Nature's lore, when a sound coming from the direction of the camp reached the crowd.

"That's a kind of bird I know at once!" laughed Zan.

"It sounds like the siren on your Dad's machine," ventured Jane.

"It is. I guess the company have arrived and are waiting for a welcome," added Fiji.

At that, the Guide turned and the Band trailed after her to the camp-site where they found the doctor impolitely prying into the state of the larder, and two ladies with two children laughing at his remarks when he discovered the fragrant chowder.

"Oh, there's Edith and Baby!" cried Elizabeth, running to greet her mother and the children.

Having saluted the Woodcrafters with great ceremony, the doctor said: "Some people have been busy this morning, judging from preparations for dinner."

"We just *had* to dig to provide enough for you—when we heard you had invited yourself to dinner with us," retorted Zan, who always enjoyed a wordy combat with her father.

"Well, I must confess, I brought my normal appetite with me, so it will be fortunate if the others have anything to eat," replied Dr. Baker.

"If you admit your appetite is normal now, what will it be after you have had a dip in the briny?" laughed Fiji.

"To insure ourselves against emergencies I had Moses pack some of his unexcelled southern cake and pies," answered Mrs. Remington, pointing to a huge hamper that had escaped notice.

"Oh, we know Mose!" laughed Fred, running over to investigate.

"Gee! Looka-here boys!" called Billy, as one goody after another was lifted up and displayed to the circle of gourmands.

"Come, come, Bill! Leave them in the hamper so they won't dry or be covered with ants," advised his mother, going over to assist him in obedience.

"Who's ready for a sea-fight? In these days of deep-sea warfare we should have practise to be ready to swim after a U-boat, if necessary," called the doctor, seeing the hamper once more left in order and safety.

"Me for the briny!" called Bob, running to the boys' tent.

That morning, Fiji had discovered a deep pool directly under the sandy point of the promontory, and this offered an excellent spot for diving. While the more timid jumped about or swam nearer the beach, the older and more experienced of the party enjoyed the dives and deep water. Teddy and Edith found an impromptu pier made of drift-wood where the launch was anchored, and here they played store, having tin cans and shells for receptacles to hold sea-sand flour and sugar.

Long before the merry bathers were ready to come out, the Guide and Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Remington went to the tents and dressed. Then they began preparations for the supper-party.

The doctor always provided fun and laughter

wherever he went, so the evening meal was a jolly affair that night. After the young folks declared they could laugh no more, Mrs. Baker said without a smile, "You all are most gullible."

"Why?" demanded a chorus of voices.

"Why? Why to sit here and laugh while the doctor is making away with that chowder. I haven't seen him pause a moment between spoonfuls while he had you all laughing too heartily to eat."

"Then he'll want to stay all night!" complained Bob.

Everyone laughed, for the tone said as plain as day: "I hope to goodness he won't!"

"That is all I've been waiting for—an invitation," replied the doctor.

"We can't tuck you in anywhere. You'll have to win a *coup* for sleeping out under the stars," laughed Zan.

"Don't worry, friends! Doctor is only teasing. He has to be back in the city at nine to-night to meet a physician and consult over a case," explained Mrs. Baker.

"Then we'd better make the most of the time left us," urged the doctor, jumping up ready for anything proposed.

"Shall we dance?" asked Nita.

"Oh, be considerate! Remember I enjoyed the chowder more than was reasonable and I am not in a mood to play Na-na Bo-jou!" warned the doctor.

Everyone laughed again at that, for Na-na Bo-jou

is one of the most active of all energetic dances performed by Woodcrafters.

"Why not sit quietly about the fire and hear a story?" suggested Mrs. Baker.

"Let Mrs. Remington tell it—she is a regular bookful of legends and Indian lore," quickly added the Guide.

The idea was heartily endorsed by the others and Mrs. Remington began:

"How the Weasel Got His White Breast.

"A long time ago, before there were any Indians, the world was inhabited by spirits. These spirits were the souls of all the animals and plants and things we see to-day. One of them was called Kanhlalas, the Weasel. He was little and brown and lived in a field. One day a strange thing happened to him. Listen, I will tell you about it.

"Near the field where the Weasel had his home there was a mountain. On top of the mountain lived an old man called Waida Dikit, the Speckled Trout. He felt lonely up there, so he sent for Saroki Sakahl, the Green Snake. When Saroki came Waida Dikit took him to his wigwam and said:

"'My son, here is pipe and tobacco. Let us smoke awhile.'

"Saroki sat down by the wall and smoked. He smoked so much that soon Waida Dikit could not see across the wigwam.

"'My son,' said he, taking his own pipe from his mouth, 'you are a strong smoker.'

"Saroki did not answer. After a time Waida Dikit stuck his head from the wigwam and saw that the whole world was covered with the smoke from Saroki's pipe. Waida Dikit was frightened. He felt about on the floor for his flute.

"'You have smoked enough,' he said to Saroki. 'Here is a flute. Let me hear you play.'

"Saroki took the flute and played for three days and three nights without stopping. By the end of the first day Waida Dikit could see through the smoke which was fast thinning, and he could see the other side of the wigwam.

"By the end of the third day the smoke was all gone and the blue sky could be seen once more. Then Saroki stopped playing.

"'You are a good player,' said Waida Dikit, 'but I know a better one. He is Kanhlalas, the Weasel that lives down there in the field. I will send for him.'

"In a little while Kanhlalas came, bringing his own flute. When he was comfortably seated in the middle of the wigwam, Waida Dikit said to him: 'Saroki Sakahl thinks he is a fine player. If you play he will know what a good player really is.'

"Kanhlalas took his flute, swelled out his chest, and began playing. He played all day and all night without stopping. By morning he was so out of breath that there appeared a white stripe down the middle of his breast. He merely swelled out his chest a little

more and went on playing. Waida Dikit and Saroki Sakahl became frightened.

"'Stop!' cried both of them. 'Something will happen. We know that you are the best player now.'

"But Kanhlalas would not listen nor would he stop playing. He only played harder and harder. By the end of the third day his breath was entirely gone and he had to stop. But it was too late!

"His whole breast was white as snow and from that day to this every weasel has had a white breast."

As Mrs. Remington concluded the story the campers signified their disapproval of such a short tale by demanding another, but Dr. Baker declared it was time they started for home.

"But do wait and let us have one dance to pay Mrs. Remington for the story," cried Nita, springing up ever ready to perform.

"Girls, show our visitors the dance-song of 'Summertime,'" suggested the Guide.

The Band then performed the song to graceful steps and motions and the audience loudly applauded when it was finished.

"Mother, why can't I stay over-night with Elizabeth and the other girls—Zan says they can find lots of room for a little girl like me," pleaded Edith.

"Yes, do allow the child to remain with us. It is only for one night, you know," added Miss Miller.

"Why, you seem to have so many already, that I would not like to add to the care," responded Mrs. Remington, doubtfully.

"I'll be so good, mother, that it will be no care!" begged Edith.

"And we will look after her, mother," added Elizabeth.

"I wanna stay, too!" now demanded the youthful Theodore Roosevelt Remington, aged four.

"No, no, Baby, Mother needs you at home!" quickly said Edith.

To the little girl's delight, she was permitted to remain and the others started for home, leaving the weary hostesses to seek tents and cots where all were soon fast asleep, despite the mosquitoes.

CHAPTER EIGHT

QUIET WAYS FOR SUNDAY

AT breakfast the following morning, Miss Miller said: "This being Sunday, we must find a quiet form of enjoyment."

"That won't deprive us of a swim, will it?" asked some of the anxious campers.

"Why no, but I do not think we ought to shout or dance or do the noisy or boisterous things that are permissible on a week-day."

"Let's discuss it later. I am having such a fine time with this breakfast at present," said Zan, munching a mouthful of delicious camp-biscuit.

"So say we all of us," laughed Jane, eyeing the platter that was in Fiji's hands. It held two fish-cakes and she was keen for one of them.

"These fish-cakes made of the left-over fish of yesterday and that steamed brown rice, are the finest I ever tasted," remarked Fiji.

"Well, for pity's sake take one and pass the other this way," ordered Jane, losing patience as she saw Fiji compare the two to help himself to the larger one.

"I wanted the one left," ventured Jack, teasingly.

"I'm the oldest, Jack, and so I have first choice!"

Everyone laughed at the twins as they generally argued this point of the hour's difference in age, when it was a question of one obeying the other.

"You may be oldest but I am handsomest, and besides I have always been delicate. The doctor told Mom to give me more fish!" retorted Jack.

"Hem—yes! They claim that fish is food for the brain, and goodness knows, you need something to develop that atrophied grey matter!" taunted Jane, reaching for the platter.

"Children! As Chief of this Tribe I cannot have such talk, hence I will eat the fish-cake myself!" declared Zan, taking the platter Fiji passed, and helping herself to the last bit.

Everyone laughed at the outcome of the argument, and Jane sighed while Jack smacked his lips as he watched the Chief make a great to-do over the final crumb of fish.

"While we wash dishes and clear camp the boys can go and bring in fire-wood for this noon. Then we can have a story, if you like, until it is time to have a dip," said the Guide, as they all got up from the grass.

"No sooner said than done!" answered Fred, starting for the woods.

When the chores were done, the campers gathered about the Guide who proposed that they go to the cliff and sit on the sand to hear the tale.

"Who's turn is it for a legend?" asked Elena,

after they had found comfortable positions on the warm sand.

"Doesn't matter whose—we always vote for Miss Miller," replied Hilda.

A chorus of "How's!" approved this suggestion and the Guide smiled.

"Let me see! I think I will tell you a Tlingit Myth. It is called 'The Wolf Chief's Son.'

"Famine visited a certain place in Alaska one time and many people died of starvation. But there was a young boy who always went to the forest with bow and arrow to hunt food for his family and friends and was never selfish about giving it to others.

"One day, as he was hunting, he found a little animal that looked like a puppy dog. This he placed under his blanket and carried home. When he washed it carefully and took it to his mother to see, she knew it was a wild forest dog.

"The boy then painted the dog's face and feet with some red paint left him by an uncle and when he again went to the forest to hunt he took the dog with him. There the little animal ran about and brought his master grouse, birds, and other game, so the boy could carry home more food than ever before. And this was cooked in a basket-pot by his mother.

"The next day, the boy again put red paint on the feet and nose of the dog, that he might trace the little fellow as he ran through the woods. That day the game caught by the dog kept all the boy's friends from starving.

"One day, after the boy had traced the red trail made by the dog a long way into the forest, he found the little animal had found and killed a mountain sheep. This was taken home and the fat part given to the dog as a reward. The rest of the sheep kept the boy's kindred alive that week.

"The next time the boy and his wild dog went hunting, they found a large flock of mountain sheep. The dog ran in and killed every one for his master. The best one was cut open and the dog was fed the tenderest part and the other sheep were enough to keep most of the villagers from starving.

"Then the boy's brother-in-law grew jealous of the many kind things the villagers said of the boy who hunted and brought in so much food. He went to the boy and said: 'I wish to hunt and want to borrow your dog.'

"The boy did not like to loan to another the little wild forest companion he had become attached to, so he asked: 'What do you want of my dog?'

"'It is doing great things for you and I too wish to find food without striving hard for it,' replied the man.

"The boy sighed but his sister implored him to do as her husband asked, so the boy brought his little dog and carefully painted his feet and face. Then he turned to his brother-in-law and said:

"'When he kills a sheep, be sure and feed him the best part. I always do that and the dog knows it.'

"The man took the dog and they went to the moun-

tain where a flock of sheep was grazing. The dog ran in and soon killed every one of them, but the hunter cut open an old ram and threw the entrails in the dog's expectant face, saying, 'Dogs eat the insides when a man needs the tidbits and outside flesh of an animal.'

"The little dog stood motionless for a moment, then, instead of eating the entrails as ordered, ran straight up the mountain-side yelping and crying pitifully, for the gall smarted as it ran into his eyes.

"The man laughed and carted home the sheep, but the boy looked about quickly and said: 'Where is my little dog?'

"'Hoh, it ran away from me when I cut open the sheep.'

"Then the boy ran to his sister and demanded that she tell him just what happened on the mountain-side.

"She told the boy what her husband had done with the entrails and how the dog ran up the mountain-side yelping.

"'I wish I had not loaned my dog! I did not want to, but you coaxed me to it. This shows what folks do with borrowed property that they have not worked to make perfect. They use the good of it and throw away what is left. Now I demand that your husband show me the way the dog went,' cried the boy, in great distress.

"The sister told her husband he must show the boy the place where the dog ran away from him. Once

on the mountain-side, the boy saw the red tracks made by his dog and these he followed until he came to a large lake.

"Now the forest dog was really the Wolf Chief's Son and because the boy had painted the dog's face and feet with red paint a wolf has red on its feet and around its snout to this day.

"Standing at the lake-side, the boy wondered how he could cross it to reach a town he saw on the opposite side of the water. As he wished he might get across, a curl of smoke rose from the ground at his feet.

"He jumped back in time to see the square of earth where he had been standing open outward like a door on hinges. Then a woman's voice quavered forth: 'Come in, come in, my son.'

"The boy entered and saw an old woman sitting by the roots of a forest tree, crooning over a pot of broth she was stirring.

"'I am your grandmother, boy, and I will help you. What do you here all alone?'

"Then the boy told about his little dog and how he would like to find it again.

"'His people live on the other side of the lake. He is the Wolf Chief's Son, grandchild—he is not a common dog,' said the woman.

"'How can I get over there?' asked the boy.

"'I have a little canoe—you may use that. Here it is,' replied the grandame as she picked up a shrivelled leaf and handed it to the astonished boy.

"'How can I sit in this—it will not carry me?' said he.

"'When you reach the lake-side just shake it open and it will swell large in the water. Step in, stretch yourself out in the bottom of the canoe and wish yourself across. Do not paddle it. When you are on the other shore wish the canoe back to me and it will come.'

"The boy did as directed and reached the opposite side of the lake, but instead of wishing the canoe back again he wished it a leaf and this he placed in his pocket for future use.

"At the Wolf Chief's village he found some boys playing tug-of-war with the ends of the rainbow. He stood watching for a moment but he came for his little dog so he inquired the way to the Wolf Chief's wigwam. It was at the end of the village. Here he found the people sitting about an evening fire and the little dog was playing in front of Wolf Chief.

"The boy watched and called joyfully to the dog, but the Wolf Chief growled forth: 'A human is near us. Clear a way before him.'

"At that the little dog ran up and sniffed the stranger. He knew him at once and caught his garments between his teeth and dragged the visitor over to his father, Wolf Chief. Here he barked out the story of the boy's kindness to him when he was down in the valley.

"Then the Wolf Chief welcomed the boy, saying: 'I sent my son to help you hunt when I heard how

you were helping the people to keep from starving. Because you were grateful to your dog I will show you more kindness. My boy shall not go back with you, but this is what I will give you: This fish-hawk's quill to hunt with. Whenever you meet a bear or sheep, hold the quill straight out and it will fly from your hand to lodge in the animal's heart. Then remove the quill and clean it well to keep for another trial.'

"The boy took the quill and thanked the Chief.

"Then the Wolf Chief added: 'I will also give you a great treasure as I see you are a grateful lad.'

"He removed a blanket from a tripod and handed it to the boy. 'Use this for sickness or death. If a friend is ill cover him with this blanket and he will immediately recover again.'

"Again the boy thanked the Chief earnestly.

"Then the Wolf Chief placed something in the boy's mouth, saying: 'Swallow this as you have a long journey before reaching your home again. This will keep you from being hungry or weary.'

"Then the little dog and the boy wept over each other, for they had been fond companions, and the boy started homeward, being very careful of the quill and medicine blanket.

"As the boy came down the mountain-side near the village he met a bear that stood in the trail and growled at him. He held the quill straight at the beast and it flew right into the bear's heart. Then the boy took the quill and cleaned it well. Next he cut some bear-

steaks for immediate use and covered over the remainder.

"The boy reached his village from which he thought he had been absent only two days and nights, but he found he had been gone two years—so swiftly had the time passed while he had been at the Wolf Chief's village by the lake-side.

"As he entered the village he found it had been totally destroyed and everyone was dead. He felt dreadfully sad at this discovery but he remembered the medicine blanket, and this he placed over every member of his family and they immediately came to life. Then he placed it over everyone in the village and brought them all back to life—even the brother-in-law who had been so ungrateful.

"When all were alive once more they needed food so the boy ran to the mountain and found a great flock of wild sheep. With the quill he soon killed them and ordered the people to carry them home.

"The villagers were so astonished when they saw him kill wild beasts with a quill that they agreed to have him hunt for the entire village and promised to pay him with skins and weapons for the meat.

"When the villagers were nourished they told the boy that while he was absent every tribe of people were killed by the famine and the plagues. The boy then decided to visit the nations and revive the people by means of the medicine blanket. This he did, but he only brought the good and beautiful back to life, leaving the cruel and vicious, and deformed ones,

dead. And this he did for every creature on the earth. The bad and worthless were killed off with the quill but the good and faithful creatures were kept alive with the blanket. Thus it happened that the earth became a beautiful spot to live in, for all men were as brothers, and all creatures walked in the trails of man without fear or desire to kill. And to this day, the boy feeds his people and everyone is happy and at peace."

As the Guide finished her story the Woodcrafters cried "How! How!" but Fiji said: "I wish we had that blanket and quill at this present time!"

"No such luck! It is war, war, war to the bitter end, I guess," added Fred.

"And starvation or famine and plagues for the world!" sighed Zan.

"I'm not so sure but that the Hunter with the Medicine Blanket of Life is again on earth to revive all the good and true people to everlasting joy and peace," ventured the Guide, quietly.

"Why, just think, if Fred or Fiji were two years older they would have to go to France and be killed," cried Zan, fervently. "Some day in the future maybe, Miss Miller, but no one can say there is joy or peace with all this misery brought about by war."

"No, my dear, not in the future—right now! I firmly believe that the world will awaken to realise this wonderful state of existence shortly. And if we believe any part of the Scriptures we *must* believe the prophecies of many writers of that Book. There is

no room for doubt that this is the time that is spoken of as 'The Day of the Lord.' But let us consider other things now, even though Sunday is a good day to discuss the heavenly conditions that will prevail the moment the 'dragon' is over-powered. You see, I become so tremendously interested in this warfare of Michael and Gabriel, the Two Angels that war against the Dragon and the Beast, that I dare not pursue the subject further. You would oust me from the Tribe if I talked of nothing but the New Jerusalem. You are here to talk of Woodcraft instead," said Miss Miller, springing up and looking brightly around for a new form of entertainment.

"I wonder how many of you ever gave a thought to the Woodcraft work secrets contained in the sea?" said Miss Miller, gazing down from the plateau to the stretch of glistening beach where the tide was nearing its highest mark.

"In the sea?" laughed Eleanor sceptically, as the others joined the Guide and looked where she did.

"Yes, and wonderful secrets it holds for us, too. Come, and I will show you a few."

Miss Miller picked up a glass fruit jar which had held some preserves from home, and advising the others to find receptacles for the collection she would show them, started down the sand-bank.

"First, I would suggest that each girl find five or ten smooth round sea pebbles as near a size as possible. These we will ask the boys to carry in their pockets for us. I will show you what wonderful jack-stones

they make. In fact, the game originally was played with smooth stones. It was only in later years that the iron imitations were manufactured and placed upon the market.

"Then let me tell you, that a collection of large oval light-coloured stones make the prettiest sort of a marker to line off a flower-bed or pathway. If they are well set in sand they will not roll or become muddy from the rain that falls upon the soil of the garden. The sand holds them in place and keeps them clean.

"Another suggestion for Hand-craft for a Woodcrafter, is this: find a large flat oval stone washed smooth by the sea and upon one side you can paint a marine picture or, if you cannot paint, a conventional design can be used to decorate it. This makes a lovely paper-weight for a friend, or for your own desk.

"For Edith and her little brother, we can hunt for pebbles that resemble fruits and vegetables. Then the Little Brownies can play store to their heart's content."

"That will be fine, Miss Miller, and I'll help the girls find what I need for a store," declared Edith, accepting the suggestion for the deed.

"Let's hurry then, as Edith will want us to collect every pebble on the beach—I know her aspirations when a new game is mentioned," laughed Elizabeth.

"She isn't 'the only pebble on the beach' for that weakness," commented Fred, looking at his elder sister.

"Chump Mark for Fred—he used slang!" cried Elizabeth.

But Zan was busy watching the Guide fill her glass jar with certain pebbles, and the hint to bestow a Chump Mark was passed by.

The jar filled, Miss Miller filled the remaining crevices with salt water, then screwed the lid on the jar.

"Now, look at this—isn't it pretty? Do you think a bottle of these beautifully coloured and veined sea pebbles will elicit an interest if sent to a sick friend or a bed-ridden child in a Home?" asked the Guide, holding the jar at arm's length that all could see the varied hued pebbles which were enhanced by the salt water.

"Aren't they just lovely! But where under the sun did you ever hear of these things, Miss Miller?" cried Jane.

"I wish we had baskets to hold a bushel of these pebbles and we could fill lots of wide-mouthed bottles from Dad's office to present to his little patients at the Children's Hospital," said Zan.

"We might fill the empty boxes we were going to burn up when we cleaned up camp," suggested Hilda.

"Boys, you run up to the camp and bring us the boxes while we collect the prettiest stones we can find," said Zan, leading the way along the beach.

The boys did as ordered and, the tide running out fast by this time, the girls soon found marvelously figured and coloured pebbles left on the sand.

"Now that we are at this collecting work I may as well add the secrets of the shells. If you place various shapes and kinds of shells with the pebbles the bottle will look even prettier than if filled with stones alone," suggested Miss Miller.

"Elena, do you see these deep white scallop shells? They make splendid paint-cups for water-colours. I always use them in preference to china dishes," said the Guide, turning to the artist.

"Girls, let us gather as many as you think we will need this winter for our art-work!" exclaimed Zan, and thereupon, the girls busied themselves with the new diversion.

"Here we are, Miss Miller, what shall we do with the boxes we were sent for?" called Fiji, sliding down the steep incline of the sand-dune.

"Oh—let the boys find the pebbles and fill the boxes for us while we collect the shells," cried Jane, looking at the Guide for approval.

"Do you boys wish to do that?" asked she.

"Cert. Anything you say. We haven't a thing to do until church is over, you know," laughed Jack.

"Meaning this Sunday enjoyment? Well, it is a heap more fun than I would have believed possible," declared Zan.

"As long as the boys are doing that work I can show you girls some other secrets," said Miss Miller, looking for deep large-sized clam shells cleansed as only the sea can wash a shell.

"This kind of shell make the nicest kind of rame-

kins for baked fish, or tarts, and other small side-dishes. They also can be used for bone-dishes or small side-plates when camping.

"Now see these yellow opalescent shells? Well, they make pretty salt and pepper dishes. Even for a city table, they are unique and artistic. I have often grouped three in some glue on a round wooden disk and decorated the wood with pyrography and then used the small sea-snail shells to glue under the three centre pieces. It looked too pretty for anything when completed and ready to send to a friend for a gift.

"I also have made pin-cushions of two fitted scallop shells. The hollow is filled with saw-dust, and a strip of satin or velvet covering the slight aperture made by the opened shells is glued inside the shells. A ribbon sewed to the hinge of the shell is used to hang the cushion on the side of the dressing-table mirror."

"Oh dear me, Miss Miller, wait a minute till we get time to take it all in," laughed Elena, eager to note everything the Guide said.

"Girls, let's collect the shells necessary for the things Miss Miller explains about, and then we can have her teach us how to make the things some day at the Gym," suggested Zan.

"That's a good idea. Now, Miss Miller, what else do you know about shell secrets?" added Jane.

"I have made beautiful portières of these golden paper shells. Most of them have a small hole in the end—see there? And some haven't the tiny perfora-

tion—these I burn in with a red-hot hatpin so that each shell may be threaded on a strong length of Japanese cord. This cord is finer and stronger than any made in this country, and is used for bead-curtains and reed portières.

"After threading a shell you must tie the cord once in and out the hole to keep the shell from slipping down and crowding the others that are threaded on the same cord.

"I have also trimmed decorative scarfs with this kind of shell fringe, but fancy scarfs are not in vogue now as much as they used to be.

"These two ideas will give you many other ideas where the shells can be used. I should think Elena could suggest some new ways."

"Oh, oh, *OH!* Listen to me!" shouted Nita, jumping up and down frantically, as she waved both arms about in her excitement.

"Goodness sakes! I thought Nita stepped on a sea-serpent!" laughed the Guide, turning to hear the great news.

"Won't it be *perfectly grand* to have a costume covered with these sea-shells, and fringes of them hanging down from the skirt and sleeves, so they will rattle when I dance? I will invent a sea-dance to go with the costume. What about it, eh?" cried Nita.

"Great! If we only had another day to stop here and collect the shells," returned Jane.

"Miss Miller, I bet anything, Nita could win an

honour from Headquarters for an ideal dance and costume like that!" said Zan.

"Girls, you go on and get whatever you want for shell-work and just leave that dress to me. I'll dig and pick all day till it's time to start for home, but I'll have that shell dress or die!" promised Nita, eagerly.

"We may as well help Nita with her work as we can use any left-over shells for our fancy work. I was only going to add, that work-boxes hinged with a strip of glued muslin on one edge of the lid and decorated with sea-shells glued on the outside, are very pretty gifts for friends.

"I have also made lovely picture frames, and mirror frames of wood covered with different kinds of shells. In fact, there are endless ways of using these pretty little trifles cast up for us by the bountiful sea."

"While you talk, Miss Miller, we will collect, as the surf is leaving more and more shells on the sand as the tide recedes," said Hilda, eagerly picking up everything she saw.

"O-oh! but it makes your back ache terribly! Mine is simply broken in two and I can't stoop another time!" declared Eleanor.

"Oh be a sport, Ella! Don't spoil everything by your whimperings," said Zan, expressing disgust in her voice.

"I just guess if you were as delicate as I am your bones would ache, too!" retorted Eleanor.

"Thank goodness I'm no hypochondriac!" snapped Zan.

Eleanor was not sure what that word meant, so she hesitated to publish her ignorance. She was quite sure, however, that it was Latin for some illness known only to a doctor or his immediate family. The fact that she could not reply made her more peevish, and she turned without another word and walked back to camp.

"Well I never! If she isn't the poorest kind of a Woodcrafter a Tribe ever had the bad luck to have hang on to its wings!" exclaimed Zan, watching the girl saunter away from her companions.

The other girls tittered but the Guide said: "Oh she's coming on fine, *I* think!"

"Miss Miller!" gasped several voices.

"You don't believe me, do you? Wait and see!" rejoined the Guide.

"Well, you always did have a gift for seeing 'swans where others only saw geese,'" said Zan, whimsically.

The boys now were heard shouting and the girls turned to see them making signs. They said they were going to the camp and start dinner. The Guide signalled that it would be all right as far as she was concerned, so the girls kept on gathering shells until the call came for dinner.

Before they reached the camp, however, they saw the boys standing on the end of the promontory gazing through the glasses out at the Sound. When they

were near enough, they heard Fiji shout through a megaphone made with his hands:

"Hurry up! Comp'ny!"

"Land's sake, who can it be?" cried Zan.

Before they reached the cliff they could plainly see the white sails of a boat that was heading straight for the site.

"If that isn't Dad I'll eat these shells!" cried Elizabeth.

"Spare enough for that costume of Nita's," laughed Jane.

"She won't have to crack any teeth on that wager 'cause it *is* Mr. Remington," now said Zan, as the sail-boat tacked ever nearer to the crude pier off the point of land.

To witness the reception accorded the visitor one would think Mr. Remington was the long lost Robinson Crusoe. But the moment dinner was over the boys began to tease for a sail in the boat.

"We girls want to go, too," declared Elizabeth.

"The only way I can pay the debt of hospitality is to take you in installments. 'Ladies and children' first," laughed Mr. Remington.

"All right, give the girls a little sail and then take us boys for a trip to catch fish for supper. We ought to get a fine mess with a boat like this," suggested Fiji.

"That's only your excuse for a far longer sail than we can have," pouted Jane.

"Now it isn't at all, Jenny! But there isn't a crumb

of anything but dessert for supper, you know," said Jack, very ingratiatingly.

"Miss Miller, I can testify to there being an abundance for another meal to-day, as I left a hamper of good things to eat at the temporary refrigerator you built near the camp-kitchen," laughed Mr. Remington, motioning for the first installment of girls to get in the boat.

The entire afternoon was given to sailing and watching the others sail, as turn and turn about was taken. Then supper-time came, and before this was over the automobiles sounded their horns as they came through the woodland road to take the campers back to the city.

"Do you know, it seems as if we have been at camp for a month—so much has been crowded into these two days," declared Zan.

"Same here," agreed the other Woodcrafters.

CHAPTER NINE

A RAINY WEEK-END CAMP

EARLY Monday morning a messenger boy brought May Randall's Woodcraft chest to the gymnasium and handed Miss Miller a note. The letter was type-written on plain paper so no clue was given to the sender or writer. Just a few lines saying how sorry the writer was that the disappearance of the box had caused the trouble it had.

The note was not signed and many conjectures were made as to who could possibly have sent it, or where the chest could have been all this time. Even Eleanor seemed as anxious as any other girl to find out who sent the note or took the box away only to return it.

To every query as to who the culprit might be, Miss Miller shook her head and maintained a strict silence. But she was greatly disappointed in Eleanor, for she had no idea the girl could act the part of a hypocrite as perfectly as she was doing in this case.

That afternoon, when the other girls had gone to Zan's house to work on the bead bands, Eleanor stopped in at the gymnasium to see Miss Miller.

"Don't you think I carried it out well?" said she, as she sat in the chair beside the Guide.

"It all depends on what one considers 'well,'" replied Miss Miller, earnestly.

"I mean—I got away with the note and return of the box without anyone dreaming who it was," explained Eleanor, evidently eager to have the teacher commend her sagacity.

"I am sorry you have such a short-sighted view of right and wrong. The last deception you played is even worse than the first, for you were informed of your mistake and ought to make full amends. As you have left it now, every innocent boy or girl in school may be wrongly thought the thief!"

Miss Miller purposely used the hard term "thief" to try and rouse the girl to a sense of her obligation. It seemed to bite in.

"O-oh—Miss Miller!" gasped Eleanor. "No one can call a practical joke a theft! You are dreadfully strict and unfair."

"As I said before, there is only one thing left for you, in honour bound, to do. And that is to tell May all about the trick—as you name it—and let her tell the other girls if she likes," replied Miss Miller.

"I just guess not! I'm not so stuck on this silly old Band as to obey your fanatical advice. I'll get out of Woodcraft first!" snipped Eleanor, as she got up and hurriedly left the room.

The Guide, left alone, sighed and dropped her head upon her arms that were resting on the desk.

"I am not so sure but someone else will do better in my place as Guide. The other girls are so good

and lovable that I can work wonders with them, but it was not the lambs *in* the fold that our Saviour sought to save—they were perfectly safe already. It was the disobedient, wandering lamb on the mountain-steeps. And He saved it. This lamb seems beyond my call or power to reach."

Then suddenly came the brightening flash of Nita and the wonderful reformation worked in the girl when all seemed lost. And the temporarily discouraged Guide stood up and smiled.

"I'll do my part. And Father Spirit, lend me all aid!"

During that week, plans were made for another camp to be enjoyed from Friday afternoon to Sunday evening. This time the girls decided to climb the Orange Mountains to seek an inland site. For this outing, the Guide had asked the girls to write up short essays or comments on various subjects that would be of interest to an out-door student.

One request was for facts on forestry movements. Another required the girl to find something interesting about the fishing industry. Another mentioned items on agriculture, and still others spoke of news on manufactures, music, art, flowers, and Nature crafts.

The work necessary to find the facts to these questions kept the girls well occupied during the evenings of that week, as they had to seek in the public library as well as in magazines, papers, and encyclopedias at home.

After all the hard work and eager preparations, when all were ready to start that Friday afternoon, the Woodcrafters were doomed to deep disappointment. It began to drizzle shortly after school opened in the morning and the weather grew constantly worse until the rain was pouring by recess time. By noon the out-of-doors proved a veritable "wet blanket" on the spirits of the Woodcrafters and they gathered disconsolately in the gymnasium at three o'clock, wishing they lived in Egypt at the dry season of the year.

Even as Hilda tried in vain to console the others that perhaps the rain would clear off before evening so they could start early Saturday morning, the telephone bell rang. Miss Miller took up the receiver and answered the call.

"Yes, this is Miss Miller.

"They are here now, bemoaning the Fates that sent the rain to spoil their week-end camp," said the Guide, to someone's query on the other end of the wire.

The girls perked up their ears when they heard it related to their camp hopes.

"Oh, oh! How splendid! How good of you to bother!" the Guide beamed delightedly into the receiver.

"Will we care to come! Oh Mrs. Remington wait till I tell the girls so you can hear the Babel of sound that will crack the telephone instrument," laughed Miss Miller, holding the instrument away from her face as she turned to address the Band.

"Mrs. Remington fears it will rain all night and tomorrow, and knowing of your plans for a mountain camp, she is as sorry as we are about the weather. But she offers us the use of the Council House at Mossy Crest for the camp. It is the great barn turned into one large room and all laid out for Woodcraft Councils. When Mr. Remington built the new barn and garage, he had this one renovated. A splendid floor for dancing and games is laid on top of the other heavy oak floor and the side-walls are all covered with burlap and decorated—but wait till you see it for yourself."

The shout that rose in acceptance of the camp offer was distinctly heard by Mrs. Remington who laughed to herself. Miss Miller turned to accept the invitation when Zan cried:

"Tell her it is a heavenly refuge from the storm!"

The other girls laughed and Jane added: "Sort of 'any harbour for a wreck!'"

"Oh won't we have a glorious time practising new steps. Besides, girls, I invented a sea-shell dance that's perfectly adorable," cried Nita, glad of the camp with a good dancing floor.

"When can we start?" asked practical Hilda.

"As soon as you like—I am waiting for the word," replied the Guide.

"We can't walk—I'd better call up Jim on this 'phone and see if he can come over," said Zan.

"And call up Mom too, Zan, and have her send over our machine. I guess we can all crowd in the

two as there won't be any tents or equipment to cart," added Jane.

After a short period of waiting that seemed to the impatient Woodcrafters like an age, the cars came to the school and the girls hurried out regardless of the pouring rain. At Mossy Crest the Remingtons, from the Lady of the Place down to little Teddy, stood in a row inside the great barn doors ready to welcome the visitors.

"I'm tickled to pieces to have you girls spend the week-end with us," called Elizabeth, the moment the two autos brought the visitors within hearing.

"And I can show you girls a lot more in Woodcraft right here where I have my equipment than at a mountain camp," added Mrs. Remington.

So before four o'clock, the Band discovered the rain to be a blessing in disguise for they found the Council House everything that an enthusiastic Woodcrafter could want.

"But the disguise is rather damp, just the same," added Zan, when Jane mentioned the blessing.

"Not indoors," retorted Elizabeth. "We had Alfred help the boys bring the curtains and cots from the hay-loft where we store all camp outfits when not in use. That great trap-door opens on a pulley so we can hoist things up and down without much labour. Now come and see your bed-rooms for the visit."

The delighted girls trooped after their young hostess while she pointed out the manner in which Mrs. Remington had fitted up the House. Down one

side of the large room, a row of 2 x 4 posts had been erected and upon these were firmly fastened the poles that held the white muslin curtains. The space thus divided from the main room was partitioned by similar curtains hung on shorter poles, making small rooms about 8 x 10 feet. In each room stood a single cot and a small wash-stand bureau with a tiny mirror over it. A simple canvas camp-chair completed the furnishing of each space in this dormitory.

When there were no occupants for the rooms, the entire outfit was taken down and stored in the loft overhead. A wide cobble-stone chimney had been constructed in one corner of the building for beauty, comfort, and utility. It was equipped with a crane and pot-hanger so cooking could be done over the open fire on the hearth.

"Isn't this just scrumptious?" cried Nita, pivoting on her toes on the smooth floor.

"I'll test the cots and tell you if I agree with you," laughed Jane, who dearly loved to sleep late in the morning.

That supper was a jolly affair, for not only Elizabeth and the two younger children attended the camp-meal, bringing their share of the provender with them, but later on Mr. and Mrs. Remington, and lastly, Fred came in, carrying donations in exchange for an invitation to dine.

"Mother ought to give the servants a night off!" laughed Fred.

"All we need to have a regular Grand Council are

the Baker and Hubert boys with us," declared Mrs. Remington.

"Never too late to repent!" said Fred; then other subjects crowded the idea out of thought of the other members but was remembered the next day when Fred showed results of the suggestion.

Tin platters and cups, and aluminium cutlery, were always kept in the Council House, and these made a great rat-a-tat as the hungry Band cut or scooped and rattled on the plates.

Supper over, Mr. Remington called Fred to roll out the Grand Circle furniture from the harness room which had been converted into a property room. Soon the huge logs decorated in true Woodcraft style, and a large grass rug woven by the Black Bear Tribe and presented to this Council House, were placed in the centre of the great space, and the girls of Wako Tribe with their guests, assembled for an enjoyable evening.

"You have some artistic totems, Mrs. Remington," said Elena, looking about at the unique and decorative emblems belonging to many Tribes started successfully by the lady.

"Yes, and I am very proud of them. They stand for Tribes of girls and boys who are filling their niche in the Scheme of Things."

"My personal Totem painted and presented to Mrs. Remington's Council House is largest and most practical of all—see who can pick it out from the others," laughed Mr. Remington.

"Now Fred, you know that isn't fair to these girls.

How would anyone know that your totem—so-called by you—is painted on the canvas walls? My dears, Mr. Remington is such an ardent disciple of Woodcraft that he needs must cover at least fifty feet of material with his totem," said Mrs. Remington.

It was not difficult after this direct lead to select the burlap wall-covering which was painted to imitate forest trees somewhat like Elena's screen, as the totem mentioned by the host. This neutral back-ground furnished an excellent contrast for the gay blankets, rush mats, birch-bark articles, and other items that are made and decorated by Woodcrafters during their meetings.

When all signs of supper had been cleared away (and "many hands make light work," you know) the usual Council ceremony was performed. This over, Zan stood up and said:

"Are there any suggestions for the evening's entertainment?"

"O Chief!" replied Miss Miller, standing, "I suggest that we read the essays prepared for this week-end."

"We-ell, I suppose we *might* unburden our souls of that much trouble," remarked Zan, slowly, causing a laugh at her words.

"Of course—I mean, O Chief! Of course, as it may clear off by morning and then we can be out-doors. We won't care to sit hearing lectures or reading them to others when the calls of Nature entice us," added Jane.

"Ha! it seemeth that Jane groweth poetical!" teased Zan.

"O Chief! Who wouldn't feel that way with the music of the floods echoing on this tin roof?" retorted Jane.

Another laugh at Zan's expense put everyone in a merry mood, but Miss Miller meant business and not frivolity, so she asked the girls if the papers were all ready to read.

Most of the members signified that the papers were on hand to read, so the Chief called upon Hilda, as she was the first one at her right.

"My query was to find some interesting forestry news. I sought and finally found what I wanted in a weekly periodical called 'The Sentinel' and published at Boston. I learned that the forest fires of 1916 caused a loss of more than $9,000,000.—six times as much as has been spent in forest protection work. And what is so lamentable is that these fires could all have been prevented—they were the results of rank carelessness.

"In British Columbia, on account of the forest efficiency service, the number of fires last year were only half the number of those of the preceding year.

"The tree seedlings and uncut timber are usually destroyed or greatly damaged by these forest fires. A most important part of forest work is to dispose of the lumbering slash which makes a very hot fire when once started. This slash must be collected and dis-

posed of as soon as possible after the lumber operations are finished. Lumber companies are urged to cooperate with the forest service in the protection of our valuable timber tracts.

"Last year, about 40,000 forest fires occurred in the United States and burned over 5,900,000 acres, causing irretrievable losses.

"The forest products from Finland constitute 70 % of its total exports, and the income from this branch of trade amounts to about $96,500,000. annually.

"During 1916 the United States Forest Commission constructed 227 miles of new roads through national forests, 1975 miles of trails, 2225 miles of telephone lines, 89 miles of fire lines, 81 lookout towers, 40 bridges, 222 miles of fencing, 545 dwellings, barns, and other structures, 17 corrals, and 202 water improvements."

As Hilda concluded and sat down, the audience expressed amazement at the gigantic losses to beautiful forest districts of this country, and Mr. Remington stood up to speak.

"O Chief, I think this is the right time to warn every Woodcrafter present to be careful and impress upon friends to use the utmost care in helping the forest fire commissioners. We can do this by never leaving a spark of live fire from our camp-fires, by not throwing waste paper or other inflammable trash about that others may, through carelessness, set fire to, and not to *smoke* in a forest where dry leaves and tinder ignite very quickly."

"How! How!" approved the Woodcrafters as Mr. Remington sat down.

"The next reader on my list is Nita," announced Zan.

"Miss Miller gave me a paper about fish. Why this should fall to my lot, goodness only knows. I hate fish for food, and simply can't bear the smell of them. But I discovered some interesting facts about them, nevertheless.

"First I found that Alaska shipped 4,916,000 cases of salmon to the United States trade and the value of this shipment was over $23,800,000.

"Then I read that an attempt is being made to establish lobster beds on the Pacific Coast. Recently over 5400 crustaceans were shipped from Maine to Washington.

"Also, salmon worth $250,000. at the great canneries of the Northwest States left Seattle, Washington, for the New York markets. There were fifty trains packed full of cases holding cans of salmon.

"I learned that two great fish banks abounding in millions of sea bass have been discovered off Cape Fear bar on the North Carolina coast. One bank is more than three and a half miles wide and two and a half miles long.

"The Bureau of Fisheries report over $6,000,000. worth of fish brought into New England ports during the year of 1916. The fishing fleets of Gloucester, Boston, and Portland total about 512 steamers and sailing vessels.

"At Boston alone the 3039 trips made by its vessels land annually over 98,500,000 pounds of fish valued at $2,159,895. At Portland the catch weighed about 20,800,000 pounds and was worth about $550,000. At Gloucester, the men caught about 66,500,000 pounds in 2864 trips and it was valued at $2,150,000.

"Besides our local fishing ports, the United States Bureau sent 450 black bass, 500 rock bass, 1000 catfish, and 800 sunfish to Gatun Lake in the Canal Zone. They wish to experiment with the fish breeding in these southern waters to supply the demand of people living in that zone. The lake covers an area of 164 miles and offers an ideal place for fish, as it has many islands, shallow sandy shores, and deep and rocky banks, so that almost any fish-mother and housekeeper ought to be satisfied with conditions there."

As Nita finished reading, Mrs. Remington stood up and said: "O Chief! I think this plan of educational entertainment fine! Not only am I hearing news items of moment to every good citizen but you girls are being trained in composing essays worth while. I will, with permission of Wako Tribe, try this idea with my own girls."

"How!" responded the girls, and Miss Miller smiled with gratification at the compliment paid her girls and herself.

"It's Jane's turn now," said Zan, turning to the next reader.

"You gave me a poser, Miss Miller, as I couldn't say much about animal life that Woodcrafters did not

know already. But I found that over $30,000,000. is invested in the black fox industry at Prince Edward Island, Canada. Insurance on these valuable animals runs as high as $1500. on a single skin. The fox farms are of recent origin and every successful scientific method is applied to the rearing and care of the foxes so that perfect and valuable furs will result.

"In St. Louis, Mo., a sale of undressed furs opened recently and more than 1,599,000 skins were sold at a valuation of $2,000,000.

"Then, I find that five big game reserves and sixty-seven bird reservations are maintained by the Biological Department of the United States Department of Agriculture. Among them are the Montana Bison Range, the Wind Game Preserves of South Dakota, the Elk Refuge in Wyoming, and the Niobrara Reservation which was intended for birds but has been stocked with buffalo and elk for the present.

"In 1892 the United States Government used its influence to establish a reindeer breeding industry in Alaska. In that year a herd was imported from Siberia and for ten consecutive years an annual importation continued from that country. In that time 1200 reindeer were brought to Alaska and now 70,000 deer graze the plains and valleys from Nome to the Aleutian Islands. Natives own about 46,000 of these deer; and in the public schools and other classes the Indians are taught to judge deer, to train them for sledge-work, and to care for and breed them successfully."

"This is most interesting. Had anyone asked me offhand, if Alaska used reindeer for practical use I would have answered 'No, of course not, you have to go to Greenland and Siberia for them,'" said Fred Remington.

"Elena, your turn next," said Zan, as Fred sat down.

"I was given the paper about play-grounds or parks," explained Elena, opening her paper to read. "In Spain, all exceptionally picturesque or historical regions, forests, lands, or buildings, that the state may select, will be used for national parks. The natural beauty of the land, the fauna and flora, as well as the geological and water features of these parks, will be protected and provide suitable places of interest for everyone. The reigning king, finding that many natural fauna were disappearing from Spain, began this movement which will prove to be a good precedent for other countries to follow before it is too late.

"In our United States, over 1,500,000 people use the National Playgrounds each year, provided by the Government for the public. The present policy of the American Forestry Association is to secure such disposition of public lands as will afford a maximum benefit and joy to the people.

"National Parks in Hawaii are a recent improvement. They cover 75,000 acres and include the crater areas and natural wonders of the three great Hawaiian volcanoes, Mauna Loa, Kilauea, and Haleakala. The latter, less familiarly known than the other two, has

a crater 2000 feet deep and offers the greatest volcanic spectacle this side of the moon."

As Elena finished reading Zan turned and asked Anne Mason to read her paper.

"I was given the subject 'New and Interesting Manufactures Pertaining to Forest Products.' And most interesting it proved to be.

"The manufacture of fuel alcohol from pine sawdust is a new industry in connection with the sawmills in Texas and Louisiana. At Fullerton, La., a plant costing more than $750,000. is turning out more than 5,000 gallons of fuel alcohol a day.

"Also, more than twenty thousand tons of wood-flour valued at $300,000. are annually used in the United States for the manufacture of dynamite and for inlaid linoleum. It is also used for making composition flooring, oat-meal wall paper, and other things. In the past, the great sawmills of the United States used half of this waste for fuel in their furnaces and the other half was burned as refuse and discard. Now, however, the huge waste product has found a way to be practically used instead of being burned.

"In the manufacture of linoleum the wood-flour is mixed with a cementing material, spread out on burlap, and rolled to form an even thickness. The cement is the item that makes linoleum so expensive. Cork linoleum is cheaper as it uses less cement. Wood-flour linoleum is light-coloured while cork linoleum is always a dark brown and is slightly more elastic than

that of wood-flour, but the wearing qualities are about the same.

"Wood-pulp can be made from many kinds of wood heretofore unused for this purpose. Samples of more than seventy kinds of paper made from wood-pulp have proven to be satisfactory. The cost of spruce-wood-pulp has increased in recent years with the scarcity of spruce, but now news-paper stock can be kept at the same price as in former years if the paper made from other woods proves to be acceptable to the printer. The tests showed that eleven new woods could be used for manufacturing manila paper and cardboards. But these woods are mostly grown in the West while the large plants for manufacturing products from wood-pulp are in the East. Some change of location must take place to deduct the cost of transportation of the raw wood to the mills, as this will prove to be a most important item in the cost to the consumer.

"There are over 30,000 sawmills in this country and the Forest Service is compiling a report as to the manufactures of each mill: the wood mostly used, the number of laths and shingles made, and the quantity of lumber turned out annually.

"That's all I could collect in the short time allotted," said Anne, sitting down.

"It is more than I dreamed anyone could find to prove so interesting. I like this stunt—don't you girls?" commented Zan.

"How! How!" came the answer.

"Now May, what did you find for us?" said the Chief.

"I sought for items of interest about our waterways. I found that one of the greatest reservoirs and water regulating projects in New York State is the construction of two dams, one at Conklingville on the Sacandaga River, and the other at Tumblehead Falls on the Schroon River in the Adirondacks. The plan is to control the flow of the upper Hudson River so that the plants using water power shall have a steadier flow all Summer. The reservoir at Conklingville will be about 30 miles long and 5 miles wide. In the Schroon River it will be about 15 miles long and about 2 miles wide.

"In the Pend Oreille River, about 25 miles north of Spokane, Washington, a dam 375 feet higher than the bed of the river is constructed. It has an extreme length of 250 feet at the crest and will be 25 feet higher than the Arrow Rock Dam which was the highest in the world. The only site where this dam could be built was in a cañon where the river runs 100 feet deep at low water and over 150 feet deep in flood-times."

May sat down and Mildred was called upon to read.

"I wasn't quite sure of what I was supposed to do, so I collected a few short notes—but I can do better next time, Miss—O Chief!" explained Mildred.

"I had 'crops' so I found that peanuts are the chief agricultural wealth of Madras, India. In 1916 there were over 1,700,000 acres planted and the yield of

A RACE, WHILE "WAKO" SAT ON THE FENCE.

The Woodcraft Girls in the City.

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peanuts was estimated at about 600,000 tons. This last year the peanut crops from every country where they are grown are said to be double the harvest of any previous year."

"Ha! That's good news, for I love the plebeian nut!" laughed Zan, as Mildred sat down.

"Who's next to read?" continued the Chief, glancing at her list.

"I wrote up a paper about fruit, O Chief!" said Frances, now standing.

"Good! Let's hear it."

"The strawberry crops of 1916 were worth over $20,000,000. to the growers. This was considered a record breaker but the crops of 1917 exceeded those of the previous year about a third.

"The total fruit crops of this country amount to about $250,000,000. value annually and the 1917 products are said to be the heaviest yield for many years past. The census for canning and drying fruits and vegetables was taken from 3199 establishments in 1914 and the products were valued at $158,000,000. If such an enormous sum was invested in this work in 1914 we may well consider the tremendous wealth of the products of 1917, with such wonderful yield of crops and with everyone eager to preserve the bounty of fruit and vegetables given us by Nature.

"One of Portugal's exports is dried figs. Since the markets of Germany and Russia have been closed by the war, the largest trade held by the Portuguese is suspended. The only good market still open for

these figs is the United States. Last year Portugal shipped over 10,500,000 pounds, valued at $400,000., to this country.

"The cocoanut industry promises to become one of Panama's main sources of trade. Cocoanut trees ought to be planted about 70 to the acre and when these mature, as they do in about five years' time, they bring forth about 100 cocoanuts to a tree every year. They bear fruit actively for more than twenty years, thus proving a good investment to the planter."

This reading was applauded by the audience and then Zan asked if Eleanor had complied with the request to write up some item.

"I have one but it really is not worth reading as my slip of paper asked for an article not half so interesting as the other girls had," replied Eleanor, with an unpleasant manner.

"In June, 1916, school children in all sections of Cincinnati, Ohio, were started on little gardens where flowers and vegetables, or small fruits were raised. The plan finally launched the window-gardens which have made such a great improvement in the appearance of the city streets. The beauty of the floral boxes so impressed the city authorities that they agreed to offer seeds free to any citizen who would plant and care for the flowers. This idea is now spreading to other large cities and people are encouraged to have flower boxes in their windows. When will our eastern cities take a forward step like this?"

As Eleanor sat down, Mrs. Remington said: "I

wish our League would take up this movement for New York and adjoining large cities. An organization can do much more than a few individuals."

"My dear, make a note of this and let us suggest it at the next National Council," added Mr. Remington.

"O Chief!" said Elizabeth, standing, "I am not a member of your Band but I can add a mite to the general reports. I can say that Japan exports to the United States every year over $1,500,000. worth of Battenburg and Renaissance work—doilies, covers, and scarfs. Thousands of Japanese girls do this work at home during their spare hours."

"How!" cried the girls as their visitor finished her report.

"Have we anyone else to contribute?" asked the Chief.

Fred then stood up and cleared his throat—a habit he had when he felt the least bit embarrassed.

"I might add that Instructors from the Agricultural College of the United States gave the Indians new insight into modern farming methods.

"The first course for Indian Farmers in Wisconsin was held at Kashena, on the Menominee Reservation, and was attended by scores of Tribes-men."

"O Chief, I can tell you something, too," cried Billy, as his big brother sat down. "A treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the protection of insectivorous birds on both sides of the Canadian border was negotiated in 1916."

"Who hasn't read a paper?" asked Zan, looking around.

"You haven't!" retorted Jane.

"I know, but I am reserving mine for the last as it is so superlative I knew the rest of you would feel too discouraged after hearing mine to read what you had written, so that the meeting would lose many reports," explained Zan, mysteriously.

"Then I make a motion that the Chief be asked to make that boast good!" cried Elizabeth.

Amid laughter, the motion was loudly seconded and carried, and Zan waited for the uproar to quiet down before she said:

"You won't feel so jubilant when you hear the lesson I have ready for you who persist in a great waste of physical energy. My article was culled from the pages of 'The Guide to Nature' which is a good magazine for Woodcrafters published by the Agassiz Association. They found this article in one of our leading magazines and considered it interesting enough to reprint."

Then Zan read a paper she had written in her own amusing style, the main points of which she had read in the periodical mentioned.

"In June, 1916, an unusual but tremendously significant fiftieth anniversary of the chewing gum was ushered in—but not with laurels or pæans of praise did this gummy little product celebrate. In fact, very few of its enthusiastic masticators knew a thing of this birthday, until it was mentioned in the papers.

"Just think of it! Fifty years of chewing on something that never satisfies but always attracts more and more—like a nightmare where money lies scattered everywhere but vanishes when an eager hand tries to grasp it.

"We have had all kinds of trouble with Mexico in recent times, but never, no matter what we do or what they do, can the public of the United States ever properly reward Mexico for introducing the greatest boon known to base-ball fans, movie fanatics, and commuters—to say nothing of the miscellany and Woodcraft folks!

"It was on a certain occasion when General Santa Anna of Mexico was calling on a friend at Snug Harbour, Staten Island, that Thomas Adams also called upon the same friend. While the three talked the General took a chunk of something resembling a solid bit of over-shoe from his pocket and cut off a small piece. He placed it in his mouth and began chewing. Then he offered some to his companions.

"Mr. Adams looked it over dubiously and said: 'Will you please tell me where you found it?'

"Then the General explained that it was the gum of the zapote tree, better known as 'chicle.' Mr. Adams was a brave man, so he experimented. As he chewed he evolved a brilliant idea and he asked the General for a goodly sized piece of the gum. He took it home to see if it could not be vulcanized for a patented rubber to be used as a basis of artificial teeth.

"But the tests proved hopeless for false teeth, as the chicle was too conscientious to lend itself to any falsity, knowing well that it was meant for a far greater blessing than to hold porcelain molars in place. It felt in its soul that it could entertain a great and mighty nation in its elasticity *between* the jaws but never to become a part of a jaw.

"So in a huff, the chemist who was experimenting for Mr. Adams got up and snapped out: 'The stuff isn't worth a darn for anything but just chewing!'

"Now Mr. Adams was a right clever Yankee so he suddenly felt inspired to try out this curse on the gullible American public, for he felt much as Barnum did, when he made his speech which will go down in history.

"So he and his son raised a capital of thirty-five dollars and began the manufacture of the greatest sorrow-quencher, intensest joy-maker, most fascinating jaw-acher, and effervescing hunger-stabiliser the world ever knew.

"In those pioneer days of chicle, there was no flavouring to lend enchantment to the gum, and it was chewing for the sake of chewing. However, once the children found out what a source of annoyance this chewing gum proved to be to teachers, guardians, and parents, its success was assured, for let the juvenile American public decide favourably upon a thing and other verdicts can condemn in vain. Later, when all protests were futile, the elders had to take to chewing in sheer self-defence.

"To such vast proportions has this habit grown that at the present day the energy used in chewing gum is sufficient to propel a ferry-boat from New York Harbour to Hong Kong, China. In electrical terms a current powerful enough to lift 43,305,505 tons 34,000 miles per minutes per second per kilowatt hour.

"But to offset these stupendous figures in this loss of jaw-power one must stop to think of the good chicle has brought to the American public.

"It has been the means of having all cars and other transportation service hang signs in conspicuous places warning the passengers to conform to the City Health Laws—hence the floors of public places have been neater and cleaner than ever before.

"It has been the means of furnishing suitable slot-machines at every corner, in every popular store, and at every post in railway stations of every description. These boxes must needs attract the people for the gum, so they were equipped with mirror fronts to enable the ever-neat but not gaudy passengers to see that their hats were on straight, that tips of noses were properly powdered, that neckties were tied in the latest knot, or that Kaiser moustaches were twisted up at the correct angle—free from any thoughts of vanity, of course. While viewing these important details of toilettes folks naturally read the signs assuring them of the life-giving, harmony-creating, beauty-producing chicle.

"Now friends, the answer is: Drop one cent in

the slot, take the minute package that shoots out into the pan, start chewing on the fragrant chicle, and sit in a subway car opposite other masticating engines, and you will see other hapless passengers run from the car at the next station and secure a similar package to that your cent brought forth. Such is the power of suggestion on a subway. The vaccination *always* takes!"

As Zan read, the audience had tittered, but when she concluded and sat down the younger contingent laughed outright and "How'ed!" Then Miss Miller stood up.

"O Chief, I am not sure whether that essay deserves a *coup* or a Chump Mark."

Mr. Remington then jumped up. "It sounded as if our esteemed Chief was hired by the chicle company as a salesman or demonstrator of their products!"

"O Chief!" added Mrs. Remington. "I vote that the writer be awarded an honour as it is interesting and instructive to learn how great and universal has the pernicious habit of gum-chewing grown in this thoughtless age. Perhaps a few more notices like this will rouse the people to consider the final results of indulging in weakening and disgusting habits like continual chewing."

"I'll consider the last speaker's sensible remark," said Mr. Remington, rising from the log seat. "But I need to retire to weigh the case impartially."

"You're not going away, are you?" cried Billy, as his father walked from the circle.

"It's long past bed-time and Baby is nodding," explained Mrs. Remington.

The Guide looked at her wrist watch and then exclaimed: "Goodness me! It is past eleven o'clock!"

"The parting song and then we say good-night," said Zan, and the Woodcrafters all stood to join in the Indian hymn.

The next morning found the indoor campers as eager for fun as youngsters ever are, and seeing that the weather was still threatening rain but was not actually fulfilling its threat, made the Band declare for some out-door sport without delay.

While the breakfast dishes were being washed and the room put in order, voices were heard on the way from the garage. In a few minutes, the Baker boys, and Jack, with the Remington boys, peeped in at the double doors.

"Hello there! Fred Remington invited us over for a hike. Didn't think you girls would be here, as you were sure of going to Orange Mountain," said Fiji.

"Pooh, I know *you,* Fiji Baker! You never thought of a hike until you heard from Dad that *we* were here. I bet anything you called up Fred Remington first and asked him to invite you over!" declared Zan, nodding wisely.

"Well, I don't know that it matters much who is right—but it remains a fact that now we're here we may as well entertain you girls," said Jack Hubert.

Instantly every girl was up in arms and what might

have transpired is not known, for the ever watchful Guide comprehended, and said joyfully:

"Oh how fine! Then you boys will show us how to play 'Hunt the Deer' or 'Bear Hunting.'"

"I'll run to the house for the bear and spears. Meantime, you can warm up by having some races," said Fred Remington.

Fred whispered to Fiji and ran away, and immediately afterward the boys led the way to the back-road that ran to the pasture. Here they had running races, jumping and throwing contests, and many other tests between the girls and boys, until Fred returned with a noticeably new burlap bear, and wooden spears.

The rest of the forenoon was enjoyed by having exciting Woodcraft games of hunting and spearing—both games that tested the surety of the arm and eye.

The sun came through heavy clouds during the afternoon and the girls enjoyed a hike through the woods and fields. Many an item was found that day to add to the collection of flowers and trees and birds for the new members' lists.

Late Sunday evening, as all were ready to depart from the Council House, it was agreed that never had an indoor camp been so appreciated as this one by the girls of Wako Tribe.

CHAPTER TEN

IN FALLING LEAF MOON

THAT week a Council was held to decide upon the merits of the new members. As each was called upon to answer various questions, the replies were perfectly satisfactory until it came Eleanor's turn. The report on her month of probation was not very encouraging to the five founders of the Tribe.

"What's the matter, Eleanor—you've had the same time and privileges as the others?" asked Zan, impatiently.

"Oh, I don't know as I care to join this crowd. It is always some silly deference to you as Chief. If Miss Miller was the one we had to ask permission of before we could speak to the others I wouldn't mind, 'cause she is older and is a teacher, too. But I refuse to kow-tow to you!" retorted Eleanor.

"Humph! Guess you got out of bed with your left foot foremost, this morning," complained Jane.

"If she don't want to conform to our Tribe laws she can do the other thing! I have no intention of harbouring mutiny in the circle," added Zan, angrily.

"No one asked you to! If the other snobbish girls want to be walked over just because your father has a car in which they can take a ride now and then, it's

none of my affair. *I* for one will not act the hypocrite for the sake of an automobile drive!" snapped Eleanor.

"Hypocrite! Good gracious! You're the biggest——"

What it was was not heard, for Miss Miller entered and, frowning, remarked: "Ladies! Ladies! are we Woodcrafters or are we irresponsible tramps with no education or refinement!"

Everyone flushed and looked uncomfortable but Eleanor shrugged her shoulders and walked out without a word to anyone.

"Let her go—I only hope it's for good!" grumbled Zan.

"I am sorry this incident has occurred just now as I brought with me a letter addressed to the Tribe to be read at this meeting," said the Guide.

Not a sound was heard and the teacher continued:

"The other school girls have heard of the good times and Nature studies you are having and many of them wish to join you. Of course there can be but ten more girls added to this Tribe but many of those not selected can start another Tribe.

"It seems that Eleanor Wilson has been talking of leaving this Band and the girls told her how foolish she was when it was going to do her so much good. But that is just what made the girl still more obstinate. Now matters have come to a crisis here, for this scene means Eleanor must stay or go—which shall it be? I know certain unpleasant incidents in connection with Eleanor's behaviour that would prejudice me against

her did I not know that the girl is in dire need of the training Woodcraft can give her. What say you?"

Put up to the girls in this way caused each one to think seriously and refrain from condemnation. Then the Chief said: "We were speaking of these things with Mrs. Remington the other day, and she advised us to go slow and not act in a way that we might regret later."

"Miss Miller, maybe if we each took this case as a personal matter and judged Eleanor as if she was our own sister, we might feel more lenient and patient with her short-comings," said May Randall.

Miss Miller was pleasantly surprised to hear a new member express such sentiments, and she nodded approvingly. "I am glad to hear this—shall we vote to give Eleanor another trial?"

"O Chief! Let me say a word before any girl votes on a matter that they may not feel quite satisfied with but will do as the others wish them to do," said Nita, jumping up and flushing.

"Proceed."

"If the new members knew of the trouble at Wickeecheokee this past Summer and what a change has been wrought in me! Some of you knew me before this Summer and some did not. But let me say, that this case of Eleanor Wilson's seems much the same in a different dress, and if I have seen the truth and been helped to a different plane of life cannot Eleanor do the same? She needs us."

Nita's earnest voice finished speaking and the girls

realised she had been pleading for the future of a girl's life. The Guide found it necessary to turn away her face to pretend to look for a paper in her desk—in reality to dry the sudden moisture in her eyes caused by Nita's heartfelt words.

"O Chief! I make a motion that Eleanor be given a patient trial just as we would do if a girl was sick," said Elena.

The motion was seconded by Zan, and carried unanimously.

"Now girls, let us write a letter to the new applicants and let them know that they may look forward to joining a second Band in November, and then we will send a short note to Eleanor to tell her how sorry we were that she did not remain to vote with us," said Zan.

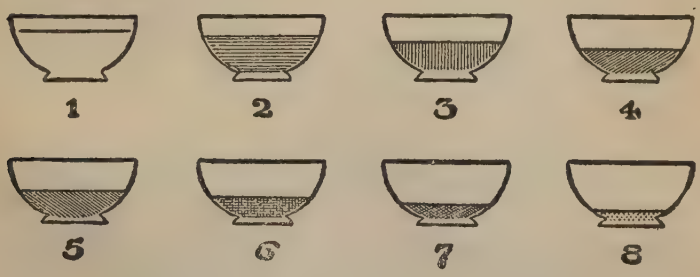
As impulsive Zan, proud Jane, superficial Nita, and indolent Elena of last Summer's experiences showed such wonderful improvement for better and nobler things, Miss Miller felt that the efforts and time spent about "Her Father's Business" were beginning to bear fruit abundantly.

That week the Band met two evenings for social and Tribal affairs. The first meeting was held at Zan's house and the second one at Jane Hubert's. Both of these places offered ample space for the Indian songs and dances enjoyed by Woodcrafters, so they were usually selected in preference to the small rooms of modern apartment houses such as the ones where Elena, Hilda, and some of the new members lived.

At Dr. Baker's house, the girls were discussing the limited music given by the tomtom. As the complaints were finished Miss Miller addressed the girls.

"I find some of our sweetest songs need a greater depth of harmony than is possible to bring out of hide, so I will suggest a simple instrument that was much in vogue in ancient days. To-day we hear little of it. Who present can play on glass?"

No one could and several voices expressed amazement.



"Zan, can you bring me eight thin glass finger bowls? If you haven't them, just tumblers will do, but the bowls offer a better surface. I will also want a jug of water and your moist colours," said Miss Miller.

Zan brought the required articles and Miss Miller placed the eight bowls in a row on the table. Then she placed a dab of water-colour in each of seven bowls, leaving one natural water. Next she poured water into the bowls—different quantities for the different notes. The first bowl was almost full of water

and that had no colour in it. The second bowl had not as much water and was coloured red. The third bowl held still less water which was blue. The fourth with still less water was coloured yellow. The fifth was green and that was half full. The sixth was less than half full and was tinged purple. The seventh held a quarter of a bowl full and was orange. The eighth and last held but little water and was tinted black. The colours were stirred from the bottom so that all the paint was well dissolved.

"Now girls, the bowl holding the clear water, having more in it than the others, will give us the highest note, and so on down the scale until we reach the lowest note which holds least water in the bowl.

"By placing the highest note and fullest bowl at my right hand and so on until the lowest note is at my extreme left, I can play the scale just as if I was playing on a piano."

Miss Miller carefully moistened her fingers in the water and also moistened the edges of the bowls.

"Now listen and tell me what I am playing?" said she.

The Guide lightly passed her moist fingertips around the rim of the right-hand bowl and produced a clear sweet tone.

"G!" called the girls as she looked for their reply.

"Now these?"

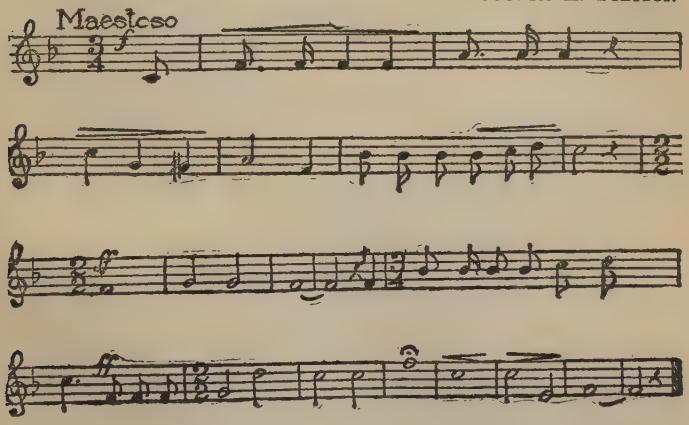
Again she passed her fingers over the rims of the glasses and played the scale. As she brought out the

notes the girls gathered about the table and listened with surprised interest.

"Now I will play my favourite patriotic song, 'Our America,' and after I have played it through you girls might sing it."

OUR AMERICA

ALICE M. HARRISON AUGUSTA E. STETSON



1

America, America, thou gavest birth
To light that lighteth all the earth.
  God keep it pure!
We love that onward leading light;
We will defend it with our might,
  It shall endure!

2

America, America, our love of thee
Is free-men's love of Liberty,
  The Spirit blest,
Which holds high happiness in store,
When Right shall reign from shore to shore,
  From East to West.

3

America, America, thy seer-graved seal
Foretells the perfect Commonweal
  Of God-made men;
Its eagle with unwearied wings
Is symbol of the thought-seen things
  Of prophet's ken.

4

America, America, on-pressing van
Of all the hopes of waking man,
  We love thy flag!—
Thy stately flag of steadfast stars,
And white, close held to heart-red bars,
  Which none shall drag!

5

America, America, in thee is found
Manasseh's tribe, to Ephraim bound
  By Israel's vow,
Whose destiny is heaven-sealed;
Far spreading vine in fruitful field
  God's planting, thou!

6

America, America, faith-shadowed land,
Truth dwells in Thee, and Truth shall
    stand
  To guard thy gate.
Thy planted seed of potent good
Shall grow to world-wide brotherhood,
  Man's true estate.

7

America, America, the God of love
Whose name is ev'ry name above
  Is thy defence.
'Tis thou must lead the longing world
From phantom fears to Love's unfurled
  Omnipotence.

The music was played through and then the Guide began the song again, expecting the girls to sing, but they were so intensely interested in watching her deft

fingers touch the rims of the bowls that they quite forgot to sing. As Miss Miller concluded the song the second time, she looked around and laughed:

"That was the softest singing I ever thought possible!"

The girls laughed, too, and Zan said: "Try us again—maybe we can voice more sound."

Then the song was played and sung through and Mrs. Baker came in to listen, saying: "It sounded so sweet that I wanted to hear it at closer range."

"I think the idea is charming, but of course there is nothing like the tomtom for an Indian scalp dance or Hopi Indian song," said Miss Miller.

She then played several old ballads, the girls humming the chorus of each as she played it.

"Girls, let's have Miss Miller play that Morning Prayer that was written for us by request. We all know the words and with this sweet music it ought to sound lovely!" exclaimed Zan.

Then the manuscript sheet of music sent the Band by a friend was produced and the Guide played it. At the second playing the girls all sang in low sweet voices and who can say that the genuine desire expressed in the words of the simple verses was not as acceptable to the Great Spirit as any scholastic prayer ever uttered by famous theologians.

"If Miss Miller will agree, we can practise this glass music at odd moments during the week and any member excelling in the performance on Saturday will have a prize—same as May's chest," ventured Jane.

"Yes, unless we have a camp this week-end. If we do we can award the prize some evening next week," assented Zan.

"You girls can all try but I have too many other things to do this week. Besides, I wouldn't bother to work for such nonsensical prizes as the kind you gave May," said Eleanor, aggravatingly.

Zan flared up but a look from the Guide calmed her again.

"By the way, Eleanor, did you ever complete your Woodcraft test of carpentry?" now asked Miss Miller, meaningly.

"Why, no—I thought I would leave the Band so I did not bother to waste my time."

"Well, as long as you remained with us, I would advise you to finish it without more delay so we can credit up your Tally."

Eleanor said nothing but she sulked all evening, and when the girls were ready to leave, Miss Miller said: "I am walking down your way, Eleanor, and I will be glad to have company part of the way."

The girl would much rather not have had the Guide walk home with her for the memory of her confession at Staten Island Camp was never forgotten although she had tried to bury it many a time. So she was not in a very friendly mood when the two were alone and walking down the quiet street.

"I made this opportunity on purpose, Eleanor, and I trust you will remember why?" said Miss Miller.

"I haven't the slightest idea of what you mean,

but if you walked this way just to be with me why should you prevaricate before the whole crowd?"

"I hardly think I did that! I always try to speak the truth—in thought as well as in deed. But in this instance I felt sure you would prefer to have me word my invitation as I did rather than speak bluntly of my purpose. I believe in using the 'wisdom of the serpent' when one can be absolutely true to one's self."

"Huh! 'And gentleness of the dove,' why don't you add?" sneered Eleanor, unkindly.

"I didn't think it necessary to add that with you, as you should be aware of my gentleness in handling this delicate situation. As long as you fail to appreciate my good intentions it may be that you will understand bluntness better."

Miss Miller waited but Eleanor made no reply, so she added:

"When do you intend telling May and the others about the theft?"

"How dare you say that to me!" cried Eleanor, trying to be furiously insulted.

"Because I dare to stand for the truth. I have waited many days now, and offered you many good opportunities to admit your deed, but you seem farther from doing the right thing than ever. Do you know that the hiding of any wrong thing is a hindrance in itself to one's progress?"

"I shall turn in this side street unless you mind your own business!" flared Eleanor, looking down the uninviting dark road.

"You may do that but you cannot run away from your own self-condemnation and conscience. And I know from the signs that you have shown, that the trouble is preying upon your mind and making of you a most petulant, disagreeable being. Rid yourself of the error and see the uplifting you will feel at once."

Whether it was the yearning in Miss Miller's voice or the answer to her earnest silent prayer for guidance, it matters not, for both were sweet to the Father's ear, and Eleanor again felt the surging desire to reform and build up a different character for herself.

Quite unexpectedly, she turned and threw her arms about the Guide's neck and wept forth: "Oh, if I could only see the girls this very minute—here in the dark—I would be so happy to confess."

"Eleanor, do you really mean that?" asked Miss Miller, her voice quivering with hope and joy.

"Um-um, Ooh, ye-e-es! But to-morrow I will be hard again!"

"No you won't, dear child, for the Spirit will stay with you to soften the human will! Now let us stop in at the gym and you shall write a letter to the Band that will answer just the same as if you spoke in the dark, for you need not see them when they read the words and cry gratefully over your courage and repentance."

"Cry—don't you think they will fire me out of the Band?" asked Eleanor, incredulously.

"No, my dear, for they know that this from you

means a far greater work of redemption than if a good little girl who never had any erroneous temptations always smiled and walked obediently in the pathway all prepared for her feet!"

"Oh, Miss Miller, you make everything so good and easy for a sinner to repent!"

And they stopped at the school-gymnasium for which the teacher carried a key. And here not only was a note penned, but many an admonition was given the girl that helped her over dark and rocky places in after life.

Suffice it to say here, that the letter caused great consternation when read by the Guide to the girls the next afternoon, but she advised them wisely and gently, so that Zan's fury and May's resentment soon disappeared and left in its place the wish to help Eleanor in her struggle to win out in the battle between her better self and the evil counterfeit.

Eleanor failed to appear at any of the meetings that week although she sent in a piece of carpentry made for her test that elicited the admiration of the other girls. Also she sent in a Tally Book she made for her own use, and this, too, caused Elena, the artist, to exclaim, for it was as pretty as her own—and that was said to be the most artistic one in the Band.

The next Thursday evening's meeting was held at Jane's home. Miss Miller said it would be a good plan to begin regular work on the bead trimmings as

she wished every girl to complete a handsome set of banding for a ceremonial costume in which to appear at Grand Councils.

This motion was agreed upon and Elena entered the vote in the Tally Book, that each girl was to present the results of her bead-loom work a month from that day.

Later in the evening the Guide spoke of the many ways Woodcraft girls had in the city of following pursuits they little dreamed of.

"For instance: when you are on the streets and the wind is blowing the dust about, always keep your mouth closed and breathe through the nostrils. Also keep your toes nearly straight when walking and expand the chest. In crossing a street, always look both ways, especially in a crowded thoroughfare, before attempting to cross. Most of the accidents to pedestrians are caused by people in a hurry, or impatient, and not obeying the traffic laws. When one is mindful of law one is always protected and safe. Now I wonder how many of you know the meaning of the coloured lights on the street lamps, or other places? How many girls are familiar with the signals of policemen, particularly the traffic squad?"

Very few of the girls could answer correctly to these vital questions, and the Guide explained, then continued her talk to them.

"Besides the city signs and laws every girl should know where the parks, museums, libraries, and other public buildings are located so anyone inquiring for

them can be directed without loss of time or confusion—also for our own convenience.

"In the museums we can study the national costumes and customs of every nation in the world, from the collections on exhibit of different periods in history. Any interested person can find in the wonderful free exhibits, the pictures, statuary, carvings, relics, and many other things impossible to find elsewhere, a liberal education in itself.

"Besides these treasures, gathered at great cost of time, life, and money, for us to enjoy at our leisure, we also have the aquarium at Battery Park, Zoological Gardens, Horticultural Gardens, and many interesting streets and structures of old New York that one never thinks of being in existence. The public lectures given gratis every week to anyone who will avail themselves of the privilege, the great Community Chorus founded to train voices in the best music, the singers giving public concerts for all at different times each year, and numerous other sources of educational interests where you are invited and welcomed as warmly as if you paid an exorbitant fee to attend—all these places can be found by referring to the daily papers.

"In speaking of the many advantages girls had without using a third of them, Mrs. Remington mentioned that her Tribe went to the New York Parks last year and actually found one hundred different kinds of trees, a hundred wild flowers, sixty kinds of birds flying about, furry four-footed animals,

turtles, snakes, and other things mentioned in the Manual for *coups* and grand *coups.*"

"I never thought of that!" declared Zan, thoughtfully.

"Neither did I. Can't we go, too, Miss Miller, and make up our hundred for grand *coups?*" asked Jane.

"Of course we can, and that is why I mentioned it. Even the new members can find what they need right in Central Park. Then there is the Bronx and Van Courtlandt Parks should you exhaust the 'happy hunting grounds' of Central Park," replied the Guide, pleased.

"Oh girls, can't we go right soon?" exclaimed Anne Mason.

"Gracious! There seems more to do than one Winter can ever find time for!" sighed Nita.

"I know that sigh by this time—Nita thinks we won't bother to dance if we adventure about the wilds of New York!" laughed Zan.

"Everything in its own place, you know. We will have as much time for steps and songs as ever, for the evenings at home can be devoted to indoor fun, you know," explained the Guide.

"I'm glad we won't have any extra studies to catch up with this year. When we had to forge ahead to make room for scholars last year, we couldn't possibly have had any Woodcraft fun in the evenings," ventured Hilda, gratefully.

"And so the completion of the new High School

on the other side of the city is a blessing to you Woodcrafters," said Miss Miller.

"We ought to have our individual Tally Books all ready for entries if we go off on trips like the ones you mentioned," suggested May.

"Yes, and I want you to each have your totems completed so that important incidents or progress can be depicted on the pole. Besides the totems and Tallies, each girl must make a good set of rubbing sticks and the bag and other adjuncts to complete a fire set. We ought to make and decorate articles of useful furniture, to make a garment, to cook and preserve, and many other pursuits that can be best done in the Winter indoors."

"Miss Miller, I am going to follow Elizabeth Remington's idea. She made a bead band trimming on which the story of a Summer in camp was pictured. I shall do the same, and in symbolic pictures tell the story of our camp on the farm," said Zan.

"Oh Zan, that will be fine! Call it the costume of the 'Woodcraft Girls at Camp,'" said Jane.

"Do you mind if we girls make one that way?" asked Elena.

"Of course not! It isn't likely that any of you will work out the same idea in beads as I will," replied Zan.

"I think the plan is good and the ceremonial dresses ought to look beautiful," approved Miss Miller.

Thus an incentive for beading and sewing was offered the original members of Wickeecheokee Band.

But the new members thought they could design Indian figures and symbols that would be pretty and answer the present need for trimming, and when they had had practise and experiences to picture they could add to their bead-work.

That evening the girls learned that Woodcraft was not so much a matter of camps and meetings as of individual study and growth—and application of the highest and best that one was possible of doing.

"O Chief! Will you try and see Eleanor to-morrow and tell her of our plans for the Winter? Possibly the very fact of your seeking her to mention this meeting as an item of Tribe business will assure her that we all wish her to do her share in the undertaking," said Miss Miller, as the meeting adjourned.

Zan sought out the wayward member although she disliked an errand like this one. She reported the different plans the Guide outlined for the girls and then told Eleanor to "get busy" on her bead trimming for a leather costume.

"Dear me, it is nothing but work, work, work, in your Lodge. Now I heard from a girl who is a Woodcrafter in Plainfield, and *she* says they have the jolliest times! They go to entertainments, have candy pulls, parties, and almost every week they all go to some place of amusement together. *You* never do that!" complained Eleanor.

"If that girl tells the truth and is a real Woodcrafter she combines pleasure with advancement. Maybe she considers a hike or a Council a party, and

you misunderstood her. She may think she 'is having the best of times' going to a lecture which you misconstrue as a place of amusement. Anyway, it doesn't matter what some folks think or do, Wako Tribe has a pattern of its own and it cuts its cloth accordingly," replied Zan, not too humbly, for she felt impatient at the reception given her message from Miss Miller.

Eleanor shrugged her shoulders and Zan left her without another word, both feeling the occasion had been given for a better understanding but the result of it was a failure.

After the meeting at which the girls realised the many free resorts where Woodcraft *coups* could be won, they took new interest in home-work as well. Zan completed a set of rustic furniture made of the timber from the farm, and this set of table, two chairs, and two stools was decorated with Indian emblems.

"Dad, isn't this a peachy set?" asked she when it was finished and standing on the wide rear porch for exhibition.

"It certainly is, Daughter. Now the question is, where shall we keep it until next Spring when we can ship it to the farm?" answered the doctor.

"Keep it? Why, in the parlour, of course!" declared Zan, frowning at the implied meaning in her father's question.

"And sell the junk mother has there to a second hand dealer! Of course! how could I have been so stupid as to think otherwise," replied Dr. Baker meekly.

Zan studied his face but his expression was inscrutable.

"We-el-l—I s'pose I *might* keep it in the library!" ventured she, as she pictured her mother's solid-mahogany-frames-upholstered-silk-velour-furniture thrown on a scrap wagon.

"Maybe—I am only suggesting, of course—maybe we could ship it to the farm this Fall and store there until next Summer," said the doctor.

"But I expect to use it all the time, Dad. Right this week I shall sit on the chair and use the table," cried Zan.

"Then let us leave it just where it is for the time being as you need all the fresh air you can get during the fine Indian Summer weather. When the snow blows we can freight it to Wickeecheokee."

Everyone Zan knew was brought to the house to admire the rustic furniture, but after a week of exhibiting she grew weary of repeating verbally the methods of manufacturing the set, and then she settled down to use it when at work on the bead-loom.

The table and a chair were carried to the birches still green, growing in one corner of the grass-plat, and here Zan wove the banding, her nimble fingers flying in and out, back and forth, as the bead trimming began to take on unique and pretty pictures of camp-life.

Now and then some of the other girls would join Zan and work on the looms, and at these visits tongues

would talk of the many plans for Tribe activities that Winter.

"Do you see any improvement in Eleanor?" asked Jane, one day.

"Funny that you should ask me that. I asked Miss Miller the same thing this morning," replied Zan.

"What did she say?" from Jane.

"She thought the change wrought for the better was more mental and spiritual than in material expression, but the results were bound to be apparent to everyone in time."

"Guess it will be a long time, then!" retorted Jane.

"Miss Miller says we mustn't feel that way about it. That we are killing the frail child of a weak but higher aspiration. If we train our thoughts to consider the motives and yearnings for a more harmonious life that the girl *must* have, we will not condemn and criticise her acts. It is the *human* judgment of *things* that makes obstacles in the road of one's advancement, she told me."

"Dear me, I wish I was as good and wise as Miss Miller," sighed Jane, gazing skyward.

"Say, you're not the only one holding a mortgage on that wish! Every blessed girl of Wako Tribe tries to copy the model Guide," said Zan, smilingly, as she remembered Fiji's words: "If you knew as much as your Guide, what a wonderful sister you would be."

Miss Miller had reports to make out that week-end so there was no hope of camping, but the girls felt they had so much to do in the city that the outing

would not be missed. A plan was made for the following week, however, to camp on the Palisades. The Guide invited the girls to meet her for a short time in the gymnasium that Friday, to decide upon a location for the camp.

Miss Miller was not in the room when the girls gathered together, but she came in shortly afterward. Her face beamed with pleasant news and Zan immediately said:

"We know from your expression that you know something good!"

"Yes, I do, and the letter just came on the last mail. I just received the pass for our Band admitting us to the lectures and cinematograph pictures given at the National Museum of History in New York. They start next week and the course, which is on Indian Crafts and Folk Lore beginning with the Zuñi Indians, will be of great interest and help to us. I want every one of you girls to try and attend these lectures with me, so better ask permission from your parents."

"Oh, that *is* good news!" cried Elena.

"We sure are indebted to you, Miss Miller, for all the trouble you take for our enjoyment," added Zan.

The other girls expressed their gratitude, too, and then the talk centered on the expectations of what these lectures would bring forth. Miss Miller saw the condition that often exists when folks are given something to look forward to in the near future—their thoughts fill with outlines and ideas of that which is to be, instead of living and making the best

of that which is offered at the immediate present. The wise Guide knew that this form of mental picturing and outlining of things, still misty and indistinct to the individual, was an undesirable state of imagination so she quickly changed the current of their thoughts by saying:

"Girls, I have an odd Indian legend founded on the constellation of 'Charles Wain.' Want to hear it?"

Naturally every girl cried for the story and they sat down in a circle to listen.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

CAMP AT ALPINE FALLS

"THIS myth comes from the Tlingit Indians of Alaska and is named 'The Wain House People,'" began Miss Miller.

"Certain Indians came to a fort to live, and after a time began killing bears, ground-hogs, porcupines, mountain sheep, and other animals for food. After they had killed them, they cut off the heads and set them up on sticks about the village, then the people sang to these objects.

"Now there was a young man among them who was to be Chief. When he was born he had been placed in a sheep's skin instead of cradle. As he grew older he was able to follow the mountain sheep to places on the cliffs where no one else could go, hence he killed more sheep than anyone else.

"After he had cut off and mounted the heads of his sheep he, too, would sing and dance about them, saying tauntingly: 'I wish I was a sheep! I wish my head was cut off too!'

"Meantime, the mountain sheep were becoming angry at losing so many of their flocks and one day, when the villagers went up for a great hunt, they met a flock of sheep that led them up the steep moun-

tain-side to a place where they appeared to be herding together.

"But once near the sheep, the people were surprised to see them race still higher up the side of the steep rocks. The young hunter who wished to be a great chief ran after them and became separated from his companions. When on the very top of the peak he was met by a fine looking young man who shone like the sun and had a long white beard like the mountain ancients. This stranger turned to the youth who had been cradled in a sheep's skin and invited him to his home. He led the way inside of the mountain where everything looked weird and strange. Great heaps of horns were piled everywhere, and the stranger said: 'These are the horns I am keeping to fit to the heads of the villagers.'

"When the young man's friends missed him they sought day and night without success, then they went home to plan how to rescue him. For many days the search was resumed until finally they discovered his horn-spear stuck in the ground near the top of the peak. But no other clue could they find although they kept up a search for many days.

"Then the villagers declared that he was lost to them and they wailed and beat the drums for the hunter who came not back.

"Now the shining stranger tried to fit a pair of horns on the young hunter's head. They were heated and, when taken from the terrific fire that burned continually in the pit of the mountain, they were put

upon and held to his head so that the poor hunter thought the insides of his head would be burnt out.

"During this trial, a few of the hunter's friends still sought for him whenever they hunted on the mountain-side, and after a year's time, a young man climbed up the peak after a flock of mountain sheep, and there he heard someone shout to him. He knew it was the friend who had been lost. He shouted back, but the lost friend began singing and saying: 'I must go now, the shining stranger comes and will find me.'

"The young man ran back to the village and told everyone what he had heard. They were surprised to hear that a stranger lived on top of the mountain, but one old villager said: 'It must be the Man-of-the-Sun-shining-on-the-Mountain-Peaks.'

"So they set out to capture all the sheep that lived on that mountain, knowing that the Man-of-the-Sun would try to prevent his sheep from being killed. Then they would bargain for the life of their friend in exchange for the sheep.

"Now the sheep that lived on the very peak of the mountain could see down into the valleys when the villagers went out to hunt. And they said to the young man: 'Your people come again to kill all the sheep. Tell them, therefore, that if they will throw away their weapons we will let you go, but if they persist in killing our flocks we will also kill you.'

"The young captive then went out on the very edge of the cliff and called down to his people: 'The sheep say they will send me back if you will give up the

chase of their flocks. Now you must hear them or I shall be thrown into the pit of fire.'

"But the young hunter who heard the voice called back: 'We must have food. What shall we do without sheep?'

"Then an old ram came up to the captive and said: 'Tell them if they must have us for food, they can at least hang up our sheep-skins on the poles which hold our heads. If the heads and skins are faced toward the rising sun our Chief will bring us all safely home again for another time. If you stick eagles' feathers on our skins we can fly from your village without trouble. You should mount the heads of grizzly bears on poles and face them toward the night. For they are wicked animals.'

"So the captive repeated the words of the ram and when he had finished speaking he was hurried back inside the mountain for fear his friends would shoot at and kill the sheep waiting on the peak.

"And the people did try to kill the sheep and recover their friend, and so many of the flock were killed and carried away that the Man-of-the-Shining-Sun came out and spoke.

"'This is the last time the mountain sheep will talk with you. If your people will not do as we say, then I will kill you. But if they will listen to you and will not make war on the sheep till Fall, when we always go down from the peaks to graze in the timber lands below the glacier, then they can come with their dogs and save you.'

"In the Autumn, therefore, the people prepared to make a great hunt and kill sheep for Winter food. The sheep were already in the timber lands below the glacier and when the villagers came up the side of the mountain the Man-of-the-Shining-Sun sent the captive down the steep cliff to meet his friends. As he stood there with horns on his head and a sheep-skin covering his body, the dogs thought he was a sheep and charged upon him. But they soon recognised a friend and ran back to bark for the hunters.

"When the villagers heard the story they promised they would not kill any sheep that year, but hunt for grizzlies and deer for food. They broke their spears and other weapons and threw them over the side of the cliff, and as they did so the horns fell off and the sheep-skin disappeared from the young man's form. And he stood forth strong and courageous as ever; his people found he smelled like the things that grow up on top of the mountains where the wind and sky and earth are pure and sweet.

"The people were happy and escorted him to the village. The moment he saw the sheep-skins lying about he said: 'Dampen these and hang them up on poles with feathers stuck to them. Place them facing the rising sun as I promised the ram we would do.'

"When the skins were ready to mount the young man painted each face red and stuck eagles' down on the backs. As he hung each skin facing the sun he said: 'You are in just the position your Chief ordered, now fly away.'

"Early the next morning the fort shook as with a mighty earth-quake and every piece of flesh that had been eaten from the sheep-skins was replaced by new flesh, and as the young chief opened the door of his wigwam the sheep-skins, now plumped out and alive again, ran away towards the mountain.

"But, strange to say, the sheep-skins had been so long with the people that many of them had beards when their skins filled out again. And many of the sheep forgot their mountain habits and wandered about at the foot of the cliffs, so that they became tame and lived with men ever after.

"After the sheep were sent back to the mountains, the Man-of-the-Shining-Sun on the Mountain Peak sent a good spirit to the young chief who had obeyed and kept his promise. The spirit would be his strength so that he could do anything he wanted done.

"At the gift presented to their young chief the people rejoiced greatly, and made him a pair of snow-shoes, a shaman's mask, and many bows and arrows. Then the chief ordered the people to come to him. They were then at Fort-by-a-small-lake, which was west of Juneau City, and there they built a big house for the chief with a good spirit. On the door-posts of this house they carved the signs of the Great Dipper. Then the shaman fasted four days and four nights and when the constellation appeared and blessed the people, those people were called Wain House People and have been so called ever since."

"There isn't much hidden truth in that legend," said Zan, who felt disappointed with the story.

"I liked it, all right," said Elena.

"It's a queer tale—some of those Indian stories are so impossible as to be ridiculous," commented Hilda.

"In our translations perhaps, but we must remember that many words in the Eskimo are impossible to translate properly and still retain beauty and sense. But the story goes to show that at a remote age the Alaskan Indians knew and named the 'Wain,' even as the present age does."

The week-end determined upon for a camp on the Hudson proved to be perfect October weather, and great was the buzzing about the gymnasium as the girls packed their outfits and waited for the three autos to carry them to the nearest place for the Alpine camp.

Miss Miller had heard much about the wild grandeur and beauty of Alpine in the Autumn, and she had pictured a beautiful place of Nature. But she was disappointed when the cars stopped on the Fort Lee road and Jim said:

"This is as far as we can safely go."

The girls were compelled, therefore, to carry their outfits across the stubbly fields to reach the woods that fringed the river cliffs. The chauffeurs gave all the assistance they could, and when the woods were reached they left to return home, while the campers struggled on to find a suitable site.

The entire area along the Palisades had been purchased as city property and was being ploughed over; diseased timber was cut down, and down timber chopped up ready to remove, when the Tribe first caught a glimpse of the place. Wherever a clearing had been, was now used for piling up refuse, stones, and brushwood. The day was unusually warm for the season and the heavy packs which had to be carried to camp did not help anyone to feel more cheerful.

"Oh, this is awful! I wish I had never come!" complained Eleanor, stopping every other moment to gasp and rest.

"It isn't very alluring, I must admit," said Miss Miller, as disappointed as the others.

"Great Caesar's ghost! *What* are they going to do with this upside-down area!" finally cried Nita, as she caught her toe in some half-buried trash and fell head-long into a rut newly ploughed that week.

"It's in the throes of being transformed into a Park!" laughed Zan.

"Oh no!" called Jane, "this is the evolution of a dancing floor for Nita."

After many stumblings and grumblings, the Tribe reached the cool shadows of the woodland where they found a plain trail running along the crest of the river bank. Zan led the way and after they had gone some distance through the dense woods she came to a natural clearing that projected far over on the cliff. She went out there and instantly dropped her pack.

"Oh! Come here and see the wonderful view!" shouted she.

Everyone dropped the tiresome luggage and gladly ran out to join Zan.

"Ah! This repays us for all the toil and hardships endured," exclaimed Miss Miller, with clasped hands, admiring the view.

From the point where they stood, hundreds of feet above the majestic Hudson, they could see up and down the river for miles. The city of Yonkers was opposite, and the river-craft plying the Hudson provided interesting scenes to the girls. The gorgeous colouring of foliage on both sides of the river clothed the hills and cliffs with beautiful tones made by Nature's paint-brush. The air was sweet and warm, and crickets, some late birds, and insects added their voices to the general music of the Falling Leaf Moon.

"I wish we could camp near here," ventured Jane.

"I thought I heard running water before you joined me. Maybe we can find a brook or spring," suggested Zan.

"I heard there was a beautiful bit of water here called Alpine Falls. If we could only find it!" said Miss Miller.

"Let's separate and scout for it. Leave the baggage here for the time," responded Zan.

But they had not far to search, for Zan *had* heard falling water, part way down the steep Palisades, falling from a great height on a rocky peak to a glen beneath. The stream that fed the falls had worn a

narrow but deep gully on top of the cliffs, and Miss Miller was the one to discover it as she sought for a good camp-site. A rustic bridge spanned the ravine and a path led a circuitous way down to the ledge where the Falls formed a foamy pool before running over its rocky basin to tumble recklessly on down to join the river.

Miss Miller wished to assure herself that it would be a safe spot for so many girls to camp, so she followed the path to the ledge and there saw a rustic sign nailed to a tree, "Alpine Falls—no camping allowed on this ledge."

She climbed back again and called to the Tribe to join her. They were delighted with the place, and when Miss Miller told them of the sign they agreed to camp at the clearing on the point and use the Falls for cooking and wash water.

"I hope to goodness no one here is a sleep-walker," laughed Zan, waving a hand in the direction of the precipice.

"No one here guilty of that habit!" replied Miss Miller.

So camp was pitched and preparations for supper well under way before Jane said: "We forgot to think of a swim."

"Too late! Besides, we'll have to crawl down this wall and see if there is any sort of a place where we can get in," answered Zan.

That evening they enjoyed riddles, charades, and Nita danced a wild flower dance she had invented.

Miss Miller told them of some of her interesting experiences while travelling in Egypt and the Old World, and then to bed.

Early in the morning, Zan turned over in her tiny cot and yawned. Awake in an instant, she sat up and sniffed.

"Who's baking breakfast gems? They smell fine!"

She jumped up and peeped from the flap of the tent. At a good camp-fire she saw the funniest baker she ever thought possible to utilise. But no one was about, so she crept out in her pajamas and grass slippers to investigate.

On a smooth stick safely driven into the ground near enough to the camp-fire to warrant a steady heat reaching it, was twisted a long flat strip of dough. It began to wind about the stick from the bottom and ended near the top. As it baked and browned on the side nearest the fire, a delightful aroma came from it and permeated the air.

"Well, I never! If this isn't the most ingenious device!" murmured Zan, chuckling to herself.

"Watching my bread-twist, Zan?" called a voice, and Zan looked over to see the Guide coming from the Falls where she had had a cold bath.

"Yes, but I was wondering how to give the off-side a chance to brown?" replied Zan.

"I'll show you—simple as anything." And Miss Miller merely took hold of the top-end of the stick and gave it a sharp turn. Naturally the bread turned with it, and the side that was brown was now facing

away from the fire while the other side was turned toward it to bake and brown.

Zan laughed and nodded her head approvingly, then glanced at the other breakfast food cooking. Cereal was boiling in a pot hanging over the fire where the bread was baking, and apples were stewing in a saucepan.

"Did we bring apples yesterday?" asked she.

"No, but I found a little old tree down the trail and most of these were picked up from the ground. Don't they smell good?"

"Um-m! Should say they did. But tell me, Miss Miller—did you stay up all night to work like this?"

"Hardly! I got up an hour ago and mixed the bread dough, then started the fire. After that I wanted to see what kind of a country was back there, and I found the apples. When they were stewing and the cereal on boiling, I went for my morning wash."

"I'll run in and wash and dress, then I'll be back to help," said Zan, starting off for the tent.

Hilda was already up and dressing when Zan ran in, and both girls chattered so noisily about the bread-twist that the others awoke and jumped out of bed.

When Zan and Hilda returned to the camp-fire the Guide asked Hilda to broil the ham while Zan spread the breakfast cloth.

"What can I do?" asked Jane, coming over.

"You can get a pail of fresh water from the Falls and fill the cups at each plate," returned the Guide.

That breakfast was appreciated thoroughly by

everyone, for the bread was hot and crisp and the ham fried as brown as any ever served by Southern cook.

"After we finish breakfast and have cleared away the dishes, we must explore the immediate neighbourhood to find out if we are on a main trail where visitors are liable to come and interrupt our peace," said Miss Miller.

The camp chores done, the Tribe started for a hike, intending to circle their camp-site and look for possible intruders. They had followed the trail but a short distance before Miss Miller spied some fine white birches. Some of these had been cut down as being in the way for the proposed roadways of the park. The Guide immediately found a use for the large sheets of bark that were peeling from the trunks.

"Girls, we will postpone our scouting for a time when there is no important work at hand, but now do let us collect as much of this splendid birch bark while it is offered us without damaging standing trees."

The Guide then showed the eager Woodcrafters how to peel the bark to keep it in large sections and not split it into strips. When everyone was laden with as much bark as could possibly be carried, they started for camp and deposited their freight on the ground.

"You need not waste a bit of this bark—even this bit will make the outside of a dainty pen-wiper. It can be cut oblong and decorated with gold-paint. With leaves of felt or flannel between the two sections, and

these tied together with a cord or ribbon, it makes a pretty memento."

"I suppose Miss Miller will find endless ways to use this tinder, just as she did for the sea-shore pebbles and shells," remarked May, laughingly.

"I can think of enough ideas right now to keep you girls busy until Christmas," rejoined the Guide, also laughingly.

"For instance?" questioned Zan, curious to hear the items.

"Well, you can make needle-cases, pin-cushions, boxes for neckties for the boys, boxes for handkerchiefs for parents, picture frames, veneering for rustic furniture, Tally Book covers, camp utensils—such as dishes, pots, pans, and platters, toilet sets, and many other things."

"That's right! I never thought of using birch bark for such things," declared Elena.

"Make a record of it in the Tally!" teased Zan, for Elena was acquiring the habit of entering everything in that book.

"If we should find any sweet grass on our walks while here, we must be sure and gather it, as it is what is needed to sew up the seams of birch bark. If the grass is wound about with red linen thread it makes it much stronger and looks pretty, too. The bark must be punched with a row of holes so the grass-binding can pass through without tearing. I think we have a punch at home such as children use in a kindergarten school."

"Miss Miller, do you know of other articles to make out of wild-wood things?" asked May, with awe at the Guide's knowledge.

"Well, I think pine cones make the oddest and prettiest things. The small cones combined with birch bark are lovely. I have made frames by glueing cones in patterns on thin bark-covered wooden frames. I have a large picture of George Washington at home that I framed in this way years ago. Then, too, I will show you a work-box that I made for my mother. It was made of a cigar-box and covered with bark. On top of the lid, and about the sides, I glued different kinds of cones and stems. Then I varnished the whole thing and it was beautiful, in my estimation. It has lasted to this day, and I made it over five years ago."

"I waxed some Autumn leaves last year and we used them over the windows and doors until Christmas time. Everyone said they looked *so* pretty," said Elena.

"Why can't we gather some of these beautiful leaves and do the same thing with them, Miss Miller?" asked Jane, eagerly.

"We must wax them with sperm and iron them as soon as they are cut from the branches. You see, the colours remain exactly the same as when they were gathered if you wax them before they have time to dry. Whole branches can be waxed this way and used for decorative purposes. Florists to-day use great masses of waxed Autumn leaves in their exhibits, or for back-grounds through the Winter

months. But care must be taken when ironing the spermaceti over the leaves that the hot iron does not touch the stem or wood of the branch. If it does, the leaf will immediately fall off."

So much time had been taken by the collecting and descriptions of articles made of birch bark, that it was noon before anyone dreamed it was more than ten o'clock.

"Girls, we ought to find a place for a swim and then have lunch. After that we will seek for a neighbour—if there are any on this crest," said Miss Miller.

But the girls could find no way to get down the steep cliff-side unless they went a long way back. So they gave up the hope of a swim that day and started off to seek for adventure.

They had gone about a mile in a new direction when one of the girls glimpsed a fine old mansion painted so nearly like the green and russet colouring of the woods that it was difficult to distinguish it from its beautiful setting.

"No wonder we didn't see it before," remarked Zan, gazing at its dark brown shingled sides and green roof.

"It doesn't seem occupied. Maybe the people do not live here," suggested Elena.

"There's a rustic fence with a gate. I can see a notice hanging on the gate—let's see what it says," called Jane, who was in advance of the others.

In a few moments the Band stood reading the sign.

"No trespassing on these grounds under penalty of the law."

"We're not on their land yet, but it's a shame to have a fence cut off an adventure right in the middle of a trail!" pouted Nita.

"It may prove a far more thrilling adventure to sit here and try to explain the reason for closed shutters and an abandoned house at this time of year," ventured Miss Miller.

Even as she spoke, a gardener came forward along a side path, and doffed his cap.

"I heared your voices an' I sure was s'prised to find a lot of school-girls. You-all seldom come as far as this. The 'Annabell'—that's the launch runnin' from Yonkers to Alpine and back agin—generally leaves 'em at the foot of the cliff where they picnic."

"We saw the sign and wondered if we were trespassing out here?" replied Miss Miller, in a questioning voice.

"Not at all! In fack, it would be all right for ladies to walk through the groun's when no one's home. The family's gone for the season now. We have to keep the sign up, just the same, to keep out the roughs from the city who would destroy the trees and flowers fer nothin'. Would you like to come in?" asked the old man, politely.

"I think not, thank you. We are camping down on the point by the Falls, and this was an afternoon hike. Now we will go back and hunt for a spot where we can bathe," explained the Guide.

"I kin help you there. I haven't gone down to take up the two boats yet, or remove the portable bath-house we have on the beach, an' you'se are welcome to use both boats and house if it will accommodate you."

"Oh how lovely!" cried the girls, before Miss Miller could decide what would be the proper thing to do. So she smiled and thanked the generous stranger.

"I'll jes' run and git the keys to unlock the pad-locks and bring you'se the oars." So saying, the old man hurried to the barn back of the mansion.

"Now isn't this a real adventure?" laughed Miss Miller.

"And we wouldn't have had it if there wasn't a house and a care-taker here to obstruct the trail!" added Zan.

It didn't take the Woodcrafters very long to run back to camp and find their bathing togs, then on down the steep path that seemed to drop sheer from the heights to the river-beach.

The two boats added greatly to the fun of the water-sports. As every girl could swim a little, and the water was shallow near the shore, there was no danger in toppling out of the boat.

There were some glorious battles of "tag" played with a bag of old cork found on the beach. One girl would throw the bag and, if it landed in the other boat, that side was "it" and was supposed to chase the opponent and try to fling the cork into their boat.

When they began to weary of this game, the Guide announced a swimming contest. Then followed a diving contest. Lastly a prize was offered to the girl who could swim under water and bring up from the river bottom the white flour-bag filled with sand which Miss Miller had prepared and was ready to drop from a boat into the clear depths of the river.

The spot designated was about ten feet deep and about ten yards from shore, but only a few girls could swim under water and it transpired that only Elizabeth Remington could swim with her eyes open. Naturally she was the one to bring up the trophy.

"No wonder we couldn't do it when we never tried to keep our eyes open under water—it hurts!" grumbled Zan, who disliked to be outdone by another girl.

Miss Miller silently exulted in the success of her little plan, for she knew Elizabeth could accomplish the deed and wanted the other girls to see her do it, thus imbuing them with the desire to try also.

"Maybe it hurts at first, but I'm going to get that bag!" declared Jane, plunging in and trying to open her eyes while swimming under the water.

Others dared the test also, and soon all were sputtering or laughing at their trials and failures. Finally, however, each one could brag of being able to keep eyes open if but for a few seconds while swimming under water.

As they climbed the cliff again, Miss Miller said:

"I think it is as important to know how to swim under water with your eyes open to see what you are meeting, as it is to keep your eyes open when crossing a thoroughfare."

"Ha! Discovered in the act!" laughed Zan, pointing an accusing finger at the Guide.

Miss Miller laughed also and nodded.

"What?" questioned May.

"She did that stunt on purpose to make us keen to learn the trick," hastily explained Jane, who saw the nod and guessed rightly.

That evening while sitting about the camp-fire Miss Miller suggested a Hallow E'en treat for Zan's birthday. She spoke of many ways Woodcrafters could celebrate, providing the weather was fair for a week-end camp in the woods.

Then Elena made a suggestion. "I am going to design and make a Woodcraft article to give our Chief for a birthday gift."

"I think that's great! I'll do one, too," added Jane.

"So will I," echoed Hilda.

"Let's all make something in Woodcraft for the party," said Nita.

"Girls, why not exchange gifts with each other and make them ourselves in Woodcraft style? We need not limit the giving to Zan, you know," suggested the Guide.

"Gracious me! It will take a pile of presents and ages to finish them all," exclaimed Eleanor Wilbur; "I can't do it."

"I had no idea of elaborate gifts. For instance, Nita can dance a new step on the evening of the party, and teach it to Zan for a present. That will not take her long nor be much work," explained Miss Miller.

"Oh, that won't be a gift!" laughed Nita.

"Why not? Won't it be the expression of your desire to give pleasure to another? And won't Zan remember your love and generosity that really constitutes *true* giving? It is a mistake to look at the material object as the gift, and forget the loving spirit that formed the thought which expressed itself in the thing. The material gift is destructible, but the love of a friend remains forever the true gift."

"According to Miss Miller, then, we will be silly to waste time on producing material objects when we can easily wish our love on anyone," retorted Eleanor, in an unpleasant tone.

"Eleanor, when we reach that state of perfect brotherhood of which Jesus spoke as Heaven, we shall exchange love and goodness without the material accompaniment, but while still on earth our limited vision and other senses require the expression in kind as we are, to be able to realise the love and desire to make others happy. That is why we are compelled to plan and work before our friends know the state of our feelings. For instance, your words spoken in tones and expression of human resentment show me quite plainly that your thought is wrong—that you rebel in mind against doing what was proposed by the love of the other girls. But I may not have realised

this state of your thought had you not expressed it—see what I mean?" said Miss Miller, meaningly.

Eleanor flushed but said nothing. And Zan quickly said: "Say, girls, we can all win *coups* that will count if we make some Woodcraft things mentioned in the Manual!"

"So we can! And each can choose what she likes," abetted Jane.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A BIRTHDAY COUNCIL ON HALLOW E'EN

IN the days following the camp-talk, the girls saw little of each other after school, as they were busy working on the gifts to be distributed at the Hallow E'en camp.

Zan had spoken of a pattern Nita had for a dancing costume, so Nita made the dress of cotton crêpe, costing very little in coin of the realm but much in thought and work. She disliked sewing and the very fact that she spent so much time to have the costume neatly finished spoke highly for her progress in character as well as of her way of expressing friendship.

For the other girls, Nita wrote out simple directions to dance improvised steps of old dances. She also printed simple music fitted to go with the unique steps.

For Miss Miller, she made an artistic programme for the Gift Ceremony which was explained to her by Mrs. Remington. This was to be used on the occasion of the birthday evening.

Hilda naturally followed the line of least resistance in selecting her gifts. She made candy, baked a cake, wrote out a tiny Tally Book of recipes for the Guide, and having packed the candies in empty boxes she always saved for the purpose, she did each package

up in yellow crêpe paper and tied it with black cord; on the knot tied on top of the boxes she fastened a black cardboard bat or a witch with a broom-stick.

Elena, adept with the brush, made individual Tally Books of brown butcher paper and bound them in leather with thong strips to fasten them together. She had secured the small remnants of tanned leather at a wholesale leather house in the factory-district of the city. The Tallies were decorated with the name of the individual artistically printed in India ink, and the scroll decorations were so wrought that black cats, witches, pumpkins, broom-sticks, bats, and other suggestive things of Hallow E'en were featured as a remembrance of the party.

Jane made a dozen narrow beaded head-bands which showed in the designs the meaning of Hallow E'en. They were very beautiful and were sure to be appreciated by the girls. Besides those for each member of the Band she made one for Elizabeth Remington, who was invited to the party, and one for Miss Miller.

Zan made the unique decorations for the party. Each was wrapped in paper and the name of the girl printed in plain view. These gifts were original and diversified in style.

She took empty cereal boxes—square ones as well as the round cartons used by Quaker Oats—and cut designs in the sides, having sketched the pattern on the cardboard before cutting away. A metal clip as is generally used on Christmas trees to hold the candles was inserted in the bottom of the box and

fastened to hold a candle when necessary. Picture wire was fastened at the top to suspend the box. When this was finished, she blackened the entire box with cheap shoe-polish to represent wrought iron.

Zan also found two Edam cheese cases about to be thrown away and these she captured for use. The contents had all been scraped out, so she cut a hole in the bottom of the rind for a candle socket, then cut grotesque mouth, nose, and eyes in the sides. Wire was used at the top to hang them by and when finished they looked very funny. These Zan meant for Miss Miller as a joke.

Her next idea was to collect a number of empty tin cans and melt off the jagged rims left when the covers had been cut out. A few perforations were made in the bottoms for drainage, and the sides painted an ivory white with black stencilled designs on them. Some of these were Egyptian figures copied from ancient friezes shown in a book. When these cans were filled with soil and a plant inserted, the effect was very artistic and at little expense.

May Randall, who had won the prize for carpentry, made small boxes with leather hinges and brass-studded corners. She burnt designs on covers and sides and touched up points here and there with red or blue paint, then varnished the whole surfaces. These were meant for wampum, badges, or other Woodcraft trinkets.

Another new member selected pottery for her gifts. She made original designs and when these were fin-

ished and touched up with black paint and bright colours they were very artistic.

Another girl made fire-boards. She used the oval bread-boards sold for five cents each in the five and ten cent stores. The ovals were sawed in the centre, giving two sections for each. Four half-ovals were hinged to a square board so they would fold down when not in use. The rounded sides were then decorated with symbols of the Winds and Fire. When varnished and completed, they proved very fine and useful.

Frances used the birch bark she had saved from the Alpine camp. Trays, jewel-boxes, waste-baskets, picture frames, work-boxes, and other ideas were carried out. The birch bark was soaked in hot water until soft, then shaped as desired. The lacing of edges was made of raffia also softened in water. Where strong lacing was necessary several strands of raffia or grass were braided together and used. The sides of the ornaments made were decorated in sepia paint, representing forest scenes or Woodcraft designs.

Other unique and lovely ideas were expressed individually by each girl, so that not only was a great variety of gifts ready for the event, but the manufacturers had had experience in handicraft and were able to count the work for *coups* in Woodcraft.

The time had passed rapidly while everyone was at work on pleasant and absorbing occupation, and the last Wednesday preceding the Friday they expected to start for the Hallow E'en camp had arrived. That

noon, Miss Miller sent word to each girl that an important letter would be considered at a special meeting in the gymnasium directly after school in the afternoon.

At such a time no one dreamed of being late or absent, so Miss Miller was able to read the letter she had received a short time after classes were dismissed.

"Respected Members of Wako Tribe: I have watched with deep interest the manufacturing, by your Chief, of certain objects meant to celebrate a Hallow E'en party. I also heard that no particular place had yet been determined upon for this important camp-meeting, so I hasten to solve the problem for you.

"My family and a few friends expect to visit Wickeecheokee Farm this week-end and enjoy a nutting party in the woods. If Wako Tribe will accept our invitation, they can camp on the Bluff for this week-end and join us in our out-door fun. Mrs. Baker and the other guests will occupy the house, so you will not be disturbed in your Woodcraft meetings if you desire privacy.

"The autos will leave our house at four o'clock Friday afternoon. Please reply at once.

"Cordially yours,

"Frederick Baker, M.D."

Long before Miss Miller concluded reading this communication subdued sounds of joy and excitement

were heard from the girls, and the moment it was finished Jane cried:

"Did you know anything of this, Zan?"

"Cross my heart—not a thing!" declared Zan, earnestly.

"Did you know, Miss Miller?" questioned several girls, turning to the Guide.

"Not until Monday, when I was asked over the 'phone what I thought of the plan, and I said it was splendid."

"I s'pose we will accept, eh?" asked Anne Mason, anxiously.

"Accept! Well I guess yes!" retorted Jane.

"Chump Mark for Jenny!" laughed Elena.

"Humph! Slang is imperative under such exciting conditions!" replied Zan, glancing sympathetically at Jane.

"Never mind that talk—wasting good time—hurry up and compose an answer to the doctor's letter!" cried Hilda.

"I'll take it home and hand it to Dad to save time," added Zan.

"I suppose Elizabeth will go with us—shall I telephone Mrs. Remington and find out?" asked the Guide.

"If Fiji and Bob and Jack Hubert are going—as I s'pose they are—we ought to invite Fred and Billy Remington, too," suggested Zan.

"I think your mother has already attended to that. We will find out," and Miss Miller took up the receiver.

Then the girls learned that everyone at Mossy Crest had been invited, but Mrs. Remington had an important Woodcraft Council that Friday night and could not accept, but Elizabeth was delighted to go with Wako Tribe.

"Now that's settled we can say 'yes' to the invitation," said Jane, impatiently.

It took but a few moments to write the note to Dr. Baker and then the girls chattered excitedly again.

"Got everything ready for the Gift Ceremony?" asked Zan.

"I have," came from many, and "Most done," from others.

And from the Guide: "I followed an original idea that promises to give some fun but will not be a part of your ceremony. No need to ask questions of me, as I do not intend to speak of my secret until the time arrives."

Thus warned beforehand, the girls giggled but asked no questions that would bring down a significant silence upon them.

Friday was a perfect October day and at four o'clock sharp the cars filled with happy Woodcrafters left Dr. Baker's house. The ride through the lovely country glowing in Autumn colours, and the mingled odours of drying hay, woodsy scents, and late flowers made everyone feel good.

Arrived at Wickeecheokee Farm, Mrs. Baker and the party of boys were left at the house while the members of Wako Tribe continued on the road that

ran over the Big Bridge and passed Bill Sherwood's cottage. Here the Woodcrafters jumped out and started for the Bluff that could be plainly seen from the road.

Bill and his wife, the resident farmers, welcomed the girls and the former declared: "Looks like the good old Summertime wid all you'se girls here again."

"Chump Mark for your slang, Bill!" laughed Zan.

And genial Bill, not knowing what a Chump Mark meant, grinned and replied: "Ya'as, Miss San, it sure was a fine camp!"

That night after dishes were cleared away, the boys brought the chestnuts they had found and everyone crowded about the glowing embers of the camp-fire and roasted the delicious nuts. Then the boys sang glee-songs and the girls told Folk Stories till time for bed.

"Now don't oversleep, girls," shouted Fiji, as the boys followed Mrs. Baker away from the Bluff.

"If you're not ready to start when we call in the morning, we'll just go on without you," added Fred Remington.

"We want to get bags and *bags* of chestnuts in the morning, 'cause we've got other things to do in the afternoon for the party to-morrow night," explained Jack Hubert.

"Oh say! Don't talk as if we were the sleepy-heads that you boys are! Don't we know *you!*" scorned Jane, as Zan and she exchanged glances which

said as plain as could be: "Trying to pose with their sisters present!"

And so it proved. The girls were ready and impatiently calling or signalling before the boys appeared on the trail coming through the woods from the farm-house.

That morning a great harvest of hickory nuts and chestnuts was gathered and by the time the hunters were back at camp they were half-famished from the crisp, cold air and bracing exercise.

Fiji had seen some rabbits during the morning, and the moment he was at the house began:

"Mumsie, Fred brought his rifle and we're going hunting this afternoon. The other little boys can do that work for you."

"Indeed you're not! Rifle or no rifle, Fred is my guest and he will not use the fire-arm while I have anything to do about it."

"Oh pshaw, Mum! He knows everything about a gun! He and I won't go near anyone else, and you know you can trust *me!*" coaxed Fiji.

"Fred, get the rifle for me, please. I will return it when we get back to the city. I know too much about promises to be careful. I think it is perfectly safe for you to use the gun when you are with experienced hunters or alone, but not with a party of boys who never held a rifle in proper position before. This Winter I propose having the boys take lessons in a shooting gallery I know of, and then it will be different."

The wild dreams of bringing a deer or grizzly bear to camp, or at least a small harmless rabbit, vanished for Fiji. Consequently, he was moody when the other boys started out to gather the long creepers and branches of brilliant Autumn leaves meant to decorate the house for the evening's entertainment.

But the effect of invigorating air and scrambling over ledges of rock could not long keep anyone in a moody or sulky spell, and Fiji was the liveliest of the lively boys before he returned home laden with the Fall harvest of the woods.

Mrs. Baker was invited to attend the afternoon Birthday Council, and at three o'clock the Chief opened the meeting with the usual prayer and other ceremonies. After Tally Reports were read, and *coups* awarded to some of the new members and a few of the old ones of the Band, the feature of the Council began.

"O Chief!" commenced the Guide, standing and saluting Zan. "I suggest that we perform the Gift Ceremony of the Zuñi Indians in distributing our gifts. Mrs. Remington loaned me the sacred otter skin for this purpose and Elizabeth knows the rite by heart, so I propose that she act the principal part with Zan as second."

"How!" approved the Council members, so the Chief took up the tomtom.

Sitting at one side of the Circle, dressed in her ceremonial robes, Zan beat the tomtom while Elizabeth, also gorgeously arrayed in beaded costume, represent-

ing Wako Tribe for that time, entered the Ring hop-stepping, and followed by the other members. As each girl passed the tomtom she paid tribute to the sacred instrument by an obeisance to the East for reverence, to the South, playfully, to the West with awe, and to the North for protection from all cold. Then they all sat in their places about the Council Fire to hear the Guide speak.

"To-day the braves of Wako Tribe won a great victory. The warriors of another Tribe, dwelling in the camp made by White Men, over-slept and were late on the war-path. But my Braves, led by our great Chief, were ready with paint and weapons to fight the as yet unseen enemy.

"With bags and baskets, we followed the trail which led to the sometime hidden chestnuts, or again some were found lying in ambush in the long wild grass. Many captives were made to bring back to camp for the fire and feast which celebrate the victory to-night. Hidden rascals, so surrounded by the sharp arrow points sticking from the chestnut burrs that we had many a finger-wound from them, were finally scalped —their burrs cracked open and the prisoners taken away.

"Some of our warriors were struck on the head by falling shells from hickory trees where the nuts had grown and awaited this opportunity to drive away assailants. But with the very act of striking us with shells, they also burst open, fell to earth, and thus were captured.

"We left many empty worthless shells on the battlefield, but the prisoners shall be roasted at our war-dance to-night!"

As the Guide sat down a chorus of laughing "How's!" came from the girls for the extemporaneous war-talk.

At a signal sounded on the tomtom, Elizabeth came from the shelter of a huge tree-trunk and entered the Council Ring in solemn manner. She carried the Ceremonial Blanket which was upheld high with both hands in front of her. This blanket was spread out upon the ground, the four corners being four-square to the four imaginary corners of the earth and the four winds.

Standing on the rear edge of the blanket, Elizabeth bowed to the East, then to the South, next to the West, and fourth to the North; last, to Wakanda and to Maka Ina.

She then took the peace-pipe from the Chief and wafted its smoke to the four winds and placed the pipe on the blanket parallel to its front edge near the circle of Woodcrafters, and near the front edge of the blanket.

The Chief then brought the Sacred Otter Skin and placed it over Elizabeth's out-stretched hands. This was presented to Wakanda and Maka Ina, then a magic circle was woven all about the outside of the blanket to ward off all evil spirits.

This motion was done by waving the otter skin, as if swimming, holding it about two feet above the

ground, being careful to keep the skin extended horizontally on top of the hands, which were held about eighteen inches apart. The circle woven, the otter skin was placed upon the blanket next to the pipe and parallel with it.

The Chief then brought and presented to Elizabeth the bowl of Sacred Corn Meal. This was lifted up and presented to Wakanda and Maka Ina, then corn meal was sprinkled on the pipe and otter skin, Elizabeth kneeling on the blanket and moving on her knees to accomplish this ceremony.

"This magic circle now woven and complete may not be crossed by anyone holding evil intentions," said Elizabeth solemnly.

Now came the ceremony of distributing the gifts which were brought in baskets or upon large grass mats and left near the blanket where the Chief could reach them. As each gift was taken up, the Chief handed it to Elizabeth who called out the name written on the package. Then the receiver came up, bowed low before the blanket, and received the gift. It was then opened, admired, and gratefully acknowledged, before the recipient stepped backward to her seat in the Circle.

When all the gifts were bestowed, Elizabeth bowed and lifted the sacred otter skin and placed it across the bowl of corn meal. Next the pipe was taken up and laid upon the otter skin and then all three were lifted in both hands and held high above her head as she moved backward on her knees to the rear edge

of the blanket. There she rose to her feet and departed with the bowl, otter skin, and pipe.

After many exclamations of delight, surprise, and thanks to the girls who had worked so well on the gifts, it was found that not one gift had been bestowed by Miss Miller. This was the proper time for the Guide to speak.

"O Chief! If you and Elizabeth will accompany me to yon cabin I will see that my share of the entertainment is finished."

Wonderingly, the two girls went with the Guide and carried many suggestive packages from the cabin to the Council Ring. Miss Miller carried an enormous bundle, but no one could gain the slightest hint of its contents.

Laughing at the curious faces of the girls watching as the strings were cut, the Guide unwrapped a red, white, and blue paper object that had a long bamboo handle protruding from its midst of rioting colours.

"O Brother Warriors, what can it be?" laughed Zan, looking at the girls.

"O Chief, no one but Wakanda can answer that question!" retorted Jane, creating a general laugh at her irreverent reply.

"But Wakanda gave me the idea to make this and I hold the power to explain it," said Miss Miller, rebukingly, even as she smiled at Jane's retort.

As she spoke she pushed down upon a wire and as the patriotic colours spread out lo! there appeared

a giant umbrella in the American colours. The bamboo pole was the centre-rod and handle.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Zan. "How under the sun did you ever get it so large and to work so easy?"

"I took an ancient umbrella for a foundation and then bound on the extra reeds to the original ribs to make it longer and larger all round. Then I glued the paper on the tops," explained the Guide.

"It makes a great American shade for us," giggled Elena.

"Ought to be labelled 'Made in America,'" added Jane.

"But what I want to know is 'Why-for and Where-for?'" said Nita.

"I see that no one suspects the plot, so I will have to tell," laughed Miss Miller, sticking the bamboo handle in a wooden block having a clamp to hold it upright—something like the tree holders at Christmas time. But this holder permitted the upper section of the block to swing around on a pivot fastened to the lower section-block.

When the handle was securely fastened Miss Miller gave the huge umbrella a twirl to see if it worked well, and still the girls stood wondering what it all was for.

"Now get busy, girls, and hand me the packages while I tie them on these sticks," advised the Guide, attaching a small package as she spoke.

"The heavy ones that will drag the ribs down too

far we will spread on the grass and tie a card with the name of the owner on the stick instead of the bundle itself," continued Miss Miller, as a large box was handed her.

With many hands to help, the packages were soon in place, and then the Guide said:

"We will all stand in a circle about the umbrella and as I swing it about we sing:

"Merrily in this Council Ring,
Dancing gayly as we sing,
What will this umbrella bring
When we change to hippety-hop
And our Chief calls out to stop?

"We can dance any step we like, but the moment I call out 'Change!' you all have to change your steps to a hippety-hop step; then when Zan calls out 'Stop' you have to stop short where you are. I will call a name from my list and whoever is opposite that name removes it from the umbrella. If it happens to belong to the one removing it from the stick, well and good, but if the one who opens it is not the owner, she holds it up to view and calls out the name of the owner. At the same time she starts to run around the ring on the *outside,* and the owner to whom the package belongs must catch her. If she has not caught her in three rounds about the ring, the hunter pays a forfeit to secure the prize. At the end of our game we will redeem the forfeits."

"What an original game!" exclaimed May.

"But so childish!" complained Eleanor.

"Pity we haven't more of the simple childlike pleasures," added Mrs. Baker, who had overheard the remark.

"Now then, girls—ready?" called the Guide, ignoring the criticism from Eleanor.

"Yes—all ready!" called most of the girls.

The umbrella was given a swift twirl and it spun around while the girls sang the rollicking verse, but Zan forgot to call "Change," so they concluded the song and the umbrella still whirled, the paper packages flying out to the extreme end of the strings.

Everyone jeered at Zan for forgetting to call, and she promised to do better next time. "I only did it that time to give you girls practise," said she, laughingly.

The chorus of denials might have deafened everyone had not the Guide shouted: "Now, once again, girls! If Zan makes a second mistake she pays two forfeits!"

"How! How!" followed this agreeable statement, and the umbrella whirled again.

"Change!" shouted Zan at the word, and some of the girls did change the step correctly while others were in doubt.

"Here—a forfeit from each one of you!" demanded Zan, and the punishment made the game more exciting.

"The next time the same one mistakes she pays double!" added Zan, placing the forfeits in a basket.

But the girls were beginning to learn how it was played, and the first game ended with everyone laughing or jesting. Miss Miller had Mrs. Baker take a paper from a bag and read out a name.

"Elena Marsh," read Mrs. Baker.

Everyone looked eagerly at the laden stick opposite her, and Jane called: "Here it is, in front of me."

"Jane removes it and runs about the circle with Elena after her," added Miss Miller.

Twice around the ring flew Jane, and Elena, fleet-footed, after her, until in the third round the pursuer caught up and held her captive.

Great interest was shown as Elena opened the package and showed a small box of French pastels.

"Oh!" sighed she in ecstasy, "I've wanted one of these ever since I was born!"

Everyone laughed and Zan added: "I bet you daubed and designed through many incarnations before this present one."

"Come ahead, girls! I want to see if Miss Miller gave me a new riding-habit—I want one badly!" called Jane.

So with laughing and merriment, the second whirl began.

It happened to be Edith Remington's name that was chosen, and the package stopped directly opposite the child, so with trembling fingers she untied the string and found a box of water-colours and all the accessories to work with.

"Oh, Miss Miller, I'm so much obliged to you!"

exclaimed the delighted little girl, making a quaint curtsey.

The game continued, some claimants having to pay forfeits and some winning the award, until all were called out. The gifts were very appropriate for each one and afforded much pleasure; but Zan had a grievance.

"Miss Miller, I think you're real mean not to give us a chance to have something on the umbrella for you, too."

"That wasn't my fault, Zan. I thought of the umbrella and made it, but your mother insisted upon buying the gifts. She brought them to the farm all wrapped and ready to distribute."

"It isn't like mother to forget anyone—Mumsie, where is Miss Miller's gift?" shouted Zan, as she saw her mother returning from the cabin.

"Right here! It was so heavy it would have broken down the carefully built up umbrella, so I left it for the last gift."

The large flat package was handed to the Guide, who took it with amazement in her eyes, for she had not expected anything. Midst the laughter of her girls, the Guide carried the heavy parcel to the rustic table and began opening the outside paper.

She found another well-tied paper covering within and tried to unknot the string. But it had to be cut, as it was so twisted and bound about the package.

Inside this wrapper was still another, and Mrs. Baker cried: "That Fiji! I told him to wrap the

box up carefully and I shouldn't wonder but what he used as many papers as he does on April Fool's Day!"

After more than a dozen wrappers, each tied well and knotted with heavy twine, had been removed, the last paper was cut away. The Guide took out a japanned-tin box and upon opening it the Woodcrafters all said "Ah!"

There was a complete set of pyrography tools, a roll of stencilled Woodcraft designs (made by Elizabeth Remington), and transfer paper, copying inks, etc.

"Not an item forgotten—even a bottle of alcohol for the fuel!" cried Miss Miller, too surprised to remember to thank Mrs. Baker.

The girls watched and smiled in sympathy, and suddenly, as the Guide remembered she had not expressed her gratitude, they all burst out laughing at her expense.

After many apologies and profuse thanks, she added: "Such a teacher of morals and manners to these girls!"

As usual, Nita was called upon to dance and the Storm Cloud was done so gracefully by her that the audience said she should be given an extra dish of ice-cream for dessert that night.

When the forfeits had been paid off it was time to cook camp-supper. Before they were ready to sit and sup, however, the boys were heard shouting in the woods, and Miss Miller said:

"Suppose we invite the boys to supper, as we are going to be their guests to-night at the house?"

A merry group sat about the great flat rock that evening while Mrs. Baker and the Guide waited on the hungry Woodcrafters. The girls told about the umbrella and the boys of their mountain hike.

The dishes cleared away, they all marched through the woods in the gloaming, and reached the house ready for more sport. Many exclamations of surprise and admiration came from the girls as they saw the way the boys had spent their afternoon.

Brightly coloured foliage festooned the doors, window-casings, and pictures of the large living-room. Pumpkins shed subdued light from the candles within their grinning faces. Red peppers, golden corn on stalks, and tall grasses formed decorations in the corners of the room. Black paper witches, bats, and yowling cats swung from invisible threads from the beams of the ceiling, and many other Hallow E'en ideas were carried out.

Regular Hallow E'en games were played at first, then Fred called for the Jack Horner Pie he had spied in the kitchen.

"Well, then, help me carry it in," laughed Mrs. Baker.

Shortly they were seen carrying in the galvanized wash-tub that had been used for the pie-tin. A brown pie-crust fitted over the top of it, but no one knew what was under the crust.

"How under the sun did you bake it?" wondered Zan.

"That's a culinary secret!" laughed Mrs. Baker.

"Tell us, so we can enter the recipe in the Tally," replied Elena, also laughing.

"I made the pastry rather moist and rolled it out into a great sheet and placed it on the wooden bread-board. The oven was very hot and after the sheet of dough had been in it a few moments it baked and browned enough to spread it over the tub. I pinched down the edges to the tin, and there you are! Not to be eaten, however, for you will find it too pasty."

The strings that came up through the pie-crust led to objects hidden in the tub of flour. And as each player took a string to hold as his prize, every string was soon claimed. When the crust was broken and the prizes drawn from the flour, the players found many funny gifts. Great was the Bedlam when tin horns, rattles, and "crackers" began sounding everywhere.

The young folks then played other games and ended with a peanut hunt that led and misled many hunters to every corner of the house in search of a hidden peanut.

"It must be time for refreshments, Mumsie," said Bob, at last.

"All right, Son, call them all to the feast," laughed Mrs. Baker.

As the group of merry-makers sat about the room

munching sandwiches, Jane said, "Mrs. Baker, tell us how you made these delicious fillings. We'll write it down and make some too."

"I took a can of salmon and chopped it well with soft cream cheese. This I did at home and brought it here in a glass jar. It is very good on butter-thins, as you just said.

"The speckled sandwich-fillings are made of cream cheese, chopped olives, a bit of pimento, and seasoning. Thin slices of dark rye bread are best for this filling.

"Of course, you all know the walnut and fig filling —you simply chop nuts with cream cheese for the first kind, and chop figs, peanut butter, and a bit of rich cream for the second kind." As Mrs. Baker concluded, another girl called out:

"Tell us how you made this lemonade! I never tasted better."

"I ran the lemon peel through a meat-chopper with the lemon pulp. I use about one-quarter peel and the pulp of one lemon to the juice of every three lemons. If the juice of one orange and a lime is added to every ten lemons, it flavours the product much better. Sometimes a bit of Maraschino adds a peculiar flavour, but we never use it for the children."

The party ended with fortune-telling, with apple-parings, sailing walnut shells across the tub of water, risking noses and teeth at biting on swinging apples, and other familiar games.

The next day being Sunday, the boys and girls hiked over the mountain-side and Zan pointed out to the others the place where the snake frightened the girls that Summer, and the road where Nita was caught in a thunder-storm.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

INDOOR WOODCRAFT ENTERTAINMENT

NOVEMBER ushered itself in with cold and penetrating fogs, so that the girls found it pleasanter to hold meetings at each other's houses or in the gymnasium, instead of out-of-doors. At the indoor meetings they learned the application of Woodcraft ideas and principles to meet their needs of everyday life.

Miss Miller had them take up knitting for the soldiers and required them to do a certain stint every day. They also completed the bead bandings for their ceremonial costumes. Nita loaned the Guide the pattern for a dancing costume and each girl cut out, fitted, and made, of cheap cotton crêpe bloomers, blouse, and skirt for dancing.

Besides designing belts, banding, and costumes, the girls began regular weekly lessons with Elizabeth as teacher, in sketching and designing. Elizabeth attended a New York School of Design and could tell the girls whatever she had learned. Many pretty patterns in cross-stitch and other work were thus made and applied to use.

"I'm going to ask Dad to send me to school next

ZAN'S CEREMONIAL COSTUME.

Winter," declared Jane, who enjoyed the work immensely.

"And Elena, Nita, and May ought to go, too," added Miss Miller, admiring the dainty work done by these girls.

One afternoon the Guide said: "Girls, have any of you entered blue prints in your Tally Books?"

No one had, so she added: "Just as soon as Spring comes with its first flowers, I want you to start a blue print album. I think it is one of the most interesting and instructive of pursuits. I have a book that I completed during a trip through the Canadian Northwest, and I wouldn't sell those blue prints for any price—they are so beautiful and the wild flowers so interesting."

The Saturdays during November were spent in New York, the Guide taking the girls to the splendid public libraries; lectures illustrated with motion pictures were given by white men who had spent many years with the Indians; and the unusual series of talks given at the Museum on Central Park West and 79th Street proved most interesting. Here also the Woodcrafters saw life-sized groups of Indians in wax, the individual costumes and customs of each Tribe being faithfully depicted by the clothes, items of camping outfits, and other things. In these exhibitions the girls found many suggestions that they could apply to pottery work, bead work, and other things pertaining to Indian life.

One afternoon, while visiting the large library on

the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, Miss Miller said: "Who knows where the first public library was founded—and when?"

No one knew, so the Guide told them.

"The first on record—there may have been private collections then as now, but it was not recorded—was founded at Athens by Hipparchus in 526 B. C.

"The second of note was founded at Alexandria by Ptolemy Philadelphus, but it was burnt when Julius Caesar set fire to Alexandria in 47 B. C. It is said that 400,000 rare and valuable books were destroyed in that disaster.

"A second library was formed from the remains of the books in this first one, and this second was reputed to have held over 700,000 volumes, but this was captured by the Saracens who used the books for fuel instead of working to gather wood.

"In 1446 A. D. the next large library was formed and from that time on collections of important books were made and offered to the public for free use."

Such comments by Miss Miller always made the visits to public buildings very interesting to the girls, who acquired a general knowledge of things worth knowing in this manner.

One Saturday before the weather was too cold, they all went to Bedloe's Island, now renamed Liberty Island, in New York Harbour. Here they climbed the endless round of narrow iron steps until they regretted

having started the ascent. But there was no turning back, as the descent was on the other side and no one could go down when once started up.

Having wearily climbed to the crown of the head in the Liberty Goddess Statue, they were disappointed at not finding the view any better than that seen from the balcony where the elevator stopped, but which was wonderful from that vantage point. From the Statue they walked about the Island and then took the small boat back to Battery Park.

The Aquarium was visited next, and here the girls found many odd and interesting fish. One funny fish, grey in colour and about fifteen inches in length, kept bumping his nose against the glass side as if to come through. At each bump he slid back in the water and tried again.

"'Constant dripping wears the rock away,'" said Zan, watching him come back again and again to strike the glass.

"He is only playing tag with his nose," explained Jane.

"But why should he always keep his mouth open half-way, as if he had difficulty in breathing?" asked Nita.

"Maybe he has—that constant bumping on his nose will cause a swelling and close up the nostrils," ventured Elena.

"Oh, I have it!" cried Zan, nodding her head vigourously. "The poor thing has asthma from that damp atmosphere! He gasps through his open mouth

and tries to break down the screen of glass to get more air!"

This explanation brought a laugh not only from the girls who crowded about the glass case, but from some observers who also stood watching the queer fish.

Just before Thanksgiving, Mrs. Remington invited Wickeecheokee Band to spend the week-end in camp in the woods back of the house. Fred's Tribe would also camp there, and it was thought a good time to hold contests between the boys and the girls.

The girls hailed the treat with many varied expressions, but the days immediately preceding the Holidays grew so cold that most mothers objected to having the girls sleep out in the open.

"They can camp in the Council House," said Mrs. Remington over the telephone, when Miss Miller told her of the trouble.

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried everyone at that.

Beaded Ceremonial Costumes were finished but had not yet had an opportunity to be worn, so these were packed in the suit-cases with head-bands, moccasins, *coup*-sticks, and many other fine articles of Indian costume.

Wednesday was a beautiful day but so cold that Dr. Baker said he was relieved to know the girls would be in the Council House at night. The boys refused to be so molly-coddled, they averred, and so they camped out in the woods. However, Mrs. Remington whispered to the girls the next morning that Fred had

made use of two Sibley stoves brought from Maine for camp use.

"There will be skating on the lake if we have another day and night of this cold," said Mr. Remington, rubbing his ears to keep up the circulation as he stood in front of the Council House early Thursday morning.

"I say, girls! Want your picture took? Get into your robes and pose out in the sun, if you do!" shouted Elizabeth, from the porch of the house.

It did not take long for the Woodcrafters to change to their Woodcraft costumes and when they ran over to the group of pine trees where Elizabeth stood waiting, they found the boys had decorated the place with totems, shields, and *coup*-sticks to create a genuine Woodcraft atmosphere.

Zan's costume, with its picturisation of the camp on the farm, was pronounced the handsomest of all, although Elena's ran a close second. So these two girls were selected for individual pictures which could be used in the Tally Book of the Tribe. Zan held Elizabeth's *coup*-stick, her own only having a few feathers on it, and the former being well-decorated by marks of achievement, for Elizabeth was a zealous Woodcrafter.

Thanksgiving dinner was not to be served until four that afternoon, and it was only ten when many of the campers began to wish it was late afternoon. Mrs. Remington was a perfect hostess and, having five

healthy children, she suspected the gnawings under many belts. Hence her next suggestion:

"Fred, why don't you boys invite the girls to dinner at your camp in the woods?"

"How!" eagerly chorused the girls.

"Why, so we will, if the girls will bring the grub over from the barn. We haven't enough to go around such a crowd."

Everyone laughed, and Mrs. Remington added: "If I was a Black Bear, I'd scout for victuals and not expect the squaws to bring their own feast!"

Fred understood his mother only too well, and he quickly took the hint, calling Fiji to help him. In another moment the two had disappeared in the woods and were seen no more for some time. The others walked slowly back to the Council House to change the beaded costumes to camp clothes again.

About the time the girls were ready to follow the hosts to the camp in the woods, Fred and Fiji were seen crossing the field, carrying heavy baskets on their arms and bags suspended over their shoulders.

"They must have scouted, Mother!" laughed Mr. Remington.

And "mother" nodded understandingly and laughed also.

At camp the Woodcrafters found Fred and Fiji unpacking boiled ham, potatoes, pickles and preserves, bread, a pie, and other edibles. In the bag that had been slung over Fiji's back was a stone crock filled with delicious cookies still warm.

"There girls, the cookies will hold you together while we roast potatoes and get the lunch ready," said Fred.

"Um-m! I want this recipe from someone to put in our book. These are the best cookies I ever tasted," said Elena.

"Someone can tell you the recipe right now, Elena. It happens to be my own that Mrs. Remington tried," laughed Miss Miller.

"Tell us, then, while I write it down," urged Elena, with a pencil and scrap of paper ready for use.

"To one-half cup of butter I use one-half cup of lard and one-half cup of sugar. Two eggs, one level tablespoon each of ginger, cinnamon, and soda, with enough flour to roll out the dough easily.

"Cream the butter and lard together first, then add the sugar gradually. When the eggs are well beaten I add them. The spices and soda are mixed with two cups of flour and sifted into the batter. I use enough flour so the dough will roll out well. Cut them with a biscuit cutter and bake in a quick oven. Last of all, lock safely away in a secret vault where children cannot follow the scent and eat them up before the cook has washed the tins that the cookies were baked in."

The girls laughed at the last part of the recipe and Fred said it was the most important if cookies were to be kept on hand.

After the stolen provender was thoroughly enjoyed by the hosts and guests in camp, the boys entertained

the girls with relay races, Deer Hunts, Bat Ball, and a Bear Spearing Contest.

Just as the bear was killed by Fred, the gong sounded from the house calling the people to the Thanksgiving Dinner—the greatest contest of the day, Billy said.

The wide rear verandah of the Remington house was inclosed in glass in the Winter, and being ten feet wide and extending across the entire back of the house, it afforded an excellent place for the dinner. The table, made of four fifteen-inch-wide planks eighteen feet in length, placed on wooden horses, was covered with two long table-cloths. Benches made of wide planks also resting on boxes provided enough seats for all.

Mose, the family fixture who plays so important a rôle in the "Woodcraft Boys at Sunset Island" (the island being the Remingtons' Summer resort off the coast of Maine), bossed the serving of the dinner. He had been given charge of Mary, the upstairs girl, and Katy the kitchen maid, and these, with Anna the governess, proved efficient to wait on the hungry horde of children.

Strange, however, that after that dinner not one of the Woodcrafters felt like dancing an Indian War Dance to entertain others!

During the night the temperature grew warmer and the sky clouded over with snow-clouds. Early Friday morning a very light snow began falling, but grew heavier until noon, when great gusts of snow were

swept across the valley at every fresh hurricane of wind. All day Friday and most of Friday night, the snow continued falling, but the Woodcrafters cared little about that when they were having such a jolly time indoors. They were entertaining the Black Bears in the Council House, and many a wild shout echoed up through the loft, as a Bear caught a Wako Triber in a war-dance.

Before ten o'clock the boys were summoned to go to camp, and much against their inclinations to leave the cosy fire in the chimney-place of the Council House, they started out in the driving snow to plough over the field to their cold and cheerless camp.

In the early morning, however, the sun sparkled on the glistening snow and the Woodcraft girls were awakened by a fusillade of snow-balls striking the side of the barn, some of the soft snow falling through the opened windows and scattering over the faces of the sleepy girls.

They were soon up and dressed and out-doors to return the cold welcome given by the Black Bears. The snow-balls flew back and forth rapidly, until Fred had an idea.

"I say! What's the matter with having a regular fight! Build a fort and choose up sides?"

"Down on the flats by the road-side!" added Billy, pointing to the low-land that fronted the lawns by the private road.

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Fiji.

"Will you girls help?" asked Jack Hubert.

The girls looked at the Guide for approval, and she, seeing the gleam of battle shining from those many eyes, laughed.

"No ice to be packed in the balls, remember!" warned the Guide, trying to be severe.

"Of course not!" agreed Bobby Baker.

"And no hard-packed snow, either. Just the soft feathery kind that gets down your back and blinds your eyes," added Miss Miller, knowing well how to disguise her advice and make it sound enticing to the boys.

It took full two hours to complete the great fort and build refuges like pockets in the snow-wall, where daring scouts venturing away from the army could find temporary protection. While the boys were building the fort the girls rolled great piles of snow ammunition for both sides to use when the battle should rage.

Then came the commandeering of the two sides. Fred gallantly offered his services to Wako Tribe, while Fiji Baker undertook to command the boys' side. As there were but eleven girls and seventeen boys, some of the surplus male contingent had to come over to join the girls' side.

Then began preliminary tactics, followed by an engagement of the main armies. This was followed by the most active fighters running back and forth to plant a well-aimed shot whenever they discovered an unprotected head or body for a target.

The battle waged for more than an hour, first one side winning a victory, then the other side, but at last Fiji's side showed signs of defeat, and soon was retreating at full speed. The shots fell so fast and furious at that, that the boys were almost routed when Fiji made a grand rally.

To have it said that a lot of girls were victorious over the Black Bears or Grey Foxes was not to be thought of, so the General spurred his fighters back again to try and win the lost trench, but Fred was a fine general, too, and he was quick to take advantage of the other's mistake in leaving the protection of the fort.

In less than half an hour's time after Fiji rallied his men, the fort was demolished, most of Fiji's men were prisoners, and the girls were triumphant! The captives then had to submit to having their faces well washed in the soft cold snow.

That was a glorious day and one to be remembered, for not only were merry faces as red as Baldwin apples and hands swollen and purple from handling much snow, but the Remington larder suffered from such secret raids that the cook finally stumped up to the library to "give notice."

Mose intercepted her, however, and tried to pacify her with the news that the visitors would soon go home, and "anyway, Thanksgivin' onny comes once a year, Maria!"

"Agh! G'wan! Don't Oi know this fam'ly? It's foriver havin' comp'ny an' eatin' me out av iverything

Oi cook! It's cook, *cook, COOK* aul the toime an' niver a crumb to eat!" declared Maria.

"But just think, Maria, how soon this thing will have to stop. The high cost of livin' and the laws made by the President won't let us eat much anny more, an' you'll have an easy time, then," said Mose, trying to placate the angry cook.

"An' it's good wages an' plenty of my friends to visit me to tay," said Maria, thoughtfully, so Mose knew he had won a different kind of battle than the one fought on the Flats with snow.

After a red-hot luncheon that partly thawed out the half-frozen warriors, Mrs. Remington asked if they would like to take a sleigh-ride in a great farmer's sleigh that afternoon. The man called twice a week to deliver eggs, butter, and chickens from his farm some miles in the country, and would be glad to have the extra fee offered for driving a party of young folks on a joy-ride.

That evening was spent in quiet ways, as everyone felt weary and ready for bed the moment it could reasonably be suggested.

The rest of the visit was devoted to indoor pastimes, as a thaw set in and made the ground too wet and muddy for any games or fun on the lawn.

Then came the time for good-byes and the Woodcrafters were carried away, leaving a sense of loneliness with the family where they had had such a good time.

December came in with much wind and snow so

that all hope of week-end camps was at low ebb. But the girls found plenty of work to do and the applicants for the second Band were ready to qualify, and attention had to be paid to this important matter.

Most of the girls applying for membership were so anxious to belong to Wako Tribe that it seemed hard to deny any one of them. But the rules in the Manual were to be followed and some had to be left out. Hence the choosing of the crowd of girls that had asked for admission was to be done by drawing lots.

The names of the girls were written on slips of paper and these were folded up into small cubes, then shaken well in a covered tin. The Guide drew forth the first ten papers and these were the ones drawn to form the second Band—Suwanee, it was called.

The ten girls selected were delighted, but the others half cried with bitter disappointment, so that the Guide agreed to ask Mrs. Baker to start a new Band for them which would eventually grow into a Tribe of its own. And this promise soothed the wounded hearts of the unfortunate ones.

Although the improvement in Eleanor Wilbur had been so slow that none of her daily associates had noticed it, still it was constantly going on, so that when Ethel Clifford returned from the Californian trip she exclaimed at the great change in the girl.

"Why, Miss Miller, it doesn't seem possible! Really, can't you see the improvement?" said the girl.

"Now that you mention some small things, I can

see where she has been helped, but I almost gave up in despair several times, and I'd rather you would not let her hear of this conversation as she is not 'out of the woods' yet, by any means," said Miss Miller.

Nevertheless, it was as Ethel had said: there was a change for the higher and better life that was making an impression in Eleanor's character and desires, and these in time would overcome her former weaknesses.

That Winter, needle-craft was taken up and many practical as well as beautiful things were made by the girls. The Christmas-tide gave each one plenty to do, as they planned to make all their gifts this year with as little cost in money as possible. And these gifts were all beautiful and artistic, as well as sensible and useful articles.

Not a mother or father of these girls but felt proud to show the gifts made by their daughters that Christmas, and many a parent thanked Miss Miller for the patience and time she had devoted to the Woodcrafters to bring them to this point in their education and improvement of character.

In January the Guide suggested that an entirely new departure be taken up before Spring.

"I didn't think there was anything more on earth that we could learn," said May, laughing.

"Now that we have exhausted all the foolishness, maybe we will start on something worth while," said Eleanor.

"Just what I have in mind, Eleanor. I shall have you all start practical and cumbersome work this

time," smiled Miss Miller, but to the eager questions of the girls, she maintained strict silence, merely saying:

"'Sufficient unto the day'—then you'll see what I have in mind for you."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

WINTER WOODCRAFT WORK

"GIRLS, how many are willing to start making a tent?" said the Guide, at the next meeting in the gymnasium.

"A tent! Good gracious!" exclaimed Zan, while the other girls echoed their Chief's amazement.

"Easy as hemming a towel, if you know how," laughed Miss Miller.

"It sounds like a stupendous work, but I suppose Miss Miller will explain it so that a child like Teddy Remington can sit down and make one every day," laughed Jane.

"If you will try I will order the material to-day and show you how to begin the work," urged the Guide.

"All right, go ahead! I'm willing to sew my fingers to the bone if you say so," sighed Zan, who detested sewing.

The other girls laughed and Miss Miller immediately took up the telephone receiver and called up a department store. Her conversation showed that she had already priced materials and had all information at hand to start the tents without delay.

"Now, then, the stuff will be here Monday morn-

ing and we can start any time you like. We will allow fifteen yards of stuff for each tent. Four of you can work on one, for the completed tent will accommodate four cots. There being enough girls to work on five tents, I have ordered the material for five."

Once launched on this unusual task, the girls felt a certain pride in saying, "We are making our own tents for camp, you know," and when they heard the large bundle of canvas had arrived they were eager to work.

"First I will cut two strips of the goods, each strip being thirteen feet long. Then lap the selvage of one side over the other, about a quarter of an inch, and sew it down firmly with back-stitching. If we had a machine it would be better still. There must be a double row of stitching in case one row breaks in a strain or sudden yank.

"Now we will spread the whole piece out flat on the floor and fold over each end crosswise of the long strip toward the centre, and about two feet three inches from each end.

"These seams must be stitched or double-seamed on the folds all the way down each fold, about three or four inches in from the outer edge of the fold. As this will be the place where the tent-ropes are fastened, you can stitch it over and over four or five times, for it will have considerable strain come on it.

"The two unfinished ends of the strips will then have a narrow hem which will complete the roof and sides of the tent.

"Cut the rest of the cloth into two strips about two feet and seven inches long for the front and back ends of the tent. Each of these is to be cut into two pieces with a slanting cut running from a side two feet one inch at one end to a point two feet one inch on the other side.

"The sharp pointed corners are cut off by folding over the cloth three inches from the edge and by cutting the first slanting edge. You can save these pieces to use for patches when you reinforce the roof at the ends of the ridge-pole.

"Now lay the two pieces together and lap so the points at the top are in the same position. Stitch down one selvage for a length of two feet and then straight across to the other selvage, and up to the top again.

"The section left loose is for a door-flap and tapes are to be sewed at places a foot from the bottom and also two feet up from the bottom. Hem each end of bottom and then sew the edges of the sides and slanting top to the sides and roof of the tent-body.

"For the ropes, you have to cut holes about half an inch in diameter right through the folds you stitched down on each side of the roof section. These holes can be bound or button-holed with a string, or those who prefer can use metal eyelets.

"You will need about eight feet of tent-rope for each pole, and a loop of rope should be sewed at the bottom of the tent below each hole to hold down the sides.

"When the tent is completed it should be raised

between two straight tree trunks about five or six feet high, or two poles about the same height. A pole about six feet long will answer for the ridge-pole. When these are up, drive some pegs slant-ways into the ground about three feet away from each side of the tent, to fasten the ropes to, and then drive more pegs slant-ways for the loops of rope to slip over and hold firm.

"Now you will have a neat little tent ready for camping, but two important things still remain to be done—can anyone tell me what they are?" asked Miss Miller, as she concluded reading the directions she had written down on a paper.

The girls thought earnestly for a time, but no one seemed to grasp the need of anything else. Finally the Guide said:

"What would happen in case of a heavy rainstorm?"

"Oh, we must dig a trench about the outside for rain!" cried Zan, suddenly realising this important factor in camping.

"Yes, and a floor must be laid to keep us dry from the damp ground!" added Jane.

"I had in mind the gutter for rainwater, but the floor is an important detail, too. I have a second item that is as important as either of the others, though," continued Miss Miller.

"Miss Miller," now said Elizabeth Remington, who was visiting the Tribe that afternoon, "If you select a spot high and dry on top of a knoll or hill where the

sides carry water down away from your tent, you will not need to trench the circle to draw off rain from the ground where your tent stands. It is a natural water-shed."

"Ah, I see Elizabeth is a more experienced camper than I am, and I admit that she is better informed than I in this case," said the Guide, bowing.

"Another good plan, Miss Miller, is to select a place where the sun can shine in in the morning and dry out dampness from the cots and inside of the tent. In case you can't find a place with a natural water-shed in the ground, then a trench must be dug about a foot wide and nine inches deep, according to the size of your tent. I am figuring on this size tent. This trench should be led away from the doorway just as a leader on a roof carries the water from the building. Also dig a canal for some distance away from the tent to keep the water from backing up when there are sudden heavy showers. Otherwise, your place will be flooded from the over-flow of the trench."

"Fine! Tell us some more, Elizabeth," said the Guide.

"Well, mother has experimented and found that in tents made of such thin stuff as you have here, or with duck or ticking, it is advisable to water-proof it before using in camp."

"That was the second point I wanted the girls to find out and add to the rules," said Miss Miller, glad to hear the visitor was so well-versed in this work.

"Oh, have Betsy tell us how to do it!" cried several girls.

"I have heard but forgotten. Now I'll get mother to write down the rules and bring it to you another time," said Elizabeth, sorry she could not oblige the Woodcrafters.

"And if anyone here wishes to know the secret before our next meeting, let her read Edward Stewart White's 'Forest,' or Seton's 'Woodcraft Book,' or the 'Boy Scout Manual,'" added the Guide.

"They also explain how to make tepees, Miss Miller," said Elizabeth.

"Yes, and a tepee is simpler to make than a tent, but this style tent is much roomier and so serviceable."

That meeting adjourned very promptly as the girls were not as eager to remain late sewing on heavy material as they were when there was dancing or singing.

But the tents were completed in time, and very proud the Woodcrafters felt of the great achievement.

During January, Miss Miller took them to many out-of-town points of interest. Almost every Saturday was spent somewhere where the girls learned many new historical facts, or were able to place incidents heard of in connection with the place visited.

Thus, they visited Edgar Allan Poe's cottage and the old Revolutionary Mansions left in certain localities of New York.

They took the Hudson Tube to Fulton Street, thence the Broadway subway to 207th Street. Here

they took a cross-town car to Fordham Road and walked north along the Concourse to Poe Park. The cottage where Poe lived and wrote many of his famous poems is standing here, and directly opposite the cottage is a bust of Poe, erected on the centenary of his birth, January 19th, 1909.

Another trip that cost very little and was most interesting was a visit to Governor's Island. The boat left the Battery, and on the Island they visited the Military Museum, the Military Prison, the Abandoned Fort, and the Aviation Station. An aeroplane rose and practised even while the Tribe watched it from the Field.

Another Saturday, the Guide started them early in the morning and they visited Sing Sing, watching the men at work at their trades and seeing the wonderful law and discipline maintained there. On the way back from Ossining, they trolleyed to Dobbs' Ferry and visited the old Washington Headquarters there. It has been purchased and restored to its original interesting state by a loyal American Patriot, who discovered in time that a brewery was negotiating to purchase the estate and turn it into a road-house. Thanks to the generous Patriot, such a desecration was spared the Nation!

One of the outings included visits to historical places in Brooklyn, and the girls were surprised to find many relics of the Revolutionary period still in good order in various sections of this city.

Beginning with February, Mrs. Remington ex-

pressed a wish to visit a Council at the Gymnasium and suggest some work to the girls. They immediately replied with an enthusiastic invitation for her to visit them Friday evening.

After preliminaries were disposed of, Mrs. Remington addressed the Tribe.

"Now that you girls have your two Bands in good standing and have a Charter from the League authorising you to be established as Wako Tribe, your next step should be to organise a Little Lodge.

"It behooves a first-class Tribe in good standing to start and supervise a Little Lodge as soon as is reasonable. These little ones can range in age from three to twelve, and are called 'Brownies.' They usually are the sisters and brothers or friends of the Big Lodge members. Thus the little children are early taught to be good citizens—as Woodcraft teaches everyone that.

"With the affectionate help from older girls, and the association with and experience from Big Lodges, these Brownies soon acquire an aptness for the things taught their elders. My own little ones, Billy, Edith, and Teddy, have acquired all they know to-day from watching us at home, or mimicking the Woodcraft things they see accomplished by my Tribe, or the Black Bears.

"I have been thinking that my three children, who are not yet twelve, can join your Little Lodge and be of great help to you in successfully founding a Brownie

Band of your Tribe. I asked them what they thought of it, and they are delighted with the prospect."

The Woodcraft girls heartily applauded this idea and Miss Miller thought it a splendid suggestion. She saw the great possibilities it would offer the girls to train themselves in patience, sacrifice, and many other qualities that make for good womanhood.

In an aside to Mrs. Remington she whispered: "Nothing like the responsibility of children to bring out dormant strength of character in a girl!"

"Exactly! That is why this plan was adopted for Big Lodge Girls."

"We have been discussing this novel plan and we all wish to ask some questions," now announced the Chief.

"The meeting is open for questions," said the Guide.

"Can my brother Paul join?" asked Hilda.

"Sure—we'll soon teach him to quit his peevish ways," replied Zan, frank but thoughtless in her answer.

Hilda instantly closed her lips tight and looked highly insulted. "The idea of Zan Baker speaking like that of our little Paul!" said she to Nita.

"'Little Paul' is almost as old as Billy Remington, but see the awful difference," retorted Nita, for she disliked the selfish, whining boy as heartily as Zan did.

Hilda turned away but felt ill-treated by her friends. Then Jane Hubert said:

"Maybe my little cousin Dot Hubert will join!

Goodness knows she needs this training almost as much as Paul does."

Some of the girls giggled, for they had noticed Hilda's offended manner, but Miss Miller quickly added:

"With the three little Remingtons, that will make five. We are progressing splendidly, girls."

"And I believe I can interest my sister in this Lodge so that Betty and Tammy Fullerton will be allowed to join the Band," ventured Mrs. Remington.

"How old are they?" eagerly asked the girls.

"Tammy is only a little past three years, and Betty is about seven. Our Teddy is four, Dot Hubert is eight, Edith is nine, Paul is almost eleven, and Billy past eleven, so you see you have a fine range of ages to experiment with."

"Oh, I'm crazy to see them all together and try to have them to do some Woodcraft stunts!" cried Zan, clasping her hands in delight.

"Let's hope your enthusiasm keeps up!" grumbled Eleanor, who had not favoured the new departure very much.

The next week the Brownies all attended the weekly meeting and the ceremony of enrolling them as a Little Lodge took place. But as this is all told in detail in the story called "Little Woodcrafters' Book," in which the cares and troubles of the self-appointed Woodcraft mothers fill more than 350 pages and are illustrated by numerous pictures, we will omit repeating it in this volume.

With the advent of the Brownies and the conversion of seven active little bundles of mischief into becoming normal, ambitious, *coup*-winning Woodcrafters, the time flew by as if on wings. Every spare moment found from regular studies and Woodcraft work was filled in by attending to a Brownie need.

Thus February, March, and April came and passed like a mist before the rising sun, and the month of May was ushered in and found the five original girls of Wako Tribe so completely absorbed with the progress the Brownies were making that the other members were ignored and left to work as best they could with the help they could find in the Manual or from Miss Miller.

The Guide saw the unexpected schism created in the ranks of the Tribe, but she had to use utmost wisdom in handling this peculiar situation—all interest shown the Little Lodge by the five girls, and a lack of concern about the new members of their own Big Lodge.

The problem was mentioned to Mrs. Remington and that lady suggested a visit to Council House where Wako Tribe could hold a Grand Council and exhibit work accomplished during the Winter. This was planned to draw the factions together again by a mutual pride and interest in their Tribe activities.

Besides the friends of the members of Wako Tribe, there would be the Black Bears (Fred's Tribe), Elizabeth's Tribe, some guests from Headquarters in New

York, and a few neighbours of Mrs. Remington's who were deeply interested in Woodcraft work.

The girls of Wako Tribe were delighted to hold a Spring Council at this place and everyone worked with a will to make the event a memorable occasion. The Guide heaved a deep sigh, for she saw them all united again and seeking the advancement of the Tribe as a unit. But she sighed too soon.

An elaborate programme was evolved and the visitors were impressed by the exhibits of Woodcraft work of every kind made and displayed by the members of the Tribe.

As one entered the Council House a long table was the first attraction. Tomtoms, simple or elaborate according to experience and ability of the makers, beautiful sets of bows and arrows that would carry 100 yards or 150 yards and win *coups* or grand *coups,* respectively; fire-sets of rubbing sticks and their leather bags, decorated as the individual preferred; birch-bark articles made from the Alpine harvest of the preceding Fall; many kinds of knots tied in rope and tagged as mentioned in the Manual; individual Tally Books showing what each girl had accomplished since joining the Tribe; and last but not least on this table was an enlarged photograph of the little cabin built on Wickeecheokee Bluff by the five girls during the Summer of their first camp.

Back of the first long table of exhibits, the wall was covered with grass mats, willow beds, decorated blankets, totems, shields, carefully mounted and

framed collections of moths, butterflies, insects of various kinds, leaves, flowers, forestry, etc. These made an impressive showing, and many had *coups* or *grand coups* attached.

Next to the long table stood the book-shelves, tabourets, benches, stools, bird-houses, and other decorative or useful articles in carpentry.

A second long table exhibited the pottery work, bowls, fire-urns, candle-sticks, weaving, bead-work, looms, Indian Sun-dial; work in brass, silver, copper, and other metals, the designs made, hammered, and etched by the girls themselves.

Then an old-fashioned bookcase with glass doors had been brought from the house-attic and the shelves of this large cabinet were filled with jars of canned fruit, preserves, pickles, dried and canned vegetables, dried or salted meats, cakes, bread, and other housekeeper's craft learned and practised by the members of Wako Tribe.

On the floor beside the cabinet were hand-made rush brooms, willow-ware of all kinds, Indian tools for gardening, and the tents made at such expense of labour and patience during January.

There were exhibits of *coups* and degrees and honours for swimming, star-gazing, farming, archery, nursing, needle-craft, marketing, singing, dancing, Indian Lore, hostess, cooking, fishing, gardening, carpentry, camper-craft, bird sharp, art crafts, and minor works so arranged that the lists seemed endless. In fact, the Big Chief from Headquarters said he had

never witnessed so many achievements accomplished by one Tribe in so short a time, and he added that it spoke well for the zeal and application of the members.

The entertainment now began with the usual ceremonies of Grand Council, followed by reports and other business. Then the girls performed the Green Corn Dance, which is especially a Spring Dance. After the Big Lodge finished this graceful dance, the Brownies of the Little Lodge acted Nana-bo-jou with great vim and energy.

Immediately following this dance, the Chief said: "One of our Brownies wishes to win a *coup* for story-telling, so I will introduce Edith Remington to the audience. She will tell you what happened to her last Winter."

Edith was acquainted with most of the visitors present, so she felt no self-consciousness in addressing them. In fact, bashfulness and over-sensitiveness are two of the undesirable failings eliminated by Woodcraft, so that a child can do what is expected of it without the agony brought out by self-consciousness.

"It was a very cold day—so cold that the ground was frozen hard—but no snow had fallen yet. I wanted to call Billy 'cause we were invited to spend the day with my little cousins, so I ran out of the front door to find him in the woods at the foot of the lawn.

"Just as I hurried under a big oak tree that stands by the drive, I heard a queer scratching noise, and some loose pebbles flew in front of me.

"I looked over at the foot of the tree-trunk and there was a little squirrel trying to dig up the hard frozen ground. I s'pose he had some nuts buried there and wanted to get them out for his dinner. As I stood watching him for a few minutes, my hands grew cold, so I pulled the mittens out of my coat pocket.

"Out flew a peanut with one of the mittens and no sooner did it roll on the ground than Mr. Squirrel hopped over and had it. He jumped back to the tree and sat upon his haunches cracking and eating the nut.

"He must have been awful hungry, 'cause he hurried back to me the minute he finished the peanut, and jumped upon my arm, looking in my pocket for more.

"I waited, as still as a mouse, so he wouldn't get 'fraid, then he looked up in my face as much as to say: 'Haven't you any more?'

"I laughed at that, and he jumped away and sat a few yards off watching me. Then I had an idea. I ran in and asked Mose for some nuts, telling him about the squirrel. He gave me a handful from the pantry and I ran back to feed the little fellow.

"He came right up and took them from my hands and when he had carted most of them over to the foot of the tree and eaten some, he carried one at a time to a bough and sat eating it. When that was gone he ran down and carried another nut up and ate it.

"I told Billy about it and he said he guessed we could tame that squirrel if we fed it every day. So we gave it things to eat all Winter and now it is as tame as can be."

When Edith concluded her story the audience applauded and Big Chief declared she must have the *coup,* for the story was well told.

Edith was so delighted at hearing this praise from the Chief at Headquarters that she could not be restrained that day—she ran about showing everyone the *coup* presented her.

The Council ended with the Sunset Song, and the meeting was pronounced to be one of the best Wako Tribe ever held. Miss Miller felt confident that the plan had united all the girls again and now they would work together as before, for the progress and advancement of the entire Tribe.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

SOME WEEK-END CAMPS

THE weather grew warmer with the advancing Spring and out-door life became a joy to the Woodcrafters. The Little Lodge proved to be so entertaining to the five girls that they felt a jealousy of any other member of Wako Tribe should she inadvertently mention a personal interest in the welfare of the Brownies.

Miss Miller saw the breach widening again and was torn 'twixt her desire to keep unity and the struggle to do her duty to both factions. This was the state of affairs when the Chief suggested a one-day's camp to try out the Little Lodge in the woods.

"Did you hear what Zan Baker's gone and done?" exclaimed Eleanor Wilbur, as soon as she heard about the proposed camp that Saturday.

"No—what?" demanded some of the girls who were working in the gymnasium while waiting for Miss Miller. The five other girls seldom met at school now, as the Brownies met them at their own homes, thus enabling them to hold aloof from the other members.

"She's planned a camp and left us out in the cold!"

"Who told you so?" asked some of the loyal girls.

"Oh, I heard it, all right. If you don't believe me you can ask the Guide when she comes in. Maybe she won't tell the truth, though, 'cause she is as thick with them as can be, and she is going with them, I s'pose!"

"Well, I can hardly blame Zan and her chums for spending so much time with the Brownies—they are awfully cute, you know!" responded May Randall.

"Besides, the work we have done according to the Manual shows that we can go on just the same, whether the other five girls sit down and wait for us to catch up or not," said Anne.

"It might be better for all concerned if they fuss over the Brownies while we do the things they all did last year, and then we can all go on together with Woodcraft," added Frances.

"I might have known you three girls would toady to Zan Baker and Jane Hubert. Just because they run the show and boss us all, doesn't say they have the right to do it. But you are afraid of them, that's why you give in every time!" sneered Eleanor.

"At least you will admit that we don't waste our time going about telling tales on others and trying to make trouble for everyone!" scorned Anne Mason, just as the Guide entered.

Her appearance instantly changed Eleanor's attitude and she approached Miss Miller with an ingratiating smile. The girls saw and most of them sniffed, some even went so far as to murmur aloud: "Cat! I wish she was out of this Tribe!"

The Guide felt that the atmosphere was charged but she hoped to find out the conditions without questioning, so she started the meeting, explaining the absence of the Chief and four girls by saying:

"They are teaching the Brownies to make gifts for Betty's birthday party. The little ones are going to the woods to celebrate."

That same evening, Miss Miller spoke to Zan about having the other members of the Tribe at the Woodland Camp.

"Oh pshaw, Miss Miller! We can't bother with a crowd of big girls when we are just on the point of trying out this camp-experiment with the Brownies. Those girls have enough to do with their work, and we can go on with the Little Lodge until later."

"Have you decided on a place for the picnic?" asked the Guide, changing the subject.

"We thought Eagle's Crest as good as any for just one day," replied Zan, relieved that the other disagreeable topic was dropped.

"Yes, it is near enough to reach it in an hour's time by autos, and there will be plenty of birds and flowers and trees to open a mine of Woodcraft for the Brownies."

"Then it is settled—we will go to Eagle's Crest. And I will say that some time, when we go to a longer camp-trip, we will ask the new members," said Zan, apologetically, for she knew the girls of Suwanee Band and her own new members were not receiving the true hospitality demanded of genuine Woodcrafters.

From this conversation, Miss Miller gathered that the five older members were determined to have their own way with the Little Lodge, and she planned now to avert disaster to the Tribe and yet keep them all the best of friends.

Hence the first out-door camp for a day with the Brownies was not announced as a Tribe activity, but it was kept as quiet as possible, declaring it was Betty Fullerton's birthday party and not a Tribe affair at all. Of course the five old members felt this was downright prevarication, but it seemed the easiest way to rid themselves of unpleasant explanations to the other girls.

To carry out the plan of celebrating Betty's birthday the last of May, the girls began making gifts to exchange with the Little Lodge members. The Brownies, too, eagerly worked on simple little presents made of paper, paint, and raffia work.

Of course Miss Miller was included in the picnic and she went to keep an alert eye on the conduct and conversation of the older girls as well as watch over the younger children.

From a picnicker's point of view, the outing was a great success and proved an incentive for a longer camp next time.

On the drive back home that afternoon, Zan asked the other girls when and where they should have the next camp.

"We can revisit Staten Island," suggested Elena.

"I'd rather camp nearer a house or store where

we could telephone if we need to," added Jane.

"I met a lady this winter who has a house on the Palisades much nearer Fort Lee Ferry than our Alpine Camp was last Fall. She has heard of your Tribe and seemed eager to meet you. I might write and see if she knows of a spot near there," said Miss Miller.

"Oh do, please, and maybe we can go the first warm Friday."

"I might add that if the weather is fine we might make a regular Tribe camp of it and all camp over the week-end," added Miss Miller.

The frowns and scowls that instantly showed on the faces of the five girls plainly told the Guide that the time was not yet at hand for the solving of the unpleasant problem.

At the first stop, which was Miss Miller's home, Zan said: "Don't forget that letter, Miss Miller."

"I won't, but I must say that you girls ought to pay more attention to individual Woodcraft interests and not so much to your delight in playing with the Brownies. It is downright selfish of you."

Miss Miller said good-night to them and left them wondering at her displeased tone of voice.

"What did you do, Zan Baker?" cried Jane, amazed.

"I—I never did a thing to her!" said Zan half-crying with mortification.

"If Miss Miller is mad at us for anything I am going to ask her pardon 'cause I'd rather keep in with her than all the Woodcraft in the world!" declared Nita.

Which all goes to show that the five girls did not stop to consider how deeply the Guide felt over the careless manner in which they treated the new members of the Tribe. Possibly, had they realised the truth they would have swung over to the opposite extreme and dropped the Brownies to make up to the other girls to please the Guide.

But Miss Miller finally decided to take Mrs. Remington into a secret plan she had devised. After the letter was written to her friend on the Palisades, she called Mrs. Remington up on the telephone and they talked some time. When the conversation ended the plot was laid.

The week-end camp on the Hudson River Cliffs proved to be very entertaining, as the friend mentioned had provided the tents and camp-kits, and the girls only had to provide food and fun.

The Little Lodge was well started on flowers, birds, trees and other *coups* for Brownies, and on Sunday, the blue prints were made and admired. Not only did the children make simple prints but the five older Woodcrafters made several exquisite ones for their Tally Books.

The evening before the Band broke camp, they were all seated about the embers of the camp-fire when the Guide addressed them:

"You girls will not have much time to give the Little Lodge after this week—you have to study for Exams. you know."

"Dear sakes, that's so! I tried to forget it," sighed Elena.

"This is the last of May and preliminary examinations start the first week of June this year," the Guide reminded.

"I have to work up some of those last Fall studies, too," murmured Hilda.

"Have you thought of any plan for the Brownies while you are occupied with lessons? I shall not be able to meet with you again or waste any time on Woodcraft from now on till school closes," ventured Miss Miller.

"You won't! Goodness what will we do?" asked Zan.

"Why, do what I will do—study like mad!" retorted Jane.

"That's what you all had better do if you expect to go on with your class next year. You can't afford to drop behind in your school-classes on account of these children," advised Miss Miller.

"Maybe they'll forget all they learned from us—and maybe they'll not want to bother with a Little Lodge if we have to leave them a whole month," said Nita.

"I thought of a way to handle the situation but Zan ought to arrange about it without delay—that is, if it meets with the approval of you all."

"It is sure to—what is it, Miss Miller?" said the girls.

"Ask Mrs. Remington to watch over and take charge of your Little Lodge until school is over. She can teach them lots of good things and they can be handed back to you in fine feather when your time is yours to enjoy again."

"What a dandy idea! I'll do it the moment we get home," exclaimed Zan.

And the other girls agreed with her that the plan was great! Miss Miller meekly looked at the fading pink ashes of the camp-fire and mentally thanked the Watchful Spirit for a hope of peace that was held out to Wako Tribe.

Monday night Mrs. Remington accepted an invitation from Zan to call and talk over Little Lodge matters, and the result was that the Brownies were turned over to her personal charge and the Chief congratulated herself on her tact in arranging matters so nicely for the Brownies and for her friends.

The following day, Tuesday, Eleanor met the Mason girls. "I hear those five girls had a wonderful time at camp on the Palisades last week. Just got home late Sunday night."

"Yes, and what is more it was the last outing with their Brownies this season. They have turned over affairs to Mrs. Remington till school closes," retorted Anne.

"So, you see, that doesn't look much like being so

taken up with the Little Lodge that they were jealous of us, as you intimated some time ago," added Frances.

Eleanor was taken by surprise as she had heard nothing of the transfer. She said nothing more but changed the subject.

For the month following the camp on the Palisades, every school girl was busy with studies and examinations, and little heed was paid Woodcraft interests. Miss Miller, too, had much extra work to do as she generally assisted the high-school teachers in reading papers and marking percentages for pupils. But she took time to visit the doctor one afternoon and outline to him the fears and worries she felt over the schism in the Tribe.

"I am sorry to hear my girl is so thoughtless of others' rights in this matter, but I think I can suggest a way out of further misunderstandings," said the doctor when the Guide had concluded her tale of trouble.

"Oh, if you could! Your letter last Summer was so full of sensible advice regarding Nita that I felt sure you could offer some way out of this difficulty," said Miss Miller.

"The last week of school—immediately after exams. are over, so the girls will not be distracted by my plan during any important test—I will send an invitation to every girl in Wako Tribe asking them to visit Wickeecheokee for a camp party. Mrs. Baker is not going to take her boys there to camp until the

day following the Fourth, and the girls can have the use of the place until that time. They can start as soon as they wish to after school closes."

"Oh, that is just what we need—a close companionship such as a camp at the farm will give. Then the crisis will be passed without danger," sighed Miss Miller, gratefully.

"As a physician would say, 'with no fatalities to record!' and patients all doing well!" laughed Dr. Baker.

So it happened that the last Monday of the school-month, the hard tests all over for the term, Miss Miller sent word by Billy Remington, that the members of the Tribe were to meet her the next afternoon—Tuesday—in the gymnasium.

It seemed a long time since the girls had met and everyone was present to hear what was the cause of the call.

When all were present, the Guide read an invitation from the doctor, which included every girl in the Tribe, as well as the Little Lodge members.

"Oh, how lovely of the doctor!" cried several voices.

"If only it was for some other time, Miss Miller! We have company coming to spend the Fourth," complained one of the Suwanee members.

"And we are going to the seashore next Monday for a month!" added another girl.

"Well, let us only consider the reply just now—those who will not be here to go with us, can explain

later," said the Guide, fearful lest the principal cause of the meeting be lost.

"Oh, we'll go, of course! Who'd think of refusing?" laughed Jane.

"Is that what everyone present thinks? Remember girls—this is for everyone in the Tribe—not for a few," said the Guide very plainly.

The vote showed that every girl was glad and grateful to accept the invitation, so it was accepted and the letter handed Zan to give her father that night. Then the individual members would have to arrange their personal matters at home as best they could. This meeting over, the Guide felt that she had won another victory over the subtle temptations of evil to destroy any good work that would lift the individual out of its power for all time.

It finally transpired that beside the five old members and the Little Lodge Brownies, but six of the new members could arrange to go to camp with the Tribe. The others had promised visits to pay, or were leaving the city with their families, for the entire Summer vacation.

From the day the invitation was read to the day the girls planned to start, Eleanor was very attentive to Zan, effusing over everything the Chief did or said, until Zan grew annoyed and felt like asking her what it was all for.

The last day in the city, however, Eleanor met Zan on the street, and said: "Are all the Brownies going with us?"

"Sure! There aren't enough to go around as it is —so we couldn't spare one, you know."

"They are such darlings! I am so glad they will be with us!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"I thought you detested them. I heard that you preferred leaving our Tribe if we continued having a Little Lodge," said Zan.

"What! Who dared say that of me? It is false!" cried Eleanor, furious to find she had been found out.

"Oh, never mind who. You'll get over this, just as we get over everything unpleasant. Stick to your present desire of being glad the kiddies are with us, and forget the others!"

So Zan, with all her frankness, averted an unpleasant scene with Eleanor. But she mentioned it to the Guide who nodded and said: "Eleanor will climb out of this mire just as Nita got out last Summer, but it seems to cling more tenaciously to Eleanor."

The short interval given the girls in which to prepare for the camp on the farm, soon passed and amid a chorus of happy good-byes and some regrets from those who remained at home, the Tribe left the city. After several hours of motoring through the lovely country districts of New Jersey, they reached Wickeecheokee.

"You five girls sure were lucky to have a whole summer at this grand old place," said a member of Suwanee Band, as she admired the old colonial house, the ancient trees, the fine green lawns and the glimpse of gardens back of the barns.

"If you think this is fine, just wait till you see the Bluff and Falls where we camp. That's something worth while!" bragged Zan, who was pleased at the admiration from the girls.

"The water rushes right down the mountain-side from Fiji's Cave and falls over a great boulder into a pool below that we use for a swimming pool," added Jane.

"And we have a large Council Ring there, and a ready-made fire-place," said Hilda.

"That reminds me! We all ought to feel hungry by this time, so we could have lunch on the lawn and start for the Bluff later, to get settled for the night," advised the Guide.

"I think I can eat a morsel, if coaxed hard enough," said Jane, laughing.

"I can eat everything in sight—even the grass," declared Billy.

"You won't have to stoop to the meek little blades, Billy, as we brought plenty of sandwiches and cake," said Zan.

As they enjoyed the luncheon brought from home, Miss Miller asked: "Who would like to visit the gardens after we're through with refreshments?"

"Oh, yes; I can't tell an onion from a gooseberry," laughed Eleanor.

"You ought to if you did your cookery work properly this winter," Miss Miller reproved.

An hour was devoted to trying to identify the many vegetables of the garden, and at the same time, enough

fruit and other things were gathered for supper and breakfast.

"Funny how different lettuce, radishes, beets, and other things look to us when growing in the garden and when we have them ready served on the dinner table," commented one of the girls.

Then the Guide described the habits of many vegetables and explained how they grew and should be cared for and harvested. She touched upon the national interest taken in canning and preserving and hinted that the Wako Girls might start a class for themselves early in the Fall.

Bill Sherwood had erected tents and brought the cots from the cabin, so all was ready for the Tribe when they reached the Bluff. The Council Ring had been cleared of debris and the camp-fire place ready for supper, so that the Guide smiled and thanked Bill for his trouble to have everything in order for them.

That night the girls sat star-gazing when Zan said: "We must start the new members and the Brownies on mat weaving and willow bed making, the first thing, Miss Miller."

"Yes, the rushes and willows ought to be just about right this time of year," added the Guide, delighted that Zan was taking a normal interest in her Woodcraft again.

So immediately after breakfast, they all started down the slope to the Big Bridge where the reeds grew thickest and longest. In passing, the Guide called the attention of the Brownies and new members to the

trees: Oak, hickory, maple and others were identified and described.

Then Billy tried to show his superiority over the other Brownies, by saying: "That is a red maple, and over there—that's a swamp maple."

"What's this, Billy?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, that's a mountain maple."

"What was the grove we came through last night?" said she.

"Sugar maples for maple syrup! Don't I know! I've tapped them enough when out with Fred," giggled Billy.

While they were all engaged in cutting rushes some of the girls gazed about now and then. In one of these wayward glances, May saw some green leaves growing in the brook.

"What are they, Miss Miller?"

"That is water-cress—would you like to gather it?"

"Water-cress! Oh, I love it in salad!" cried May.

"Then pull off your shoes and stockings and wade in and gather all you want. We'll have it instead of lettuce this noon."

Two of the girls preferred to help May gather cress as they thought they had enough reed and rush for a mat, so by the time the cutting was done, the three girls had a large basketful of water-cress.

That afternoon, they began weaving mats on the looms constructed that morning. As they were working for *coups* they applied themselves carefully to the

work. Even the Little Lodge tried the mat weaving but soon wearied of it.

Eleanor took an enthusiastic interest in the mats until she found it was tedious work and made her back ache with bending over the looms.

"It seems so silly to waste time on this stuff when you really do not need them or want them for anything," said she.

"We're not weaving a doormat but working for an honour," retorted May.

"But it is foolish—an empty honour," laughed she.

"I never think anything foolish that creates a desire to do perfect work, or apply yourself and overcome impatience," said Miss Miller.

"But where's the honour come in?" insisted Eleanor.

"It is an honour always to follow the Bible's injunction—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

"Oh, you're talking of religion—this is different," argued Eleanor, not to be silenced.

"Our Master felt that the two went together—honour and religion. If one does what is honourable and right in small things he can be depended upon for greater things, too."

"Well, weaving grass mats won't count," scorned Eleanor, pushing at her badly woven mat impatiently.

"Everything counts. If you can't be patient and do a simple thing like a grass mat how do you expect to

be promoted? It is the promotion that gains us honours but if one fails to do the best he can with anything given to do, how can one hope to go higher in the scale of progress?

"In Woodcraft, it is not the grass mat we weave that counts for the *coup* or honour, it is the general improvement in one's moral and spiritual life that really counts. And the uplift in mental and characteristic desires brings about the higher basis for the next step.

"You mistake, Eleanor, when you think you are weaving grass mats or willow beds—you are weaving qualities of thought, good or bad, and each pattern produced only shows what thoughts, upbuilding or destructive, you are allowing yourself to weave into the warp and woof of your future life. And this pattern is all there is to our temporal lives, but it is everything when we seek promotion to our eternal and spiritual life!"

Eleanor lifted her delicate eyebrows with a disdainful manner and pretended to stifle a yawn as she gazed away to Pine Nob.

The Guide saw the expression of being bored but she said nothing, being too noble a character to take offence or feel sensitive over the girl's rudeness. The other girls had heard the short lecture and pondered deeply as they worked.

Miss Miller saw the thoughtful girls in one comprehensive glance, and thanked the Great Spirit that the seed had not all fallen on barren ground.

Eleanor noticed the silence after a time and remarked:

"Have you girls lost your tongues?"

"Why-hy, no-o! I guess we were thinking."

"Thinking—what of?" wondered she.

"Why Miss Miller's words, to be sure. She is wonderful, that way, and we love to hear her explain things spiritual in such a simple way. It really makes religion attractive, I think," said Jane.

"Now, if Jane Hubert thinks that, and she lives in the finest house belonging to any of the girls, and she has more money than any, there must be more to the Guide's words than I thought of. What was it she said to me, anyway?" thought Eleanor to herself as she began pulling out the strands she had woven into the mat.

Then she tried to remember and in so doing she took in more of what Miss Miller had really said than she thought possible. Even as she pondered, she finished unravelling the mat and began over again to weave the work correctly and neatly.

Nita noticed this silent weaving and the thoughtful mien of Eleanor, and she left her own loom to join the girl and tell her of her experience while at Camp with Miss Miller the previous Summer.

Eleanor kept her eyes upon the weaving as she listened, and when Nita said: "I never was so contented and happy in my life as now, and it is only because I tried to do just as Miss Miller taught and showed me to do."

The days passed only too quickly for the busy Woodcrafters until the day before the Fourth. Then the Doctor telephoned just before noon and told the Guide that the friends and families of Wako Tribe were coming down to hold a Council on the afternoon of the Fourth.

When this unexpected news was transmitted to the girls, such a bustle and excitement as it created! Everyone wanted to do something fine to show the visitors what progress had been made in the past week.

Some of the girls went to the house to bake cake for refreshments, some hurriedly sawed and painted crude totems to make the Council Ring appear decorated. The Brownies thrashed through the woods gathering wild flowers and fern, and arranging them in pails and jars of water. Mrs. Sherwood skimmed the rich cream from several pans of milk and offered to freeze the ice-cream. Everyone managed to get in everyone else's way, and the merry confusion was as enjoyable as a surprise party.

The girls expected the visitors about noon, but it was almost two o'clock before a maddening sound reached them.

"Good gracious! That isn't *our* siren!" cried Jane.

"Nor ours—and it isn't the Remingtons', either," said Zan.

Then another terrific blast sounded from the Big Bridge, and the girls saw three large jitneys turn in from the main road and pull up before Bill's cottage.

"Did you *ever* see such a crowd?" exclaimed May, as the visitors jumped out and looked about.

"'Everybody and his uncle' came, I guess!" laughed Elena.

"And in jitneys! Isn't it a scream?" added Jane.

As they spoke, the girls were hurrying down the slope to welcome the friends and soon after, the Council Ring was filled and the entertainment began.

Nita danced, the Tribe sang, the boys had sham-battles, games were enjoyed, and refreshments,—not the least of the fun—were quickly disposed of and the visitors complimented the cooks.

"I hear those jitneys calling 'Ole Black Joe,'" sang the doctor, as a horn sounded from the foot of the slope. "But I must say my little say before I go. And this is my speech!"

Dr. Baker then told the girls that they, as a Tribe, were invited to accompany Mrs. Hubert to the Adirondack Camp for the Summer. She expected to leave the city on the following Thursday and anyone intending to go must be ready and waiting at the car.

This wonderful news was wildly received and the visitors were sent off in a hurry, as the girls wanted time to consider ways and means of going to Woodchuck Camp.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE ADIRONDACK CAMP

WHEN the girls returned to the city the day following the Fourth, they heard that Mrs. Remington and Anna, the governess, were going to assist them in Woodcraft that Summer, and incidentally look after Teddy and Tammy, the babies of Little Lodge.

Mrs. Baker was invited but she declined as she had already arranged to start a boys' camp for her sons at the farm. All the members of Wako Tribe were invited but many of them could not go, as other plans had been made by mothers. So on the day of departure, Miss Miller, the other ladies, and Brownies, with the five old members and some of the new ones, boarded the express.

It was a long wearisome ride but the wonders expected when all should reach the mountains buoyed them up. As Zan said: "It was just like journeying hopefully through earth's tribulations for the joy and peace waiting in Heaven."

It was dark when the campers reached the Huberts' place and not much could be seen, but early in the morning every girl was out and exclaiming at the beauty of the forest camp. The lake was a short walk from the long cabin, and a swim was the first thing on

the programme. After that a hearty breakfast, and a hike through the woods.

As they merrily ran hither and thither in the cool bowers of green, the Brownies gathered flowers and leaves. Billy brought Miss Miller a sprig of green and she cried:

"Ha! Who knows what this is—don't tell them, Billy!"

"Do you know—it smells like mint of some sort?" said Nita, sniffing at the green leaves.

"It's sassafras. The juice of these leaves flavours the chewing gum Zan told us of in her essay," said the Guide.

"Then it is used for candy, too," added Billy.

"Yes, and peppermint and birch found in these woods can be used for flavouring, too," said Mrs. Remington.

"Did I hear you say we had all the makings of some candy the first rainy day?" laughed Zan.

"Having the flavouring at hand—why not?" retorted Jane, well knowing the Brownies would take up the cry.

Even as she turned to nudge Billy, a drop of rain splashed down upon her face. She looked up and saw a heavy cloud sweeping over the sun and the others turned and looked also.

"Run everybody, or we'll have to swim back!" cried Zan.

"Run for the house—not for the camp! Remember that sassafras candy!" merrily shouted Jane.

So the first day at Woodchuck Camp ended with a candy-pull and sticky hands and faces of Wako Tribe members.

No one could settle down to any planned Woodcraft work that first week in the Adirondacks as the call of the forest and lake proved irresistible. But the second week the novelty had worn off enough to allow the girls to start some active work.

"We must have a good cabin to hold our tools and work during the Summer—what do you say to building one at once?" asked Miss Miller.

"Oh, yes, let's!" replied the girls who had built the cabin at Wickeecheokee Camp.

"Won't it be awfully hard work?" queried Anne.

"And so senseless when you have tents and a house near enough to place things," added Eleanor, peevishly. "It will be more fun to swing in a hammock and read stories."

"One can read books in the Winter but who wants to do it in camp?" scorned Hilda.

"My mother sent me a box of novels and *I* shall take it easy and read—you girls can do as you like," retorted Eleanor.

Miss Miller heard the conversation and was on guard at once. "Who is your favourite author, Eleanor?"

"I have so many, I hardly can tell," said the girl, not aware of the Guide's intentions to draw her out.

"What style of book do you prefer? Travel, history, or love stories?"

"Oh, love, to be sure! The kind that are run

serially in the 'Cosmo' Magazine. I adore them and the moment the books are out I buy them to read again. I can devour the love scenes again and again, and enjoy them!" sighed Eleanor, sentimentally.

"When that box of books arrives, Eleanor, will you allow me to look them over first?"

"Of course you may, but I can't see why you would want to read them first—you couldn't finish them all in a month!" laughed Eleanor.

"I have no desire to read them, but I must see what you intend bringing into camp. From your words, I should say the books are unworthy the name. I have long taken up the crusade against the trash that some magazines publish as it is unhealthy for young people. There are scores of other periodicals just as bad but they haven't the wealth or influence to advertise and put over their injurious reading that this one you mention has."

"Why, how queer you are, Miss Miller! Everyone says the authors of those stories make fortunes out of everything written!" Eleanor defended.

"Ah, yes! What will be their report when the Day of Accounts comes and we each have to look at the facts bared by Truth?" sighed the Guide walking away.

Eleanor smiled ironically and looked at Zan. "Isn't she the funniest thing!"

"No, we all know Miss Miller's great ambition to provide clean wholesome literature for young people and Dad seconds her enthusiastically in her work. She

wrote an article to the New York papers showing how subtle and poisonous was the moral and mental perversion of the sex stories so flagrantly advertised by publishers who only thought of gain and notoriety. But the newspapers are not courageous enough to throw the gauntlet down to these publishers. Some of them wrote back that the concerns mentioned spent large sums advertising in their daily papers. So Miss Miller has to try some other method to open the eyes of the parents and guardians to the danger threatening young people."

Eleanor stared at Zan and wondered, as half of it was Greek to her understanding. Miss Miller was heard ordering the carpenters to different duties, however, so Zan ran over to join them.

"The Brownies can find birch bark and make the ornaments to decorate the cabin," said Anna, as the Guide apportioned each group of girls to tasks.

"Moreover, they can remove the large sections of bark from this down-timber for the girls to use on the outside of the cabin after the posts are up," said Mrs. Remington.

And that is how the name "Boss" began for the Guide.

"I'll guarantee to have bark, totems, shields, and other ornaments ready for use when the cabin needs them," added Mrs. Remington, calling the Brownies to go with Anna and her.

All that day the silent places of the forest resounded with sawing, chopping and hammering, but now and

then a hot and tired girl would throw herself down on the moss to cool.

At luncheon that day, Mrs. Remington whispered to Miss Miller: "This work will take much of the softness out and leave them in good shape for other sport."

"Exactly!" replied the Guide, looking about at the hungry, eager faces of the members.

A call for "Boss" from Tim, who was assisting in the hauling of the logs, interrupted further comment at that time.

"Miss Miller, the young ladies don't want to dig a hole where the logs will rest. I tells them they must do it to have a firm foundation. Fact, I said, a hull cellar ought to be dug to keep the floor dry and sweet-smellin'," said Tim.

"Yes, a cellar must be excavated if only a foot, or two feet deep. Otherwise the floor will soon be mouldy and damp."

So that afternoon, the girls dug and shovelled and worked on a pit about a foot and a half deep and as large as the floor was planned to be. The four logs forming the foundation square were well set before the horn sounded for rest that night.

"Didn't the time fly?" asked May, in surprise.

"It always does when one is pleasantly employed," added Mrs. Hubert, complimenting the Tribe on the work accomplished.

The next day the cross-beams of the floor were laid, and the four corner posts erected and firmly nailed into

place. At the luncheon that noon, plans were made for the siding and roofing the cabin. That afternoon, the ridgepole and rafters of the roof were set and the uprights of the walls nailed in securely. When Mrs. Hubert blew the horn for "Quits" the girls looked longingly at the skeleton of their cabin.

"I'd like to tack a few sheets of tar paper on the outside before stopping work," ventured Elena.

"Not if you are a member of this union. The rest of us will strike if you are permitted to work overtime," retorted the Guide, to the amusement of Tim who thought the "Boss" a wonder.

The next day the paper roofing and siding was nailed on and then the girls began the interesting work of fitting on the great slabs of bark. This had to be carefully done as any rough handling or nailing cracked the sections.

By evening the cabin was covered and looked very rustic with its forest blanket on sides and roof. But Tim said the wide chinks between sheets of bark must be filled in, and this must be done with plaster.

"Where can we find any?" wondered Zan.

"I'll show you in the morning," replied Miss Miller.

So in the morning they went down to the shore and the Guide dug a pit where clay was found at a depth of ten inches. This was worked well with water until it was the proper consistency and then pailfuls of the mortar were carried to the cabin. The Brownies acted as hod-carriers while the girls did the mason work.

Now and then a Brownie was allowed to fill in chinks near the ground and rub it down between the bark.

This work was great fun and was finished by noon. Then the question of windows and door came up.

"I have two sashes in the garage left over from the addition built to the house last year," suggested Tim.

"Then we will have to make real frames?" asked Jane.

"No'm! They slides along grooves and is easier to shet when a shower comes up. If you had pulleys and fittin's like city houses they'd always be ketchin' and out of order," said Tim.

So the donation of two nice windows was gratefully accepted and the extra time saved was given to the door. This was a difficult thing to make as real hinges and a catch had to be fitted. Before the saddle and strike were done, the girls felt that doors were indeed an invention of the evil one to make folks want to swear. Fingers were bruised, and heads bumped as each girl declared *she* could do it—it was so easy!

But the door was finally hung—with Tim's help—and then the cabin was ready for furniture. The Brownies had carried in all the packing cases saved from the freight, and Mrs. Hubert had a remnant of pantasote in the loft of the house, left from the covering of her window seats.

While the Brownies made and painted totems and crude decorations, the girls made and upholstered box-furniture, and in a week's time, the cabin was ready

for company. The visitors in this case consisted of Mrs. Hubert and Tim's wife.

"This cabin beats the one we made on the farm all to smithereens!" exulted Zan, admiring the inside and then stepping out to compliment the Little Lodge on the floral decorations and Woodcraft tokens they had made.

"We can keep all our Woodcraft stuff in here and when one of us wants to be alone she can sit in here and read or snooze," added Jane.

"I'll put the box of books in here and you girls can help yourselves," said Eleanor, generously.

"How about it—did they come?" asked Zan, curiously.

"Tim said the box was at the station and he is going to bring it in the morning," replied Eleanor.

Miss Miller was right on the spot when the box was taken from the automobile and Eleanor brought the hammer and driver to pry off the top boards. As expected, the Guide found trashy paper novels inside and a note from Eleanor's mother. This the girl read aloud.

"Dear Ella:

As you are camping where rain and dirt will spoil a good book I bought a lot from a 10-cent store and from a second-hand shop downtown. It won't hurt if these do get wet, so don't worry over them. I tried to buy your favourite authors—Lila Jane Lilly is one, isn't she? And the Dutchie another. If the other

girls want to read them, be generous and let them,"

Lovingly,

MOTHER."

"Humph! I should say a thorough soaking of rain would improve these books vastly," remarked the Guide as she gingerly turned the pages of the first few removed from the box. "In fact, if we could soak them back to pulp again and forever wash away the effects of the text, what a benefaction the world would have!"

"Are you jesting, Miss Miller?" wondered Eleanor.

"Jesting! At such criminal thoughts as these stories implant in the minds of adolescent girls and boys? Why, the woman who made such a fortune out of gullible young things ought to be condemned to purgatory—only we know there isn't such a place!" fumed the Guide, righteously indignant.

"I've read most of her books and I never saw anything bad. They were grand—and full of wonderful romance!" defended Eleanor.

"If the 'bad' was exposed your mother wouldn't have had you read them, and your appetite would have been improved. But so subtle is the viciousness of such stuff that you now don't want to read a sweet wholesome story like 'Pollyanna' or similar girls' books. Do you suppose a mortal with a craving for liquor or tobacco is satisfied with cold water or home-made bread? So it is with a perverted appetite for sex

stories and thrills—you won't content yourself with uplifting literature but demand more and more of the degrading kind!"

"But these books are not sex stuff!" cried Eleanor.

"Just as bad. And their influence is the same as that created by drink or dope."

As the Guide spoke she looked through the remainder of the collection and sighed as she thought of the density of some parents. "Saving a few pence for fine clothing, and economising on reading for their children! Clothing the exterior with 'fine feathers,' and feeding the mind with swill! Considering money wasted on good reasonably priced books and squandering wholesale, the spiritual, moral, mental and physical fibre of their children! Never sparing a thought as to the ultimate effects of trashy books and ignoring the outcome of deteriorating sensations in the young because they are so anxious to add to a savings account for the future! Just as long as the book—white or yellow—(mattered not) kept the reader occupied and quiet for a time, that the mother might finish the extra frill on the schooldress or party costume."

As Miss Miller concluded her excited vituperation on the prevalent disease of contagious novels, Eleanor was too angry to reply. Finally, however, she managed to say:

"If you had any decent story at camp I wouldn't have sent for any books. But I hunted that first night and couldn't see a single magazine or book."

"If you had sought in the house you would have

found a great bookcase full!" retorted Jane, angry at implied oversight.

"We-el, yes, I saw them afterward. While I was waiting for my box to come, I read a few," admitted Eleanor.

"Well, what was it—did you like 'em?" asked Zan.

"Oh, I found one called 'The Right Princess' and another by the same author 'The Opened Shutters,' that were pretty good for kid stories," said Eleanor, as if in apology.

"Kid story! Well, there are more grown-ups and parents enjoy those kind of books than kids, let me tell you!" said Jane.

"And you will find many more such books in that case, too, Eleanor," added Mrs. Hubert.

"Yes, I noticed them. I thought I would start and read them if these didn't get here soon. I did begin one last night!" confessed Eleanor.

"I wish you would read them instead of these and permit me to return these at once. I cannot have them in camp at all!" said Miss Miller.

It spoke well for Eleanor's salvation and improvement that she agreed willingly to send back the books. But she hesitated to admit that she had found many books in the Hubert's bookcase far more interesting than the paper-covered novels she had feasted upon hitherto.

The daily and hourly effect of associating with the right kind of girls, and hearing good and constructive ideas, were making an impression on this character so

like many girls who are not aware of their shortcomings. And the change was being remarked by those about her.

Miss Miller was too wise a Guide to draw attention to the efforts of the girl to be obliging and truthful like those about her, but she was careful to encourage and help Eleanor in every way she could.

As is fully told in the book written for the Little Woodcrafters, the girls spent July and August in happy Woodcraft ways, and by the end of August not only were results apparent in objects made, but the cheerfulness and health of the Tribe proved how contented and enjoyable had been the weeks at Woodchuck Camp.

Then came a letter from the Doctor saying that the men of the families planned to drive the cars to the mountains and spend Labour Day with the Tribe. Mrs. Baker and her camp of boys expected to come in the doctor's car.

"Miss Miller, we want a Grand Council if they are all coming here. Why not invite other friends?" said Zan.

"The ride is too expensive by train, and few have cars, you must remember," said the Guide.

"Well, then, let's get up some new dances or games, anyway," suggested Nita.

"Humph! That isn't the same as having company!" grumbled Zan. But the spirit of entertaining replaced any feeling of complaint, and the girls were

soon at work devising ways and means for a Woodcraft programme.

That evening Miss Miller took Zan and Nita aside and had a confidential talk with them. From the expression of their faces the secret was most pleasing, and during the mornings and evenings preceding Labour Day, the two girls were up in Huberts' loft working on the secret plan. Miss Miller, too, was seen only at intervals, and it was found that a farmer from the village ten miles down the mountain-side had brought several young turkeys with the feathers still on. Then Billy found the feathers gone and the birds cooked for sandwiches, but where were those feathers?

The afternoon before the arrival of the visitors, when the Tribe had been called together to pronounce judgment on a new dance, Miss Miller began playing a mandolin. As the waltz sounded two figures came from the cabin. They represented Mr. and Mrs. Eagle. It was Zan and Nita dressed in the Eagle Dancer's Dress ready to do the Eagle Dance.

The head-dress and edges of the dresses were bordered with the missing turkey feathers, and an edging of down as well as feathers wherever they could be artistically placed, made the two costumes most striking and gorgeous.

Then began the dance. The two eagles circled about each other in a fluttering courtship. Mr. Eagle summoned courage enough to advance while Mrs. Eagle coyly retreated, and back and forth both danced

and circled until finally Mrs. Eagle bashfully consented to accept the gallant's attentions. Then he flew over to her side and as she turned to flee once more, Mr. Eagle enfolded her in his wings and they danced away with heads together.

The entire dance was very well done, and the admiring audience applauded loudly for an encore, but Miss Miller said:

"No, I just wanted to see what you thought of it before it was danced to-morrow. The Eagle Dance, done by the Zuñi or Hopi Indian men, is much more energetic but Nita makes a very good gallant, I think, and Zan a demure and willing lady-love."

"Indeed they do, and what is more, I want to get a picture of the costume. Zan, will you pose by that tree while I snap you?" said Mrs. Remington.

"And let me add: Nita and Zan can claim a *coup* for that dancing costume," said the Guide.

The Little Lodge had become so imbued with the ambitions of the Big Lodge, that they, too, worked hard to present their claims for admiration. Tally Books were pasted up, bugs and butterflies, moths and grasses, birds' nests and leaves, twigs, rush and reed specimens were arranged on a rustic table for exhibition. This kept the children busy and out of the way of the girls who bustled about preparing camp for the Grand Council.

That week-end was perfect and word reached the village hotel Saturday morning that a number of autos filled with guests would need accommodations over

Sunday and Labour Day. The unusual news speedily circulated and when the Doctor's party rode through the sleepy little place every villager was out and curiously watching the sight. All those city folks at the hotel at the same time! What would poor Mr. Haskins do—and his wife laid up with asthma so's you could hear her wheeze away down the lane!

Leaving the luggage at the "hotel," the visitors continued to the camp ten miles further on. Here they met a noisy welcome, and soon were seated under the pines telling the story of their trip.

"Now then," concluded the doctor, "if this Tribe doesn't appreciate our sacrifices to enable us to assist at this Council, I shall forever after wash my hands of them."

"If you haven't any vessel larger than the tin basin in our hotel bed-room, your hands will not be washed very well!" laughed Mrs. Baker.

Everyone laughed, too, for most of the campers knew of the hotel which was no more than an elongated farm-house with a lean-to added at one end for a "ristrant." This addition was politely called "The Annex."

"It's a wonder Mr. Haskins found beds for you all!" added Mrs. Hubert, chuckling at reminiscences.

"He didn't!" retorted Fiji. "He dragged some husk-mattresses into the low attic above the 'guest rooms' and told us boys we had to sleep there. I have to wash at the pump 'cause he hasn't enough basins to go round!"

"There's the lake—don't draw on the limited supply of rain-water from the pump!" laughed Mrs. Remington.

In spite of quarters and accommodations at the "hotel," however, the visiting party declared they had never had a better time than this Labour Day Council Meeting.

The lake offered many exciting sports, swimming and fishing not the least of them. The hiking, Councils, games, and other diversions of camp-life filled every moment till the early morning after Labour Day when everyone had to rush madly about to pick up articles over-looked in the hasty packing of baggage, for the girls and Miss Miller were to ride back in the cars with the visitors.

When they were gone, and the Brownies went to say good-bye to the lake and camp-grounds, Mrs. Hubert turned to Mrs. Remington and said:

"Well, I guess they had a good time at this camp?"

"They certainly did—a glorious Summer and filled with good work," replied Mrs. Remington.

"When I think of Paul over-coming his whining ways, your little Teddy more considerate of his little friends, Tammy losing his dependence on others, Betty not half so shy, Billy and Edith eager to help others instead of enjoying themselves, I say, God bless the Brownies," sighed Mrs. Hubert, gratefully.

"But you've said not a word about the Big Lodge! How about Eleanor Wilbur? Did you ever see such wonderful improvement in anyone? And our boys,

too. Mrs. Baker certainly deserves unlimited thanks for the way they show camp training. Then there are those new members, and our five old ones—perhaps you and I show the general uplift the others do, too!" said Mrs. Remington, smilingly.

"I may not show it but I feel it," responded Mrs. Hubert.

"Who can help being 'born again' with the simple life in grand old forests near a lake of pure water? Nature is the Wonder Worker in selfish, morbid, erroneous characters, and the marvel grows as each one rises higher and reaches out for God unconsciously until he arrives at a resting-place. Then the mist disappears and he catches a glimpse of the glories of the wide horizon's promised Heaven."

At the last words, the key clicked in the front door and the two ladies turned to join the rest of the party who were following Tim toward the large touring-car waiting at the end of the woodland path.

THE END

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LITTLE WOODCRAFTER'S BOOK

Little Woodcrafters is the story of these same girls who decide it is up to them, as true scouts, to train their younger sisters and brothers in camp life. And the little Woodcrafter's gave their teachers all the work they could possibly manage!

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